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THE

POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

SCHILLER.

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These Volumes were prepared for the press some months since. A severe domestic calamity has delayed their publication.

March, 1844.

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CONTENTS TO VOL. I.

	PAGE.
ADVERTISEMENT	i
DEDICATION	vii
A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SCHILLER	ix
THE DIVER, A BALLAD	1
THE GLOVE, A TALE	9
THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG	12
THE MEETING	16
THE ASSIGNATION	17
THE SECRET	20
TO EMMA	22
THE POET TO HIS FRIENDS (WRITTEN AT WEIMAR)	23
EVENING (FROM A PICTURE)	25
THE LONGING	26
THE PILGRIM	27
THE DANCE	30

PAGE.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH 32

THE INDIAN DEATH-DIRGE 34

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN 36

THE ALP HUNTER 38

RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG, A BALLAD 40

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON 45

DITHYRAMB 57

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN 58

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR (OR FROM ABROAD) 59

THE TWO GUIDES OF LIFE—THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL 60

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD 61

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT 64

THE IMMUTABLE 65

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS 66

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE 69

THE RING OF POLYCRATES, A BALLAD 70

HOPE 74

THE SEXES 75

HONOURS 76

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM 77

LIGHT AND WARMTH 80

BREADTH AND DEPTH 81

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOIST 82

PAGE.

FRIDOLIN; OR, THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE 83

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK 92

TO THE IDEAL 94

PHILOSOPHERS 98

PUNCH SONG 100

PUNCH SONG, TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH 101

PEGASUS IN HARNESS 104

HERO AND LEANDER, A BALLAD 108

THE PLAYING INFANT 118

CASSANDRA 119

THE VICTORY FEAST 125

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS 131

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN these volumes, containing a translation of Schiller's Poems, an attempt is made to supply a desideratum long felt in England, not only by the cultivators of German literature, but by those unacquainted with the original, and anxious to obtain some glimpse of a genius whose influence upon the Intellect of Europe has been so pervading and profound. There have been many translations, it is true, of detached poems by Schiller—and some deserving of high commendation for their elegance and fidelity—but detached poems convey a very imperfect idea of the general character of a Collection remarkable both for the rich variety it embraces, and the noble mind that it reflects.

To estimate Schiller as a Poet, and to appreciate him as a Man, the reader should be invited to a survey of the whole of those poems in which Schiller has developed the flower of every faculty he possessed—the fruit of every study he

pursued; in which a few lines sometimes concentrate the purpose of his most elaborate Dramas—or contain the pith of his most thoughtful essays; and therefore, with very trivial exceptions, the whole Collection is included in this translation. Several specimens have appeared already in "Blackwood's Magazine"—the indulgence they received has led to this publication. They have been carefully revised,* and some of them re-written. The object of the Translator has been to adhere with as much fidelity to the original, as the necessity *of construing poetry into poetry* will permit. The best plan to ensure such fidelity, that of rendering line by line, has been for the most part adopted. Where amplification, or departure from the literal meaning has been indulged, it has been with an earnest view to give livelier expression to the spirit, or distincter clearness to the meaning, of the author.† Of course there will be instances, in a collection so various, where the critic may discover a looser interpretation of the text than he may perhaps be inclined to excuse; but, taken as a whole, we venture to believe that there are few translations of poems

* We have invariably followed the text as settled by Schiller himself, and found in all the later editions of his works—not permitting ourselves to restore what he has omitted, even where we have ventured to regret that the omission was made: An author has a right to decide on his own bequests to posterity.

† Every one acquainted with Schiller, knows that it is occasionally necessary to translate his ideas as well as his words.

equally numerous and diversified, in which loyalty and allegiance to the sense of the original have been more sedulously rendered.

In the choice of metre, adherence has generally been sought to the essential sound and spirit of the German; but not without those deviations warranted by our own laws of metrical construction, and the usages which our classical writers have rendered familiar to the ear and to the taste;—in such matters, indeed, the ear and the taste can alone decide the judgment, and no one can be a critic who is not at the same time a poet, or, at least, a verse-maker. The boldest, and yet perhaps the most pardonable deviation from the original metre, is to be found in such poems as "The Walk" (Der Spaziergang), "Pompeii and Herculaneum," &c., composed by Schiller in the classic verse * for which the English language has no musical analogy, and for which we have, therefore, considered ourselves at liberty to substitute such metres as seemed best to suit the nature of the subjects,—or such as an English poet, adopting subjects of a similar character, would probably have selected.

In the received editions of the original, the poems are

* The Elegiac, or alternate hexameter and pentameter.

classed in three divisions, according as they were composed in the three Periods which biographers have regarded as the great epochs of Schiller's life. These divisions have not been confounded in the translation, but we have inverted the usual order—placing the maturest poems first,* and the youthful compositions last. It would not be doing justice to Schiller, in introducing him to the English public—to give to his most imperfect performances the place of honour—and perhaps, as a general rule, it is always more interesting to follow the stream to its source, than to track from the turbid spring the smoothness of the after current.

A sketch of the life of Schiller has been prefixed to the Translation, in which the author is chiefly indebted to the recent biographies of Hoffmeister and Schwab, as well as to the charming narrative of Madame von Wolzogen,† and the Correspondence of Schiller and his Contemporaries. If after "The Life of Schiller," written by a man so eminent as Mr. Carlyle, a new biography for the English reader has been judged necessary, it is because vast additions to our information respecting the great Suabian Poet have

* And in the "third division," we have not given to each poem the place it occupies in the editions of the original. This requires no excuse, as they are not, in the German, printed according to chronological or any other systematic arrangement; and we were, therefore, at full liberty to select the order which appeared to give the most relief and variety.

† Schiller's sister-in-law.

been made since the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's work, (which, moreover, is now out of print,)—additions which we would fain hope may prompt that distinguished German scholar to amplify, as well as to revise, his early performance. May his avocations permit the task! By none of our countrymen could that full and detailed biography of Schiller which industry and affection have lately given to the German public, be presented to the English in a nobler spirit or for a wiser end. For ourselves, our very limits have compelled us to draw but the outline of a life replete with interest and instruction; much remains to be filled up by the patience of a minuter biographer, and the philosophy of a more learned critic.

In conclusion, the Author must gratefully acknowledge his obligations to many—Germans as well as Englishmen—who have generously lent him their invaluable aid in the task he has undertaken; but to no one so much as Professor Ferrier, to whose accurate scholarship and graceful taste will be mainly owing whatever favour this Translation may receive.

London,
October 8, 1843.

Inscribed

TO

JAMES F. FERRIER, Esq.,

PROFESSOR OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

A SLIGHT TOKEN OF GRATITUDE FOR CANDID CRITICISM AND OF RESPECT FOR ENLIGHTENED ERUDITION.

London,

October 12th, 1843.

A

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SCHILLER.

CHAPTER I.

First Period.

SCHILLER'S BOYHOOD.—HIS PARENTAGE.—EARLY STUDIES AND INCLINATIONS.—HIS ENTRANCE AT THE MILITARY ACADEMY.—HIS YOUTHFUL POEMS, AND PREDILECTIONS FOR THE DRAMA.

Close by the village of Lorch, on the borders of Würtemberg, rise the ruins of a castle, the hereditary seat of the Counts of Hohenstaufen. The graves of that illustrious family surround a Convent, placed upon a neighbouring eminence, and half hid by a venerable lime. Upon another hill, stands an old chapel; below, flows the river Rems, through luxuriant vineyards, and fertile corn-fields. Amidst the ruins of Hohenstaufen, or amidst the graves of its ancient lords, between the years 1765-68, might often be seen two children—a boy and girl,—so strongly resembling each other, as to denote their relationship as brother and

sister.* Usually, they were seen alone; sometimes with young companions,—sometimes with a man in a military uniform, and in the vigour of life—to whom the boy, especially, listened with avidity, whether he explained the plan upon which the old Castle had been built, or pleased the infant spirit of adventure, by anecdotes of camp and field.† More often, perhaps, their companion was a female, of mild exterior, and manners peculiarly gentle, though somewhat grave and serious. And she, too, found in the children, still more especially in the boy, eager listeners to the talk by which she sought to instruct the understanding, or arouse the fancy. She had tales of witch and fairy to relate;—but, as the children grew older, she preferred rather to please the imagination with verses from Klopstock, Gerhard, and the pious Gellert. More than all—she at once charmed and instructed her young pupils by stories and passages from the Gospel, adapted to their understanding; and their tears flowed betimes at the sufferings of the Redeemer.‡ Already, perhaps, the scenes which he loved to haunt, and certainly the subjects he was accustomed to hear, had produced strong and deep impressions upon the mind and character of the boy. Already he had conceived a passion for Nature—formed habits of reverie and reflection—and looked forward to the Ecclesiastic Profession, for which his parents designed him, with a religious and earnest enthusiasm. At eight years old, alone in the woodlands, with a boy about his own years, he

* Hoffmeister, Schwab. † Hoffmeister. ‡ Ibid. Schwab.

exclaimed, "O Karl, how beautiful is it here! All—all could I give, so that I might not miss this joy!" * His very sports partook of his serious character: nothing pleased him more than, by the help of a cap and a black apron, to assume the attire of the priest, mount a stool, and deliver extemporaneous and fervent homilies, to an audience consisting of his mother and sisters. From his earliest childhood he was ever delighted to leave his infant games, to join the prayers or Bible lectures of the pious family, to which he belonged; and his favourite sister has left a pleasing description of the child at such moments—with his folded hands, his blue eyes raised to Heaven, and the fair hair clustering over the broad forehead, which he inherited from his mother. But though from infancy unusually serious, and from infancy, also, impatient of restraint, his temper was sweet, and his disposition full of tenderness and compassion. If he met a poor child in his way to school, he would bestow on him all he had; even his books—his clothes were not sacred against his compassion. With all this softness of heart—this love of solitude, and this pious temperament, there was no less manifest a resolute and determined spirit. He was peculiarly fond of reading Voyages and books of Travels; and the Histories of popular heroes, such as Alexander the Great. He would often exclaim, "I must go into the world!" His reveries were, in short, those that denote not an indolent temper but an active mind. His musings were not merely day-

* Hoffmeister, Schwab.

dreams—they were animated by that zeal for inquiry which usually foretells, in childhood, the career of men destined to think boldly, and love truth. In his seventh year, one evening, during a storm of thunder and lightning, the boy was missed at supper; he was found at last at the top of a tall lime-tree, near the house, enjoying the tempest; and, to use his own apology, "wishing to see where so much fire in the heavens came from!" *—Such in childhood was the character of Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller.

His birth placed him in that condition, between wealth and penury,—(a condition bordering two classes—the Popular and the Refined) which is perhaps the most favourable to intellectual eminence.

His father, Johann Caspar Schiller, was of humble extraction, the son of a baker, who held the office of Bailiff in the village of Bittenfeld.† He was a man of an adventurous and restless character; stern and severe indeed in manners, but warmly attached to his family, of good abilities, of exemplary probity, and a strong and fervent sense of religion. He had held the rank of Surgeon in a Bavarian Regiment. In 1749, a year after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, he married Elizabeth Dorothea Kodweiss, a young woman, born at Marbach, (about eight miles from Stuttgard), of parentage suitable to his own; though it is said that her more distant descent could be traced to the noble House of Kottwitz.‡

* To this anecdote Schwab gives the weight of his authority.

† Schwab.

‡ Kattwitz, according to Hoffmeister—corrected by Schwab to Kottwitz.

After his marriage, Caspar Schiller resigned the medical profession; but at the breaking out of the Seven Years' War in 1757, entered the Würtemberg Army as ensign and adjutant. It was not till after some years that their union was blest by children: Elizabeth the eldest daughter, born 1757; Johann Christoph Friedrich, the Poet, born at Marbach, Nov. 11, 1759;* Dorothea Louise, born two years afterwards; and Nannette, the youngest.†

When Friedrich Schiller was six years old, his father, then risen to the rank of captain, was sent to Lorch as recruiting officer. Here the boy received the first regular rudiments of education, including Latin, and something even of Greek, from the Clergyman of the Parish, Philip Moser; whose name and virtues he afterwards immortalised in "The Robbers." His favourite companions were, his eldest sister, and the son of his tutor, Karl Moser.—But no observation is at once more true and more hacknied—that it is to the easy lessons of a mother, men of genius have usually owed their earliest inspiration. Schiller's mother had tastes and acquirements rare in women of her rank—she was a good musician—fond of poetry, and even wrote it; and the gentleness of her temper gave a certain refinement to her manners.

Friedrich Schiller was nine years old when his 1768.
father was removed by the Grand Duke to Ludwigsburg,

* "A few months later than our own Robert Burns."—Carlyle.
† Two other children died soon after birth.

and the boy was entered at the Public School, instituted at that place. The academical discipline revolted one who had already formed his own desultory modes of self-instruction, and his industry was reluctant and constrained. Still he passed his examinations with credit; was ever one of the first in the Latin class to which he belonged, and received marks of approbation in the four several examinations he underwent before the School Commissioners, at Stuttgard. His character betrayed itself rather with his playfellows than his preceptors. He obtained an ascendancy over them; and his high spirit would brave those older and stronger than himself, if he suspected any intention to affront him. With his superiors he was reserved and awkward. But what, at this time, chiefly influenced his future fate, was the sight of the Theatre at Ludwigsburg—the remembrance of that spectacle, which according to the fashion of the day, seems to have been a gorgeous spectacle, half opera half melodrame, began to colour all his thoughts, and dictate the character of his sports in the hours of play. At the age of
1770. eleven, a change was noticeable in his habits; he shrank from the games in which he had been hitherto amongst the most active. In the play-hours he would wander with some friend amongst the neighbouring plantations, and, in those moods of premature gloom and speculation, which so often cloud the dawn of illustrious manhood, complain of present thraldom, and form wild conjectures of

future fate. Already he began to throw thought into verse —already he began to meditate the scheme of some elaborate tragedy. But his religious bias was still his strongest, and at the age of fourteen, he still shared the predilections of his parents in favour of the ecclesiastical profession. But now came the first great revolution and crisis of his life. 1773.

Karl, Grand Duke of Würtemberg, a luxurious and ostentatious Prince, but one possessed of many excellent qualities, formed the notion of a great National Academy, first instituted at "Solitude," one of his country places,—afterwards transferred to Stuttgard. This establishment was called a Military Seminary, but not confined entirely to those intended for the Military Profession.

The majority of the pupils were, indeed, the sons of officers—or even privates—in the Würtemberg Army; but those of civilians were admitted also; and suitable instruction was given to students intended for the peaceful profession of the Law. But the school rightly deserved the distinguishing epithet of Military, from the discipline by which it was characterised.

The father of young Schiller had recently been promoted by the Grand Duke to the office of Inspector and Layer-out of the grounds at "Solitude," and was subsequently raised to the rank of Major. But these benefits were not cheaply purchased. The Grand Duke in return desired to send Friedrich Schiller to his Military Seminary. This was tantamount to the rejection of the long-cherished scheme of the

clerical profession. After much painful embarrassment, the elder Schiller frankly represented to his Prince the inclinations of himself and his son. The Grand Duke, however, repeated his request, proposed to leave to Friedrich the choice of his studies at the Academy, and promised him, when completed, an appointment in the Royal Service. There was no resisting a Petitioner, whose request was in reality a law, and from whose favour was derived the very bread of the family. Friedrich Schiller could not and did not hesitate to sacrifice his own wishes to the interests of his parents. But this renunciation of his young hopes and the independence of his free-will, wounded alike his heart and his pride. With grief and resentment, equally keen, at the age of fourteen, he entered the Academy as a student in Jurisprudence. The studies thus selected were, in themselves, sufficiently uncongenial; but to the dulness of the Law Lecture was added the austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were defiled in parade to lessons, in parade to meals, in parade to bed. At the word 'March,' they paced to breakfast—at the word 'Halt,' they arrested their steps—and at the word 'Front,' they dressed their ranks before the table,* In this miniature Sparta, the grand virtue to be instilled was subordination. Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for Intellectual Liberty. Here mind and body were to be alike machines. Schiller's letters at this time to his friend Karl Moser,

1773.

* Hoffmeister, Schwab, &c.

sufficiently show the fiery tumult and agitation of his mind;—sometimes mournful—sometimes indignant—now sarcastic, now impassioned—weary disgust and bitter indignation are seen through all. The German works, not included in the school routine, were as contraband articles—the obstacles to obtain them only increased the desire: no barrier can ever interpose between genius and its affections. The love of Man to Woman is less irresistible than the love that binds Intellect to Knowledge. Schiller stole, but, with the greater ardour for the secrecy, to the embraces of his mistress—Poetry. Klopstock still charmed him, but newer and truer perceptions of the elements of Poetry came to him in the "Goetz von Berlichingen" of Goethe, with which, indeed, commenced the great Literary Revolution of Europe—by teaching to each nation that the true classical spirit for each, must be found in the genius of its own Romance. He who would really imitate Homer, must, in the Chronicles of his native Land, find out the Heroic Age.

Schiller obeyed the impulse of his own frank and courageous mind in an attempt to regain his freedom. A strange custom at the Academy enjoined each pupil, once a year, to draw up and read aloud an analysis of his own character. Schiller seized the first opportunity thus presented to him, to state that his character was not formed to excel in jurisprudence, but to serve God as a preacher. The confession failed to amend the vocation; but 1774.

finally he obtained permission to exchange Law for Medicine, —a class for which was superadded to the other academical instructions. The studies for this latter profession were no doubt more congenial to him than those of Law, and served, indirectly and collaterally, to enrich the stores of a mind so inquisitive into the operations of Nature. But the discipline in all studies was the same. Had they sought to cure him of Poetry, they would have had but to drill him into being a poet! Meanwhile, he was fast fitting himself for the great destiny to which he was reserved. He devoured the writings of those who were his precursors in German literature. Wieland's translation of Shakespeare fell into his hands. Nothing more strongly marks the peculiar earnestness of his character—the emphatic distinction between Shakespeare and himself—than the effect which he tells us, in one of his own compositions, the great Englishman produced on him:—"When at a very early age I first grew acquainted with this poet, I was indignant with his coldness—indignant with the insensibility which allowed him to jest and sport amidst the highest pathos. Led, by my knowledge with more modern poets, to seek the poet in his works; to meet and sympathise with his heart; to reflect with him over his object; it was insufferable to me that this poet gave me nothing of himself. Many years had he my entire reverence—certainly my earnest study—before I could comprehend, as it were, his individuality. I was not yet fit to comprehend Nature

at first hand!" Nor indeed was Schiller ever able, as Shakespeare, thoroughly to separate himself from his creations. The peculiarities of his mind inclined, if they did not limit, him to the delineation of grave and elevated characters, and his heart, always in unison with his mind, led him to sympathise entirely, to be as one, with the beings he invoked—serious with *his* intellect, or ardent with *his* emotions.

His friends were few, but they were well selected, and they shared his inclinations if they had not his genius, for literature. They formed a sort of intellectual fraternity. Each was to compose something, for which all dreamed of publication and fame—one a romance after "Werter;" one a pathetic drama; one a chivalrous imitation of "Goetz von Berlichingen;" Schiller himself (fired by Gerstenberg's "Ugolino,") a tragedy, called "The Student of Nassau." This he abandoned afterwards for one of which he composed several scenes, and of which a part yet lives transferred to "The Robbers," viz., "Cosmo de Medicis."

Meanwhile his poetical talent found its first (and the usual) vent in the corners of a periodical Magazine. 1776-7
At the age of sixteen and seventeen appeared in the Suabian Magazine some small poems, (very judiciously omitted from the collected editions of Schiller's works,) in which the imitation of Klopstock is sufficiently visible. "O, then was I still," he exclaimed later, "but the slave of Klopstock!" Nevertheless, the Editor of the Magazine,

Balthasar Haug, found promise in the midst of extravagance and bombast, and prophesied that the young poet "would one day do honour to his father-land."*

The more his inclinations grew confirmed, the more sensibly he became alive to the formal tyranny by which they were opposed. No youth was less likely to be corrupted by Voltaire; but bitter was his resentment at the disgrace he incurred, when discovered reading one of Voltaire's works. "O, Karl," he exclaims in his correspondence with young Moser, "so long as my spirit can raise itself to be free, it shall bow to no yoke!" In fact, the Man's mind was ripened long before the Poet's genius. Crude, hard, laboured, and extravagant were Schiller's earliest efforts; but the soul from which Poetry springs as a well, clearing itself the more, the farther it advances from its source; a soul ever observant of beauty; ever on the search for truth; ever brave in difficulties; ever fierce against restraint; *that* was the same in its large elements, when the Boy, in vehement bombast, declaimed against the blood-stained laurels of a conqueror, as when the Man planted the robust step of Tell on the soil of Switzerland, and drew forth from the obloquy of ages the virgin glory of the Maid of Orleans.

At last this long and terrible conflict between Genius and Circumstance became decisive. The cry of the strong man went forth. The Titan moved beneath the mountain!

* Schwab. Hoffmeister.

CHAPTER II.

BRIEF REVIEW OF SOME PORTION OF GERMAN LITERATURE IMMEDIATELY PREVIOUS TO THE APPEARANCE OF SCHILLER'S "ROBBERS."

It was precisely that time in Germany, when an Author, whatever his defects, might hope for a favourable hearing, provided his genius carried onward the revolution that had already taken place in literature, and sympathised with that more dangerous movement which had begun to disturb society and agitate opinion.

In literature, the old Gallomania, which for half a century had been vigorously opposed by sincere Poets and sturdy Critics,* had become almost extinct, except in the small royal circles where "Seigneur Oreste" and "Madame Hermione"† still maintained their ground. The German genius had already arrogated a dynasty, and found in Klopstock an altar and a throne. What Klopstock ‡ *wrote* is comparatively unimportant; what Klopstock *did* is sublime. No matter that his "Messiah" was overrated, —that even his Odes are more tumid with cloud than instinct with fire: Rather a verbal musician than a poet, §—

* Among critics, Bodmer and Breitinger; among poets, von Haller, and especially Gellert. † Macaulay. ‡ Born 1724.

§ One of the greatest of the German critics has observed that Klopstock's odes, to be appreciated, should be accompanied with music—that he wrote, as it were, to tunes and airs.

his poetical imagination is doubtless frigid, and the weakness of his thoughts in vain disguises itself in redundant epithets and syllabic pomp: But he had two other imaginations besides the poetical,—the imagination of the heart,—the imagination of the conscience. He was an enthusiast for his country and his religion. He felt like an honest man, and he wrote like a man in earnest. It has been truly observed, that, after Klopstock, "Germans were no longer ashamed to be German." If he was not the first absolutely to awaken the national spirit, he made it popular with the people, fashionable with the great, ardent in the young, solemn in the pious. There is not a German poet who came after Klopstock, who is not indebted to him; indebted to him for a German audience—for that prevalent sentiment of patriotism and devotion in the Public without which the Poet sings to lay-figures, not to men. What was begun by Klopstock, was continued with profounder views and on a grander scale, by the illustrious Lessing. * Well does Heine† exclaim, that "Lessing was the literary Arminius, who freed the German Theatre from every foreign domination:" Nor the Theatre alone—all German Art was embraced by his vast criticism and his vigorous genius. It is impossible to overrate the excellence of Lessing's intellectual nature, and the noble tendencies of his ambition. Though he modestly denied to himself the

* Born 1729.

† "Zur Geschichte der neuern schoenen literatur in Deutschland."

qualities of the Poet, and though some shallow depreciators have echoed his own assertion, he enters even into prose with the majesty none but Poets can assume. In his "Emilia Galotti," domestic relations are elevated into the sublimest tragic passion. This Drama is the German Virginius. No man has ever so happily effected the difficult union of heroic sentiment with modern manners. . . . . Greater even as a critic than a creator (and in the former character far more popularly renowned), he served both to place Art in its true sphere, and to enlarge its domain. Manliness was his characteristic in life and in tastes. Like Schiller, he loved to delineate Human Nature in its nobler qualities, and sympathise with its graver ends, rather than, like Goethe, to dissect its infirmities, or, like Wieland, to trifle with its interests;—the "Werter" of the first disgusted him—the "Agathon" of the last enraged. Lessing had the nationality of Klopstock without his prejudice. . . . If Klopstock were the first National Poet for the Public—Lessing was the great National Writer for the Writers. That a taste for German Poetry should exist, Klopstock was necessary. . . That Herder, Schiller, and even Goethe, should have been what they were, Lessing must have lived.

But though the influence of Lessing was so profound, it was not of a nature to be widely popular, nor to be clearly comprehended, save by its after-results: and his great career was now approaching to its close. He died

in February, 1781, leaving a Public prepared for manly sentiments, for energetic purpose, for genial humanity, in those writers whom his mind had formed.

At the period we enter (about 1780-1), Wieland * stood next to Klopstock in popular opinion. . . Amiable both in manners and in tastes, of mature years and established fame, if he was less decidedly national than Klopstock and Lessing, he was yet highly influential in the formation of the National Literature. He also was a *First*, an Originator—the First who taught the delicacies of Taste to German strength—the first who taught the various imitators of the Gallic or Grecian Muse how, without imitating, to appropriate—the first in whom Learning seemed airy as intuitive Observation; and in whom the fancy of a genuine poet, and the fluency of a charming novelist, were blended with the erudition of a scholar, and the elegance of a man who has known the world. Partly French, partly Greek—he is German through all; a German who commenced his education at Paris, and finished it at Athens. We enter not into a discussion of the precise rank Wieland should assume,—a rank too readily conceded at one time, too harshly questioned now. . . But his influence limited itself to the fancy and the taste—it did not extend to opinions—it did not root itself in passions. His great defect was his want of earnestness and purpose. He may charm and he may refine;

* Born 1733.

but he does not brace the intellect to masculine exertion, nor elevate the imagination to lofty objects. . . At this time he sate on his careless throne at Weimar, rather to receive homage than to govern. But there were now already labouring into fame three young men; two of whom, at least, were destined not only to wear the robes of sovereignty, but to wield the sceptre—Herder, Goethe, and Johann Heinrich Voss.

The minds of these three men had been formed under the most powerful influence which a Frenchman had ever yet exercised in Germany. Always prone to imitate (as a learned people necessarily must be), the Germans had escaped from the old Gallomania to fall into Grecomania and Anglomania—while one was imitating Theocritus, another was imitating Pope. The English Richardson, who, though less popular in Germany than Fielding, produced a far more profound impression, as, indeed, that greater Genius must do wherever the two can penetrate,* may be seen overshadowing the large mind of Lessing himself. The sublime Clarissa, whom Dishonour so noise-

* The influence of Richardson upon the fiction and poetry of Europe was not only vast at the time, but, enduring still, it must endure for ever. In vain his language grows obsolete, in vain his minuteness has become wearisome, in vain the young race of novel readers leave him on the shelf—to those somewhat tedious pages turns every genius who aspires to rise in fiction; from them can, though with toil and study, be best learned the art of extracting from the homeliest details the noblest pathos. In "Clarissa" is beheld that true spirit of tragedy which first dispensed with kings and heroes and the paraphernalia of the outward stage—teaching how the compass of all grandeur in fiction can be attained by him who can describe the affection, and comprehend the virtue, of one human being.

lessly slays, is the original of the no less sublime Emilia Galotti, who flies to Death from even a sentiment that dishonours. But in vain Klopstock and Lessing had thrown from their pedestals Racine and Corneille—in vain Wieland had given to the Germans a more kindly, if a feebler Voltaire of their own—a new Gallomania had seized the heart, and fevered the brain of the People: Greek and Briton, all gave way to the influence of Rousseau. Nothing is more interesting to one who seeks with Helvetius to trace the connexion and sympathy between social influences and literary tastes, than to contrast the nugatory effect produced in England, with the prodigious effect produced in Germany, by this unhealthy Genius. Though, at two great periods in the History of our Literature—that of Elizabeth, and that of Anne—the Italian and the French writers have influenced our own, our more illustrious authors have rather reproduced than imitated; and with the single exception of the Sterne-fever, the Literature of Sentiment has never been widely successful with our practical and busy population. But in Germany, always, as we have said, prone to imitate, no imitation was likely to be so contagious as that which combined sentiment with thought. The peculiar habits of life amongst the Germans—the absence for the most part of that active constitutional liberty which, when accompanied with commercial pursuits, always tends, overmuch perhaps, to harden and materialise the national mind—do not present to

domestic life the counterpoise which the life of the Mart and the Agora effects in England. Books have a greater influence over them, especially books of reverie; the more theories are detached from real life, the more seductive they appear. Either wholly contented with the existing state of things, or wholly amongst the clouds of Utopia—they want that intermediate standard to which the mass of Englishmen unconsciously refer every suggestion of change or project of reform. The love of liberty, instinctive to all, and especially to nations at once so brave and so lettered as the Germans, finds that vent in the ideal from which it is precluded by the actual. Hence, while practical liberty amongst the Germans is so confined when compared with ours, their theoretical liberty—liberty of thought, opinion, and speculation—is infinitely greater. The most religious German will start inquiries which an irreligious Englishman would be afraid to suggest: And the Politician who would shrink from arguing for a Representative Constitution, will luxuriate in the dreams of Republican Fraternity. Precisely the reasons that deadened the influence of Rousseau in England, gave it vitality in Germany, viz. impracticability in politics, and unwholesomeness in romance. Our own active life, that rude common sense which is acquired with our mother's milk, amidst our world-awake population, would teach even an ordinary Englishman the untruth that forms the ground-work of "The Social Contract," and shock

our sense of nature in the eloquence of St. Preux. We know, without reasoning about it, that no social contract ever existed, and that no lover, worthy the name, could sit down to make an inventory of furniture five minutes before his first appointment with the woman he professes to adore. But with the Germans the novelty of the political theory concealed its falsehood; the sentiment of the fiction concealed its want of nature. There was much in Rousseau that could not fail to charm and to dazzle the German mind, which from its own deficient experience of agitated and various life, perceived not his ignorance or perversion of nature in character and passion. The Germans could fully comprehend his love and his knowledge of *inanimate* nature; his enjoyment of scenery; his passion for solitude; his power of associating the landscape around with emotions within. Their own fondness for domestic and rural life, made them charmed with the primitive simplicity which he held up to admiration. The vast mass of disappointed ambition, which amongst an intellectual population, without the multiform vents of a free constitution, must necessarily be engendered, found a voice and a sickly comfort in Rousseau's disgust of the active world. The ardour for liberty—the revolutionary spirit, awakened in Germany as in France—obtained in the Dreamer of Geneva a representative nearly akin to the amiable and tender character of the Germans. The biting mockery of Voltaire might delight a court and charm a

scholar; but the earnest and pious heart of the multitude recoiled from a spirit that desecrated what it attacked, to open itself with dangerous emotion to a spirit that sought to sanctify what it embraced. The laughing philosopher never makes disciples so devoted as the weeping one. With Rousseau rose the great sect of HUMANITY; the school which seeks to lift human nature above convention; which would extract from social life all that is harsh and tyrannous; which would fraternise mankind; which places the dignity of man above all the shows and pomps by which, like Tarpeia, the man himself is crushed beneath the ornaments heaped upon him.

Upon Herder, Goethe, and Voss, the influence of Rousseau produced results marvellously distinct. Herder * rejected all that in the Genevese was effeminate and egotistical, to seize upon all that was genial and philanthropic. In him arose the true Preacher of Humanity; with Rousseau Humanity was a sentiment; with Herder it became a science. Of a mind thoroughly sound and healthy—of a cultivation vast and various—of a broad common sense which gave life and substance to the boldest speculations, Herder snatched from the weak hands of the French Socialists the great cause which they profaned—viz. the Principle of Human Progress, recognised through History, illustrated through Poetry, and reconciled it to Religion as the law of God. . . For

* Born 1744.

Herder the noblest destinies were reserved. . . By profession a preacher—by energy a citizen—by genius a poet —by piety and wisdom a philosopher and cosmopolite—all that is intellectual in man may be said to have *flowered* in him. . . With a great inclination towards what is practical in life, which he sometimes regretted he had not more diligently studied in its minutiæ,* he combined an innocence of heart in which lay half his strength. "My whole life," he said once, "is the interpretation of the oracles of my childhood." . . He loved to glean thoughts from the conjectures of the infant—from the wonder of the uneducated. Hence he saw in the infancy and youth of nations the beauty and the promise which historians have overlooked. Thus he was the first who gave to Poetry its proper place in the grave and solemn dispensations of the world:—regarding it as the absolute voice that spoke the time and character of a race, he brought into one vast compendium, entitled "The Voices of the Nations," the popular songs of all countries. . . Amongst the many influences he lived to effect upon his age, is the impetus he gave to that tendency in the German genius, which is called "Universalism." For, as Humanity to Politics, Charity to Virtue, Christianity to Man, so is Universalism to Letters.† That separation between the faculties—that

* See Gervinus.

† Herder is a very voluminous writer, but the epitome of his mind and his views is to be found in his work on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind. The work is not without grave faults. It is often incorrect in detail; it too much

division of mental labour so general elsewhere—in Germany was broken down. The Poet studied Philosophy—the Philosopher Poetry. But most of what Herder lived to effect, was as yet unfulfilled... He was already known as a scholar, an essayist, a victorious prizeman, an eloquent preacher—and in high station and repute at the Court of Weimar. But still he stood somewhat apart from the popular literature of the time; and had rather served to indicate the great change destined to take place in public taste and feeling, than to dispirit, by his own renown, the ambition of another.

While Rousseau had thus influenced Herder only to grand results; the primitive simplicity, the pastoral family life which Rousseau had held up to admiration amongst the homely Germans, had sunk deep into the mind of a rude young Saxon—Johann Heinrich Voss,* not worthy, indeed, from his mere genius, to be named in the same breath with Herder and Goethe, but still, for many reasons, not meriting the depreciation of Schlegel, and the disdain of Menzel. Low-born, self educated, a rigid Protestant sectarian, driven for bread to the drudgery of a

follows Helvetius in founding authority on the imperfect accounts of travellers and voyagers; it is often displeasingly declamatory in its tone. But its power of generalisation is astonishing. It seizes, as with the grasp of a giant, the immensity of the subjects it embraces. Few works deserve so justly the epithets of *luminous* and *comprehensive*. Readers well acquainted with this work will find many of its ideas, even some of its images, borrowed by Schiller in his later poems, though it would seem unconsciously. Schiller never appears to have been aware of his great obligations to Herder.

* Born 1751, two years after Goethe.

schoolmaster, Voss is often vulgar in his taste, pedantic in his compositions, prejudiced and intolerant in his polemics. But with all, he is a true German, and a strong man. His services to his language were immense. He enriched it with the wealth of the foreigner; he strengthened it with the cultivation of its own national resources; he revived the old words of Luther on the lips of Homer. It is well said of Voss that his strength is in his war with obstacles. He hewed his way through poverty into learning; and he cut through rough crags * of diction, till he found out a fount of poetry all his own. But, as yet, Voss was young,—if not obscure, at least but partially known,—and had neither obtained, by harsh and ungrateful controversy, the title of the second Luther (more resembling, perhaps, a learned pedantic German Cobbett)—nor given in his "Luise" and his "Idyls" (poems most popular in their time, and thoroughly repugnant to English taste)—the pastoral of a Curate's Parlour, and the model to Goethe's "Herman and Dorothea." First, then, already in popular eminence, of the three we have named—first, indeed, of all the younger and rising generation, stood Wolfgang Goethe.† Nor had *he* then escaped, perhaps he never altogether escaped, from the influence of Rousseau. In fact, it is the merit of this wonderful man, that his whole nature was especially plastic and impressionable.

* "Versified marble blocks."—Hettner.

† Born 1749, five years after Herder.

Every influence of his time stamped itself on his intellect, to be reproduced in new forms by his genius. Does the age incline to sentiment? he sounds its abysses:—To irony? the sneer of Voltaire seems venomless beside the icy smile of the fiend he calls from hell, to mock at human knowledge, and desecrate human love! Does the age yearn for Pastorals and family life? he turns from courts and the seventh heaven of Poetry to borrow from homely Voss; and ruins him by the riches he extracts from the loan. In his "Werter" he concentrates the history of an epoch in his country,—the epoch of the Rousseau Mania. But though the "Nouvelle Héloïse" is incontestably the origin of "Werter," those * who regard it as a mere copy, do it miserable injustice. There is more rhetorical eloquence in one page of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse*," than in the whole of "*Werter*"—but there is more nature in one page of "*Werter*," than in the whole of the "*Nouvelle Héloïse.*" In this, the warmest and most actual of all Goethe's novels—if once overrated, now so unjustly depreciated, which he did right to regret for its moral, which he did wrong to disparage as a proof of his genius—lies the germ of much that, in fiction, its Author's riper intellect matured. Here we see that association of homeliness and grandeur which his enemies have called "the Adornment of Commonplace." What Englishman, with his fastidious Classical taste, has not ridiculed the contrast of the

* Such as Menzel.

Hero in the clouds, and the Heroine cutting bread and butter—of the solemnity of deliberate suicide, and the exact description of the top-boots and blue coat in which the unhappy man rushed to the dread unknown? But considered by a higher art than we learn at college, it is this very homeliness of detail that gives truth to romance, in proportion to its extravagance. And this peculiarity Goethe continued, as he advanced in his luminous career, to invest with an unspeakable beauty. It is, in truth, to a very early study of what, while subtlest in the essence, is simplest in the form, that Goethe owes the lucid ease of his after style, and the popularity he secured to flights of imagination which, in a less artful writer, would have left the multitude far behind. Here, too, we see a yet more distinguishing attribute of Goethe, to which we have before alluded—viz. the inclination to describe, not so much the healthful nobleness, as the diseased infirmity, of an intellectual character. What he here does in "Werter," he did afterwards in "Clavigo," in the "Elective Affinities," in "Faust," and in "Tasso." Menzel, who, whatever may be thought of his injustice to Goethe, demands the greatest respect for his honest passion for what is sincere and noble —for his vigorous sense,—for his daring courage, falls into a cant unworthy of so great a critic, when he accuses Goethe of confounding vice and virtue, by depicting weak or dishonourable characters as interesting and amiable. It is among the most legitimate, and among the highest

provinces of the Poet, to depict those contrasts which subject him to this charge—to show vice in the virtuous, and virtue in the wicked; and this unquestionable truth in art once granted, it follows as the very condition of fiction, that to a hero thus selected, human interest must be given. You cannot blame a Poet for making a faulty hero interesting, unless you contend that heroes of fiction must be perfect*—by which dogma you would at once cut off from the Poet, the whole realm of the Human Heart, and separate his ethics from the representation of Truth and Nature. This love, indeed, of probing the sores of character—of representing the infirmities of intellectual man—was not more remarkable in Goethe than in Shakespeare; who, in the whole range of his Dramas, has never presented to us a single male image of perfect virtue; who, in Macbeth, in Othello, in Angelo, in Shylock, in Hamlet (the last is so Goethe-like, that if Shakespeare had never created it one might predict that Goethe would have done so), lays bare, with fearful precision, the weakness of the wise—the crime of the virtuous. It is in vain to deny that our paramount interest in all these plays is with the erring, or the infirm. But who shall say that Shakespeare while interesting us in the hero, sought

* Or unless you contend that if a hero is faulty, the author must not make him interesting; but whatever an author does, he must give it interest. No author is obliged to be dull. A masterly estimate of Goethe, morally and intellectually, may be found in an article in the *British and Foreign Review*, No. xxvii., the authorship of which has been acknowledged by Mr. Lewis.

to pervert our conscience into admiring the defect: that it was his object to decorate ambitious murder, or jealous ferocity; licentious hypocrisy, or implacable revenge; or to womanize the intellect, and emasculate the will by all the doubts and scruples which make up the Philosophy of Hamlet?—Hamlet, that great fountain-head of modern sentiment—from which have gushed a thousand rivulets of melancholy and scepticism; Hamlet, that perpetual mirror to minds fluctuating between the Visible and the Unseen, the Actual and the Ideal, the stern demands of uncomprehended duty, and the desire to escape from practical action into visionary self-commune; Hamlet, in which is shown the mysterious prototype of what man would be with virtue and with wisdom, but without—Will!.

But though Goethe does not seem to us to be blamed for following the tendency of his genius, into directions in which the peculiar delicacy and subtlety of his intellect ensured him such success; and though a hundred years hence, we believe that what Menzel and other depreciators consider immoral, will not mislead a single imitator, or corrupt a single youth; yet it must be conceded that the *direct* object of his works was not to make Man more manly, and his desires more elevated. We say the *direct* object; for indirectly, and sooner or later, whatever makes man wiser, nerves his mind, and purifies his emotions: and there may be truth in the theory, that Art is to be cultivated as Art; that the Beautiful must reflect indiffer-

ently on its tranquil mirror whatever *Convention* deems moral or immoral: For to whatever is really and essentially vicious, the Beautiful itself is opposed:—Convention revolts at the exhibition of the naked form, but foul must be the Imagination that finds immorality in the Venus of the sculptor.

At this date, however, Goethe was still scarcely out of his apprenticeship. His greatest works had not been produced. On his "Goetz von Berlichingin" his "Werter," and his "Clavigo," rested the principal columns of the renown he had acquired. These, indeed, had unsettled the public taste, and prepared it for bold innovations; but Goethe had not, like our Byron in a later day, engrossed the general interest in himself, and become the sole representative of a common sentiment. In that crisis of opinion and of passion preceding the outbreak of the French Revolution, and contemporaneous with the rise of daring speculators and profound inquirers, men required something more than the child-like pietism of Klopstock, the airy elegance of Wieland, or that philosophy of sentiment—that analysis of man's weakness—so apart from sympathy with men's interests, which Goethe had exhibited in "Werter" and "Clavigo." Something indeed was wanting still; something, it is true, which in order to be popular must necessarily partake of the morbid craving, the unsettled spirit, the revolutionary tendency of the time, but which, in order to outlast the hour, must also develope into fuller

force, and diffuse through a wider public whatever in Lessing had been earnest, whatever in Herder promised to be humane. There was a great multitude which as yet in Germany had found no voice; which desired to hear its own discontented heart beat in the pulse of some passionate Author, indignant with what was false, and sympathising with what was free. Never, in Germany, had there been a time more favourable to a writer (no matter what his other defects) who, shouldering aside courts and schoolmen, should address himself manfully to men.

CHAPTER III.

THE PUBLICATION OF "THE ROBBERS."—SCHILLER'S LIFE AT STUTTGARD.—HIS LOVE FOR LAURA—AND POEMS IN THE ANTHOLOGY.—"THE ROBBERS" BROUGHT OUT ON THE STAGE.—SCHILLER'S ARREST.—FEARS, AND DETERMINATION TO ESCAPE FROM WÜRTEMBERG.

At this time there was published at Mannheim, a strange, rugged, fiery melodrame, in which, amidst uncouth masses of extravagant diction,—flashed a spirit true to all the turbulent and unsettled philosophy of the Hour—and which seemed destined to announce and to animate the Revolution of a World:—"The Robbers" appeared, and the sensation it excited spread through the mind of Germany like fire through flax;—nor through Germany alone—it produced in France the liveliest enthusiasm: it even stirred to its depths the calm intellect of England. It was, in fact, the most earnest Revolutionary fiction, that had yet revealed what lay hid in the History of the Age.—What the irruption of the old Germans was in the midst of the smooth and decrepit civilisation of Rome,—was the burst of this new German amidst the hollow conventions which under the Ancien Régime less guarded the life of Virtue than entombed its corpse.

"The Robbers" is one sweeping uncompromising defiance

of the sober proprieties in which the mature see decorum and the young dissimulation. It is the baseness of the World that makes Karl Moor a criminal. It is in proportion to his exaggerated nobleness that he is unfitted for Society. It is because he is a giant that he cannot live amongst the dwarfs. He commences life with many Virtues, and it is the mediocrity of life that turns every Virtue into Sin. It is his sympathy with poverty and suffering, with the virtuous and oppressed, that has banished the Demigod to the Rock—and afflicted him with the ever-gnawing Vulture.

That a work like this, so conceived, and executed with all the power which can whirl along the passions of the crowd, must have produced a great deal of mischief at the time, may be readily allowed. No man can disturb the settled course of opinion, right or wrong, without doing evil as well as good.—Whether Genius innovates in a poem, or Science in a manufacture, some minds in the one case must be thrown into disorder, some hands in the other, thrown out of employ. But Genius and Science must still obey the great instincts of their being—the one still innovate, the other still invent. In the moral Constitution of Nature, they are the great alteratives, the "Sturm-Bad,"—(the Storm-Bath action,) which first fevers and convulses, then purifies and strengthens. But nothing could be farther from the mind of the Boy from whose unpractised hand came this rough Titan sketch, than to unsettle Virtue, in his delineations of Crime. Virtue was then, as it continued to the last, his Ideal—and if at the

first he shook the statue on its pedestal, it was but from the rudeness of the caress that sought to warm it into life.*

The original sketch of this Drama Schiller had completed two years before the Publication. But he kept it by him till he had completed his medical studies, towards the end of 1780, and been appointed by the Duke to the office of Surgeon to a Regiment. He then considered himself a free agent, and after searching in vain for a bookseller to hazard the necessary expenses, 1781, Ætat. 22. he published "The Robbers" at his own cost.

If the popularity of the work was dazzling, the aversion it excited in some was as intense as the admiration it called forth in others. But the most formidable critic was the Grand Duke himself. This uncouth Drama displeased his taste no less than it revolted his opinion. He sent for the author, and bade him in future eschew poetry, and stick to medicine; or, if he needs must write, submit his productions to the revision of his Prince. It is easy to sneer at the conduct of the man of power to the man of genius; but the Grand Duke was scarcely to blame, for there are few individuals now-a-days whose taste "The Robbers" will not offend, and we may judge of the abhorrence it excited at that time in others, besides the Grand

* Goethe himself has somewhere said, that the most universal effect of the highest Genius is to *unsettle*; and certainly it has ever been so where its effect upon its age could be traced—witness Cervantes—Bacon—Luther—Milton (especially in his prose works), Shakespeare, not studied in his own time, has influenced, by unsettling, the literary mind of three Nations at the least: in our own day, Byron and Wordsworth are, in their several ways, equal Innovators.

Duke, by the words addressed by some illustrious personage, to Goethe, "If I were a God, and deliberating whether I should create the world, and foresaw that in that world Schiller's 'Robbers' would appear, I would not create it." Meanwhile, however, the young Poet had commenced a correspondence with the Freiherr von Dalberg, a nobleman entrusted with the superintendence of the Theatre at Mannheim, and the play was to be remodelled for the stage. Simultaneously appeared many lyrics and minor poems of the Author, contributions to a miscellany entitled "The Anthology," and set up in concert with some of his friends. A large portion of these performances, characterised, it is true, by power, though distorted, and originality, though uncouth, still belonged to a very inferior and coarse school of poetry, known in Germany by the significant title of the "Storm and Stress"—a school of which some notion may be gleaned by those who turn to that later era in our own literature, when the servile herd of imitators mixed up, on their staring canvass, the sepia of Mathew Lewis with the gamboge and vermilion of Lord Byron. Most of these Schiller rejected from the collected edition of his works; some of those retained have been wisely corrected and compressed. Such as they were, however, they added to the sudden celebrity of the writer.

January, 1782.

1721. And now, while Germany began to ring with the name of the young Poet, what was his life? He lodged

* The German phrase is thus happily translated by Mr. Carlyle, in one of his Miscellaneous Writings.

in a small apartment, which he shared with a young officer named Kapff, who had quitted the academy at the same time. Kapff is said to have been of dissolute habits,* and to have occasionally misled his wild and impetuous companion into some irregularities; favoured the more by the general license of a town to which the earlier example of the reigning Duke had given a tone of manners the reverse of austere.† Still such irregularities never degenerated into habit, and were counteracted in their effects upon the mind by Schiller's frequent visits to his excellent family, the tender warnings of his mother, the fortunate narrowness of his finances,‡ the professional demands upon his time, and that passion for literature, with which systematic indulgence in dissipation and disorder is, it is true, not always incompatible, but to which it is certainly opposed. Above all, perhaps, we must be permitted to believe that the young Poet was saved from more vagrant and unworthy excesses, by that great purifier of youth—First Love. In the same house lodged the widow of a captain, who appears, by all probable accounts, to have been the original of the "Laura," to whom the most impassioned of all his love-verses are addressed. A humorous, but somewhat flippant, friend of Schiller's—Scharffenstein—has described this lady in the same spirit of caricature with which he has treated of the

* Schwab—who rests this assertion against Kapff upon *unprinted*, and, therefore, very suspicious testimony. Probably poor Kapff lived like most young soldiers, neither worse nor better.

† Hoffmeister. ‡ Madame Von Wolzogen.

noble image of Schiller himself. He says, "she was not pretty, nor clever; but had something about her, good-natured, *piquant*, and attractive." One of Schiller's biographers hints at unpublished accounts, less flattering; but what is unpublished is necessarily unsifted and unsupported; and we have no evidence whatsoever to invalidate that on which the Poet himself commands our interest for one who could make so vivid an impression. Schiller was, no doubt, at least as good a judge of beauty and of sense as his friend Scharffenstein.

It would be impossible for a critic of common sense to suppose, with certain metaphysical commentators, that this love was merely Platonic. Platonic love, indeed, seems to us to be always the sickly and disagreeable sentiment of an unmanly nature. But Platonic love, in the flush of youth, is either a loathsome affectation, or the chimera of a frigid heart and a diseased fancy. Least of all men can the earnest, fervid, honest, impetuous youth of Schiller be drivelled and dwindled down into the emasculate languor of make-believe emotion! Platonic love in Schiller! As well talk of Platonic love in Burns! The poems themselves, in their very faults, bear internal evidence of the healthful and natural passion of the man, which takes poetry for its vent—not the vanity of the poetaster who would simulate the great passion of man, in order to obtain a vent for his verses.

But whatever this affection, it seems to have burned out

from its very fierceness, and (though, years afterwards, the Poet speaks of the resignation of Laura as the great sacrifice of youth), it was obviously very different from that steady, pure, and permanent attachment which ultimately made the happiness of his manhood.

At last, on the 13th of January, 1782, "The Robbers" appeared on the stage at Mannheim. The sensation the printed play had produced served to crowd the theatre. Near and far, from Heidelberg and Darmstadt, from Frankfort, Mayence, and Worms, gathered the audience. The play lasted five hours. The success in print was trivial to that upon the stage. The fiery rebellion of thought which it embodied became more startling when animated by the art of the greatest actors of the time,* and hailed by the enthusiasm of spectators, in whom, as everywhere in 1782, the spirit of Revolution was astir.

We can easily imagine the impatient desire of Schiller to witness his own triumph. He went by stealth to Mannheim. In an obscure corner of the crowded house, the author beheld the living embodiment of his own thoughts and passions. He saw himself raised at once into that

* Bök acted Karl Moor with prodigious effect; but that is a part which almost plays itself. Iffland, a man of real genius, elevated the disagreeable character of Franz Moor into the dignity of an Iago. His representation of this part seems to have been one of the most perfect as well as one of the most popular triumphs of the stage. His thin figure and meagre countenance suiting well with the ideal of a formal hypocrite, served to increase the actuality of the personation. Iffland, like Schiller, was commencing his career; he was then about six-and-twenty, according to Schiller's Biographers. . . . . three-and-twenty according to other authorities, who state his birth to have been in April 1759.

mighty power—the mover of the hearts of men. He returned to Stuttgard confirmed for life in the vocation his genius had adopted. "If Germany," he wrote to Dalberg on his return, "shall one day recognise in me a Dramatic Poet, I must date the epoch from the last week."

17th Jan. 1782.

But in proportion to the ardour of his inclinations, was the restraint of Schiller's actual life. At Mannheim, he was the Freeman, the Poet; he returned to Stuttgard to sink again into the Subaltern and the Subject. Some expressions in the third act of "The Robbers," reflecting upon the national character of the *Grisons* gave such offence to the objects of the rude and boyish satire, that their complaint was published in "The Hamburgh Correspondent," and, by the mediation of a man named Walter, who bore some personal grudge to Schiller, laid before the Grand Duke .... The result seems to have been a very severe reprimand on the part of the Duke, and a peremptory injunction to Schiller to confine his studies to Medicine—his publications to such as befitted his profession—to abandon all connexion with States under other jurisdiction (meaning Mannheim) .... limiting his ambition to his calling, and his connexions to his country.* Such a command it was impossible for a man instigated by the stronger despotism of his own genius to obey. Already new and vast designs were opening to Schiller's intellectual ambition; already he had commenced and proceeded far

* Schwab, &c.

in the tragedy of "Fiesco;" already meditated a drama on the fate of Don Carlos of Spain. The Future urged him on to glory;—could a mere man chain him to an hospital? His first visit to the Mannheim theatre had been undetected or overlooked; he went again in the following May, and was put for fourteen days under arrest. Dangers now beset him; dark and sinister menaces were repeated to him by officious friends, and exaggerated perhaps in their import by the gloom of his imagination. But the dangers in themselves were real and imminent. Before his eyes was the fate of the Poet Schubart,* eight years imprisoned for displeasing the jealousies of Power. What fate could seem more terrible to one drunk with the desire of liberty, and eager to spread the wings of his genius? Stuttgard, nay, all Suabian scenes, as he himself complains, in a letter to Dalberg, "became intolerable and loathed." He could have had but small comfort from his family. His father as yet regarded his notoriety with dislike and fear. He was not a prophet in his own country; nor an honour to his own hearth;—with disgust he saw all around him;—with sanguine self-confidence he cast his eyes beyond. He formed the only resolution natural to his circumstances, and worthy of his independence: he resolved to emancipate body and soul both; to fly from Stuttgard, and throw himself on the world.

* An Appendix to Mr. Carlyle's Life of Schiller contains an interesting account of this unfortunate Poet.

CHAPTER IV.

FLIGHT FROM STUTTGARD—"FIESCO" READ TO THE ACTORS—ADVENTURES AND WANDERINGS—SCHILLER FINDS REFUGE AT BAUERBACH—COMMENCEMENT OF "CABAL AND LOVE."

AMONGST Schiller's companions was a warmhearted enthusiastic musician, two years younger than himself, named Andrew Streicher. This youth became his confidant. Together they brooded over the future—together they conceived and nursed the project of escape. It had been intended that Streicher should proceed to Hamburgh in the spring of the next year, to take lessons in his art, from the celebrated Bach.* He persuaded his mother to consent that the date of this journey should be advanced, and the friends settled that Schiller should bear him company. But Schiller, with all his inexperience, and all his fiery ardour, had that strong sense with which true genius prepares for the fulfilment, even of its wildest schemes. He felt the necessity of providing, from his own talents, the materials for their support. He would not leave Stuttgard till his Tragedy of "Fiesco" was nearly completed. In that tragedy lay his fortune and his future. He worked at it night and day—illness seized him, but the work went

1782.

* Not the great Sebastian Bach, who died in 1750.

on. At length it was sufficiently advanced for presentation to the Mannheim Theatre, and the opportunity now offered itself for escape.

The city and its neighbourhood were astir with the visit of the Grand Duke Paul of Russia, and his young Princess, niece to the Duke of Würtemberg. In the midst of these festivities the flight was planned.

It was obviously necessary to conceal from the elder Schiller the designs of the Son; the military notions and military duty of the former might not only lead him to forbid, but to disclose them. And the young Poet was moreover anxious, that whatever the displeasure of his Sovereign, it might fall on himself alone—not involve his Father. But his eldest and favourite Sister was admitted to his confidence;—the little girl who had wandered with the dreaming boy through the ruins of Hohenstaufen, and amidst the pines of Lorch, was become a woman, capable of sympathising with the lofty hopes of the adventurous man: And at last, a day or two before the meditated departure, the truth was broken to Schiller's mother. With his friend Streicher, and the wife of the Stage Manager at Mannheim, Madame Meier (whom, as well as the Director Dalberg, the royal festivities had drawn to Stuttgard, but from whom the secret was carefully kept,) Schiller for the last time visited his family at "Solitude." He took the opportunity, which his father's absorption in his own account of the royal preparations afforded, to steal with

his mother unobserved from the room: After an hour's absence, he returned—alone. The affectionate gaze of Streicher saw what he had suffered in that parting interview, by the redness of his eyes. The important day was now fixed—the 17th of September.

Streicher removed from Schiller's lodging a bundle, containing the dress which was to be substituted for the uniform of the Regimental Surgeon—some linen, and a few books—among which were the works of Haller and Shakspeare. But when Streicher came to fetch Schiller himself—after the return of the latter from his final visit to the Hospital—he found the young Enthusiast with Klopstock's Odes in his hands. A favourite Ode had given unseasonable inspiration to his own muse, and the impatient musician was forced to wait and hear, not only the seductive Ode, but the poem it had called forth. At last all was ready—day passed—night came—Schiller had assumed his disguise—three-and-twenty florins constituted the Poet's wealth—eight-and-twenty the Musician's—two trunks, containing books and apparel—a brace of pistols—and a small clavier (clavichord), summed up the effects of the fugitives. At ten o'clock, the vehicle which contained the adventurers rolled from Streicher's lodging to the Esslingen Gate, (the darkest of all the City Gates), at which the Lieutenant of the Watch was a firm friend of the Poet's. "Halt! who goes there?" "Dr. Ritter and Dr. Wolf, both bound to Esslingen." "Pass."

The escape is made. At midnight they beheld, at the

left, the illuminated Ludwigsburg, like a mount of fire; further on, and at the distance of a mile from their road, they saw the castle of "Solitude," and all the neighbouring buildings, lighted up in honour of the Royal visitor. In the clear air, all was so distinctly outlined, that the poet could point out to his companion his parent's home: and a suppressed sigh—a soft "O meine Mutter," escaped him! So fled from the capital of Würtemberg, Friedrich Schiller, "empty"—as, with little exaggeration, he himself has said, "of purse and hope;" esteemed as a rebel by his Sovereign; condemned as a scapegrace by his father; regarded but as an imprudent reckless scribbler, marring his own fair prospects for a vain ambition, by his associates!—He who now visits that capital finds little to arrest his interest—except one Colossal Statue, in a broad space near the Royal palace; before which his guide will bid him halt to contemplate Friedrich Schiller—the pride of his Fatherland!

The travellers reached Mannheim in safety. They unpacked their boxes, and put on their best clothes; it was a holiday—they were out of the Grand Duke's dominions—they were free! Schiller's hope was in his "Fiesco." In a few sheets of paper lay all that was to give bread to existence, independence to labour, and glory to ambition. Dalberg was at Stuttgard; but Meier, the manager, received them with kindness. When he heard, with astonishment, the bold step Schiller had taken, he urged the expediency of an immediate letter to the Grand Duke. This;

indeed, Schiller had already resolved upon. In the small German States, the relation between prince and subject is more parental and patriarchal, than in the larger Monarchies of Europe: if the prince be more despotic, the subject can be more familiar. After dinner, to which the young friends were invited by Meier, Schiller withdrew into another apartment, and wrote frankly to his Sovereign; it was a letter at once manly and respectful. He represented how impossible he found it to live upon his professional gains as a surgeon;—his income could only be made sufficient by his literary labours. He prayed for permission to try his fortune for a short time out of the Duke's dominions, and declared his willingness ultimately to return on receiving his Sovereign's pardon. The letter was enclosed to the chief of Schiller's regiment, General Augé, with a petition to present, and to support it. The next day Madame Meier returned from Stuttgard, with the news that Schiller's flight was already notorious; and that it was expected that the Grand Duke would demand the delivery of his person. As Schiller, however, was not a soldier, he could not be treated and reclaimed as a deserter; still it was deemed advisable that he should not show himself till the Grand Duke's answer was received. A letter from General Augé came at last; it preserved perfect silence as to the request Schiller had preferred, and only announced to him the permission, or implied the order, immediately to return. Schiller hastened to reply to the General, that he could not regard the Grand Duke's message as a compliance with

his request, which he again respectfully urged. A second letter from the General only laconically repeated the purport of the former one. Schiller's pride, his spirit of independence, and his honour became engaged. He could not recall the step which had delivered him from an intolerable bondage: the die was cast, and he resolved, as he himself has expressed it, "to exchange the citizenship of his country for that of the world."

Meanwhile Streicher had fired the manager with his accounts of "Fiesco;" a day and hour were fixed for Schiller to read his new performance to the more distinguished actors, among whom was Iffland. The young poet commenced his reading,—all listened in silence,—not a word of approbation. At the end of the first act some slipped away; at the end of the second, the disappointment grew more unequivocal; and a quarter of an hour afterwards, the poet had lost all his listeners except Iffland. Meier now took aside Streicher, and asked him seriously, "if Schiller really were the author of the 'Robbers?'"—"Certainly," said the astonished friend. "Then," answered Meier, "he has exhausted his strength in his first performance." But the manuscript was left with the experienced manager, and the next morning, when Streicher repaired, full of painful anxiety, to Meier, he was accosted with "You are right, 'Fiesco' is a masterpiece!—better fitted for the stage than the 'Robbers.'" It was Schiller's Suabian dialect, and his high-pitched monotonous mode of declamation, that had done such injustice to his genius—

a perusal of the play excited Meier's warmest admiration, and Streicher went back to his friend with the welcome news, that arrangements would be made to produce "Fiesco" on the stage. Alterations requiring some time were nevertheless indispensable, and it became necessary to remove farther from the power of his offended prince. Warned by letters from Stuttgard, it was resolved to pass to Darmstadt, near Frankfort. The money of the young friends was nearly gone. Sorely pressed as he was, Schiller had so tender a consideration for his parents, that he would not apply to them, lest he might bring upon his father the suspicion of conniving at his flight. With enough barely to defray the expenses of their pilgrimage on foot, the two friends set off one day at noon; rested at night in a village; resumed their way the next morning over one of the most striking roads in Europe (the Bergstrasse); continued their journey for twelve hours; rested from six in the evening till midnight, when they were wakened and alarmed by the drums of a reveille. Notwithstanding Schiller felt himself unwell, with the early morning, the journey was resumed; the day was serene and clear, but Schiller's strength failed his spirit; his step grew every moment more weary, his cheek more pale: at last, on entering a wood, he was unable to proceed further; he laid himself down for an hour's rest upon the grass; and Streicher, seated on the trunk of a tree, anxious and sorrowful, watched beside him. The young man, struggling with his destiny, may take heart for the future when he contemplates the picture of that wearied sleeper,

homeless and penniless, but already on his path to the conquest of Destiny itself, and the only throne which no revolution shakes, and no time decays—in the hearts of men.

They reached Frankfort at last, and Schiller addressed a letter to Dalberg:—"When I tell you," he says, "that I am flying my country, I describe to you my whole fate. My safety obliged me to withdraw in haste from Stuttgard. My sole hopes rested on a removal to Mannheim; there, I trusted, by your Excellency's assistance, that my new drama might enable me to clear myself from debt, and better permanently my condition. This was frustrated through the hasty departure to which I was compelled. I might blush to make such disclosures to you, but I know they do not debase me. If my former conduct—if all that your Excellency knows of my character—can induce confidence in my honour, let me frankly ask your assistance. Greatly as I need the anticipated profit from "Fiesco," the play cannot be ready for the theatre in less than five weeks. My heart was oppressed—my poetic dreams fled before the sense of my condition. But if at the time specified the play could be ready, and, I trust, worthy,—from that belief I take the courage to ask the advance of what would then be due. I need it, perhaps, more now than I may ever do hereafter. I owed nearly 200 florins when I left Stuttgard. This gives me, I own, more uneasiness than all the care for my future fate. I shall have no rest till in that quarter I am free."

After this letter he was more relieved; and yet, on

returning from the post-office to which he took it, he paused on the bridge, beneath which flows the Maine: he gazed long in silence on the river, and said at last, "Which is the deeper, that water or my sufferings?" But no brave man, and no true poet, can remain long despondent in the midst of a world enriched by the activity of his kind, and upheld by the goodness of his Maker. The very sight of that bustling scene; the vessels sailing to and fro; the river gilded by the setting sun; the clear evening air; the fresh and cheerful wave; amidst the smiles of Nature, the evidences of that Nature's subjugation to the will and the power of man—these gradually drew him from his sadness, and reanimated his soul. His very misfortunes, throwing him so wholly on his own resources, quickened his invention, and the next evening he announced to his friend, that he had conceived the plan of a domestic play, entitled* "Louise Miller," which was afterwards completed, and finally became famous under the title of "Cabal and Love."

A letter from Meier arrived at last, to say, that while "Fiesco" remained unfit for the stage, Dalberg could not make the proposed advance; that the work must be completed before he could say more. No disappointment could be more cruel. But Schiller bore it undauntedly. He uttered no complaint; not one harsh, one indignant

* According to MADAME VON WOLZOGEN (SCHILLER'S sister-in-law) he had, however, first thought of the subject of this play during his military arrest at Stuttgard.

word passed his lips. He prepared only to comply with the condition that was imposed. The friends were reduced to a few small coins, when Streicher received thirty florins, for which he had written to his mother; and with this aid they left Frankfort. A line was, however, first despatched to Meier, requesting him to meet and agree upon some place in which "Fiesco" might be completed with safety and in repose.

Finally, it was settled that Schiller should take up his residence in an inn at Oggersheim, once more changing his name from Ritter to Schmidt; and here, still accompanied by the devoted Streicher, he shut himself up to compose his glorious taskwork. But so much, while most occupied, did his mind shrink from what was ordained to it, that, instead of completing "Fiesco," his domestic drama of "Cabal and Love" engrossed all his thoughts and labours. Perhaps in a play which sought to prove the tyranny and the prejudice of conventional rank, he found something more congenial to his peculiar condition than the more elevated but less familiar conception of the conspirator of Genoa. The two friends shared one chamber, one bed; the Poet had his play—the Musician his instrument. And Streicher, whom we love no less for his self-devotion than Schiller for his indomitable courage, soothed the labours of his friend with the notes of his clavier. Again their resources were exhausted; again poor Streicher applied to his mother for the money intended for his professional journey to Hamburgh. Necessity then tore Schiller from the new

work, and restored him to the old. Early in November "Fiesco" was completed.

But fresh disappointments awaited Schiller. After the suspense of a week, Dalberg reported of "Fiesco" that a part of it was not yet fitted for the stage, and that it must either be rejected or improved. Nothing could be more chilling, more laconic, more heartless, to all appearance, than the reply of this literary courtier. Schiller had been greatly instigated in his flight from Stuttgard, by his reliance on Dalberg's professions of esteem and friendship. And now not a word to comfort, much less a florin to support! Before the laborious student rose the sense of a condition thoroughly desolate and alarming—the recollection of his debts at Stuttgard; more than all, the remorse of having implicated his faithful friend in his own ruin. It was evident that Dalberg, with that sympathy which all courtiers have for the grievances of all courts, regarded Schiller as a political offender, and feared to befriend one with whom a Prince was displeased.

Two resources were left: first, to find for the two plays a publisher who would advance some money upon their probable profits; and secondly, to take advantage of a generous offer—an invitation which might well put to the blush the niggard heartlessness of Dalberg.

At the Stuttgard Academy, three young men of good birth, named von Wolzogen, had been educated contemporaneously with Schiller. The eldest of these, Wilhelm, was afterwards amongst his most intimate friends; their

mother, a widow, in straitened circumstances, had known and admired the Poet at Stuttgard; she offered him an asylum in a small house she possessed at Bauerbach, about two miles from Meiningen. The advancement of her own sons was in the hands of the Duke of Würtemberg. She hazarded much by receiving into her house the persecuted fugitive; but the magnanimity of her friendship would not take the peril of a good action into account. Thither, then, Schiller resolved to fly. A Mannheim bookseller, named Schwan, advanced upon "Fiesco" sufficient to discharge the debt incurred at Oggersheim, and defray the expenses of the journey to Bauerbach. In a winter's night—the snow deep upon the ground—the generous Streicher bade him farewell; or rather, no word was spoken, no embrace exchanged—a long and silent clasp of the hand was the only token of an affection which had endured so much hardship, and consoled through so much sorrow. "But yet," says Schiller's German biographer, with simple eloquence, "the Musician, after fifty years, was filled with grief when he recalled the moment in which he had left a truly kingly heart—the noblest of the German Poets—alone, and in misfortune."

CHAPTER V.

RESIDENCE AT BAUERBACH.

As on a December evening, 1782, the wanderer beheld, beneath the old ruins of the Castle of Henneberg, the lights of the scattered houses of the village of Bauerbach gleaming through the deep snow, he felt, as he himself says, "like a shipwrecked man, who struggles at last from the waves." Here, though the family themselves were absent, everything that could comfort and welcome him, awaited. He remained unknown and secure; a bookseller of eminence at Meiningen (Reinwald), who afterwards married his Sister, was admitted to his secret, and cheered his solitude with books, and his own society. Sometimes he made a companion of the Steward of the property, played at chess, or wandered, with him, through the wild woods that surround that country *. The calm, the security and the solitude were, at first, beneficial to his mind and to his labours. The two plays were completed, and de-

* A singular anecdote is related by MADAME VON WOLZOGEN. One day, in his walk with the Steward, SCHILLER paused in a lonely spot between wild rocks, and was seized with a notion that a dead body lay below. In fact, a poor carrier had been murdered there, and his corpse had been buried in the very place.

spatched to the bookseller, Schwan. But now, his ardent imagination, having thrown off its tasks, began to prey upon itself. He passed, though for a short time, and with reluctance, into that state common to all good men, in proportion to their original affection for their species —*misanthropy*. No man ever was, in reality, a misanthrope, but from too high an opinion of mankind, and too keen a perception of ideal virtue. "I had embraced," complains Schiller, "half the world, with feelings the most glowing, to find a lump of ice within my arms." * The wild and desolate scenery around him—the dreariness of winter—served to increase the gloom that seized him. His prospects were, in reality, such as might render the hardest sensitive, and the boldest anxious. The present might be safe, but at any moment he might be cast again upon the world. His gratitude to his friends made him feel that his asylum must be resigned the moment the Grand Duke discovered it. And, even as it was, could his spirit long bear the thought of dependence, obscurity, and disguise? Still, he was without a country, still without a career. He seriously thought of abandoning poetry, and returning to the medical profession; sometimes the wilder notion of exile to England—to America—possessed him. This state of mind was, perhaps, fortunately invaded by a

* Shortly after this period, on his settlement at Mannheim, he announced his intention of translating SHAKSPEARE's "Timon," and says "In all SHAKSPEARE, there is no piece in which he more loudly and eloquently speaks to my heart—or in which I have learned more of the Science of Life."—RHEIN. THAL. HEFT. 1, s. 13.

romantic and hopeless fancy, rather than the love for which he mistook it.

Madame von Wolzogen visited Bauerbach.

In Charlotte, the youngest daughter of his benefactress, Schiller found an image to replace his Laura. He could not expect encouragement from the mother, nor does it appear that his attachment was returned by Charlotte: but he was at that age when feeling is easily awakened, and as easily misunderstood by the heart which feels it. The love of youth, before it settles for life, hovers over all to whom the fancy allures it. The Cupid, with the expanded wings, and the arrow on the string, is but the false Anteros:—In the true Eros, the wings are folded, and the bow is broken. Certainly this was the most critical period in the life of Schiller, moral and intellectual. If new persecutions, whether of power or of opinion, had now befallen him, it is at least doubtful whether he would have ever attained to a name at once so revered and so beloved—whether indignation and disgust might not, in a spirit so proud and so impetuous, have ripened into permanent defiance of the world, and its existing orders and forms.* Who shall say whether it would have been in the power of Schiller, in the nature of man, to have preserved the genial purity and kindliness which had been the early concomitants and softeners of his restless and fiery genius, if, at this

* "Oh!" he exclaims, in a letter to MADAME VON WOLZOGEN, "you cannot believe how *necessary* it is to me to find *noble* human natures!"

moment, he had undergone from the public of his fatherland, the same horrible calumny and injustice which, in the anguish and the trial of existence, hooted Byron into exile? None of the earlier writings of Byron can be compared for a moment, in their offences against settled opinions, to those which the youth of Schiller sent forth, to agitate society and inflame the mind. "The Robbers," "Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," are, one and all, defiances of Prescription. The revolutionary stamp is upon each. To ordinary observers, they might well appear the more dangerous, from the systematic purpose which seemed to pervade them all. In England, such works would have given impunity to the slander of literary envy, and the bigotry of political hate. But there was a nobler temper in the German public;—there was granted to Schiller what, despite the greater temptations of birth, and beauty and prevalent example, was never conceded to our immortal countryman—the allowance for unsettled youth and imperfect education;—and the result should be a lesson to the public in all lands: His manhood was the splendid redeemer of his youth.

Suddenly, in the midst of Schiller's anxious gloom and conflicting emotions—at the very moment when hypochondria was fast darkening over his heart and unnerving his intellect—the sun broke out upon him. The Duke of Würtemberg, whose resentment never seems to have been ungenerous or vindictive, tacitly relinquished all thoughts of persecuting a man in whom the whole of Germany began

to feel a romantic interest. The courtier Dalberg perceived that the time was come when, without imprudence, he might bring to the aid of his theatre the author of the most popular drama of the time. He invited Schiller to Mannheim. The young Poet's plays were to be produced upon the stage —the object of an ambition, modest as to temporal means, vast as to intellectual empire, was attained. He was appointed, with a fixed, though very limited salary, Poet to the Theatre at Mannheim, then the first in Germany. On the evening of the 22d July, 1783, he arrived at the town in which the foundations of his dramatic glory had been laid; and, at the house of Meier he was once more beheld; but, this time, with a cheerful and radiant countenance—by his faithful Streicher.

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE AT MANNHEIM.

But it is one thing to print a drama—another to represent it. "Fiesco" still required great alterations to adapt it to the stage. One essential cause of the theatrical success of Schiller, was the earnest readiness with which he lent himself to the suggestions of practical criticism. He was not like many of our young authors who write for the stage, and will not sacrifice a passage to what they call the arrogant ignorance of managers and actors. Unless the Poet obtains and follows the advice of manager and actor, he may depend upon it that he will never command an audience. While employed upon the task of revising "Fiesco," and its companion Drama, Schiller was seized with fever, which exhausted his strength and protracted his labours. But, in nothing is Schiller more an example to us than in his iron perseverance and diligent industry. These were the very elements of his genius. Perhaps they are so of all genius that accomplishes what is great and lasting. Through weakness and through sickness he toiled on.

"Fiesco" was not so successful at Mannheim as had been anticipated. Schiller complained that the public of the Palatine could not understand it; that 'with them Republican Liberty was an empty sound. But, in Berlin and Frankfort, it produced a considerable sensation, which reacted on the Mannheim audiences, and soon secured its fame. It was followed, in March or April,* by "Cabal and Love," which obtained the most brilliant reception.

On the first representation of this drama Streicher found his reward for all his friendship. He sate by the side of Schiller; he heard the rapturous applauses it excited; he saw all eyes turn to the Poet; he had shared the adversity—he participated in the triumph.†

Schiller's existence was now assured. He had found a country, as well as confirmed his fame. He was acknowledged a subject of the Elector Palatine. He had no longer any cause of apprehension from the Duke of Würtemberg. He was elected a member of the German Literary Society established at Mannheim. The circle of his intimates was thus enlarged amongst men of the same pursuits, and his ambition corrected and guided, by comparison between himself and others. New resources were opened to him; and his ambition could not readily settle upon any one of

* On the 9th of March, according to SCHWAN; somewhere in April, according to HOFFMEISTER.

† At the end of the second act the audience shouted applause, so much more emphatically than usual, that Schiller, taken by surprise, rose, and bowed.

the numerous objects by which it was allured. He proposed at first to translate "Timon of Athens," and "Macbeth," but ultimately returned to "Don Carlos." This was the first drama, commenced in the retirement of Bauerbach, which he had attempted in verse; and herein he first ascended, though with an uncertain step, towards the higher and purer realm of Ideal Fiction, in which his genius finally fixed its home. A marked change, indeed, was now visible in his modes of thought. He took loftier conceptions of the aims and duties of the Poet. He became aware of the moral deficiencies of "the Robbers;" he meditated a sequel to that play, which should be an ample apology for its predecessor, and in which "all immorality should be resolved into the highest moral."* He reassumed his early instincts of the preacher; not indeed as from the pulpit, but from the boards. He laid down to others and to himself the principle, that the Stage should take its rank with the Church and the School amongst the primary institutions of a state. In proportion as representation must be more vivid than dead book-lore and cold narration, so assuredly might he think that the stage should work deeper lessons and more lasting, than mere moralising systems.† Whether he did not overestimate the possible influence of the theatre in modern times, may be reasonably doubted. But that very exag-

* Schiller's Briefe an Dalberg, s. 85, &c.

† Hoffmeister.

geration could only serve to purify his ambition and elevate his aims.

Meanwhile, his pecuniary circumstances, though improved, and though, perhaps, sufficient for a strict economist, were not adequate to the wants of a man so liberal, so charitable, and so careless of detail and method. Wrapt in his Ideal realm, he forgot the exigencies of Practical life. 'Hogarth,' says his biographer, 'might have been inspired by the disorder of the young Poet's chamber.' His debt at Stuttgard still weighed upon him, till at length his landlord lent him the money to defray it. He resolved upon new efforts to emancipate himself from all difficulties. He undertook a periodical called the "Rhenish Thalia," from which he anticipated to reap an independence. In the announcement of this work he speaks thus of his own views and hopes: "I write as a Citizen of the World who serves no prince. Early I left my father-land, exchanging it for the great world, that I only beheld at a distance, and through a glass." He proceeds to speak of his education; his poetic enthusiasm; his "Robbers;" his flight from Würtemberg; and thus continues:—"All my former connexions are dissolved. The Public has become my all, my study, my sovereign, and my confidant. To the Public alone henceforth I belong. Before this tribunal, and this tribunal only, I take my stand. Something of greatness hovers over me as I resolve to know no restraint but the sentence of the world—appeal to no throne but the soul of Man!"

Dec. 1784.

This frank and stately egotism was thoroughly characteristic of Schiller. And the reader will readily understand how much, as in the case of Byron, the admiration for the Poet became associated with interest in the Man. Grave men, whom he knew not, wrote to offer him their homage; fair maidens, whom he had seen not, transmitted to him their miniatures. But in the midst of his labours and his increasing fame, his heart was lonely. He pined for love and for female society. In the bustle of the town he recalled with a sigh the retirement of Bauerbach. Forgetful of the gloom which had, there, so often overshadowed his solitude, he looked self-deludingly back to the winter months he had spent amidst its gloomy pines, as amongst the happiest of his life. The image of Charlotte von Wolzogen haunted him; but it was rather as the ideal Egeria of the Nympholept than as the one living woman who renders all others charmless and indifferent. "To be linked to one," he says, "who shares with us joy and sorrow; who meets us in our emotions, and supples to our humours; at her breast to release our souls from the thousand distractions, the thousand wild wishes and unruly passions; and drown all the bitterness of Fortune in the enjoyment of domestic calm;—ah! such were the true delight of life." He proposed openly to Madame von Wolzogen for her daughter Charlotte; but, thoroughly convinced at last of the hopelessness of that pursuit, his desire for love in the abstract soon found its object

elsewhere. Margaret, the daughter of Schwan the bookseller, was one in whom he might woo an equal, and reasonably hope to find a return for his affection. She possessed great personal beauty, and a lively turn of mind; 'rather devoted,' say, with some malice, the good German biographers, 'to the world, to literature, and to art, than to the tranquil domestic duties.' She was then nineteen years old, and the death of her mother had placed her at the head of the household. Schiller's literary intercourse with her father necessarily drew him much into her society; and about the autumn of 1784, the fair Margaret gained possession of a heart still somewhat too inflammable for constancy.

With the new love he resumed the new drama; and the passion for Margaret burns in many a line which proclaims the affection of the ill-fated Carlos. But new circumstances began to conspire against the repose of Schiller, and his continuance at Mannheim. The periodical he had commenced, without greatly increasing his resources, embroiled him with the actors. Those worthy personages were mightily concerned at the freedom of his criticisms; he in turn was no less aggrieved by their slovenly repetition of his verses, and their irreverent treatment of himself. His ambition had been diverted into new

1785.

* It appears, indeed, that in the interval SCHILLER had admitted the influence of some wilder and less refined passion than either MARGARET SCHWAN or CHARLOTTE VON WOLZOGEN had inspired, and to which he alludes with frank regret, in a letter some years afterwards to the lady whom he married. The object of this passing fancy has apparently baffled the research of his biographers.

paths, by the dignity of Councillor* of the Duchy of Weimar, conferred upon him by the Duke, who in a visit to Mannheim had granted him an audience. The honour in which literary men were held in the court of Weimar inflamed his imagination. He had not yet entirely resigned the practical world for the ideal; and in Schiller, despite his want of economy and method, there were talents and capacities which were not restricted solely to the pen. One of those who knew him best says of him, no doubt with truth, "that if he had been withheld from the destiny of a great poet, he could not have failed, perforce, to have become a remarkable man of action."† For action Schiller certainly possessed those peculiar qualities which usually ensure success in a career once fairly opened—qualities rather moral than intellectual;—indomitable will—the power of earnest application—inflexible honour—and a strong sense of justice.

The rank of Councillor to the Duchy of Weimar thus opened to him a path more alluring than that in which he passed, not over the flowers his youth had fancied, as Poet to a Theatre. After much consultation with some friends at Leipsic, and with Schwan, and in the midst of all kinds of disgusts and difficulties in his residence at Mannheim, it was determined that he should remove to Leipsic.

* A merely nominal dignity—but it is difficult for an Englishman to comprehend the eagerness with which these petty distinctions are sought for in Germany.

† Scharffenstein. At a later period, Goethe expressed the same opinion.

He resolved there to devote himself to Jurisprudence, and to use Poetry, if we may borrow the admirable saying of Sir Walter Scott, "as his staff, not his crutch." He communicated these intentions to Streicher, who shared his new enthusiasm. What might not so much industry, in a mind already exercised in severe thought and arduous studies, accomplish in a few years? Some honourable appointment at the least in one of the small Saxon Courts. The friends grew warm over their hopes, and agreed at last to suspend all correspondence till the Poet was Minister, and the Musician Chapel Master! Thus ends—amidst new projects, and on the eve of a new flight—the First Period in the life and career of Friedrich Schiller.

He was only in his twenty-sixth year—and how much had he effected! His name was already a house-
1785. hold word in Europe. His genius had not been stationary; the most marked improvement in taste, in thought, in self-cultivation distinguished his more recent from his earlier compositions. Even at this time, the genial and gentle Wieland had prophesied that Friedrich Schiller would be the first man of his age. The very misfortunes, the very errors of his life, had served to augment the true knowledge of genius—viz., experience of the heart—its sufferings—its passions—its infirmities. In "Fiesco," as in "the Robbers," there is much that is distorted and exaggerated, but the characters move in a far higher atmosphere—the language is chaster and more

severe—the descriptive passages want nothing but rhythm to have the beauty and the charm of Poetry. All the men are drawn on the large scale of Heroes. The magnificence of Fiesco, and the austerity of Verrina, are no doubt contrasted with too distinct a force for the delicacy of Art, but the fault is that of a Giant, who has not yet learned to subdue and regulate his strength. Still more promise of real and permanent excellence is to be found in "Cabal and Love;" for, to idealise common life is impossible, but to those who have already perceived the great truths in which high Poetry moves and breathes. In these plays, the influences which we have noticed in our brief sketch of the state of German Literature are visible. Through the lurid and stormy phantasies of French republicanism—through the hazy mists of Rousseau's passionate sentiment—may yet be discovered glimpses of the robust Humanity of Herder—the noble earnestness of Lessing—the last especially. "Emilia Galotti" speaks in the Domestic Tragedy of "Cabal and Love," and its Odoardo transfuses something of his high spirit into the Verrina of "Fiesco." Yet finer influences than even these were now at work upon a mind ever shooting onward, or mounting upward. The study of Shakspeare—necessarily intense to one meditating the translation of "Timon" and "Macbeth"—led Schiller, not indeed to *imitate* a genius wholly dissimilar to his own, but to ponder upon those attributes within his reach. He began the transition from

what may be called the passionate and declamatory drama* to the intellectual and analytical. He says of the Hero of the Tragedy on which he was now employed, "Carlos has the soul from Shakspeare's Hamlet—the pulse from me." There is little in common, it is true, between Carlos and Hamlet; but Schiller had made a great progress in his conceptions of Art, when he studied a Hamlet, to create a Carlos.

But in this, as in the several periods of his life, the mirror of his heart and his genius is to be found in his minor poems. In their fervour and exaggeration—their beauties and defects—lives immortally the youth of Schiller.

* In which our English "Venice Preserved" is almost unsurpassed.

CHAPTER VII.

Second Period.

SCHILLER'S ARRIVAL AT LEIPSIC—PROPOSES FOR MARGARET SCHWAN—REMOVES TO DRESDEN—HIS HABITS, STUDIES, &c.—HIS INFATUATION, AND DEPARTURE FOR WEIMAR.

SCHILLER arrived at Leipsic in the midst of its famous Fair. His name was soon bruited abroad, and the throng pressed to see him. But though Schiller was not without that noble vanity which pants for applause, and takes enjoyment in renown, the curiosity of idlers could only offend his taste, and wound his pride. "It is a peculiar thing," he says, writing to Schwan, "to have an Author's name. The few men of worth and mark who on this account offer their acquaintance, and whose esteem confers pleasure, are too greatly outweighed by the swarm who, like flesh-flies, buzz around the Author as a monster, and claim him as a colleague on the strength of a few sheets of blotted paper. Many cannot get it into their heads that the Author of "the Robbers" should be like any other mother's son. They expected at least a crop, the boots of a postillion, and a hunting-whip!"—If they did not expect more than that, Schiller was better off than most Authors—

from whom the usual demands of the public are the beauty of Antinous, the manners of Chesterfield, the spirit of Lauzun, the virtue of Zeno, the gallantry of Grammont, and the small accomplishments of Crichton!

Meanwhile Schiller continued his contributions to "The Thalia," in which a considerable portion of "Carlos" appeared; laboured with assiduity at the completion of that Drama; and composed, in a happy moment, "The Hymn to Joy," by far the noblest poem he had yet achieved. Insensibly the more worldly ambition with which he had quitted Mannheim, died away. The profession of Jurisprudence was not adopted; but, still anxious to found a livelihood upon some basis more stable than Literature, he meditated a return to Medicine; and encouraged, perhaps, by the attention and respect he received at Leipsic, he ventured now to demand the hand of Margaret Schwan. After a preface at once modest and manly, he thus opened himself to her father: "My free and unconstrained access to your house, afforded me the opportunity of intimate acquaintance with your amiable daughter; and the frank kind treatment with which both you and she honoured me, tempted my heart to entertain the bold wish of becoming your son. My prospects have hitherto been dim and vague; they begin now to alter in my favour. I will strive with more continuous vigour when the goal is clear. Do you decide whether I can reach it, when the dearest wish of my heart supports my zeal. Yet two short years, and my whole

fortune will be determined. . . . . The Duke of Weimar was the first person to whom I disclosed myself; his anticipating goodness, and the declaration that he took an interest in my happiness, induced me to confess that that happiness depended on a union with your noble daughter. He expressed satisfaction at my choice. I have reason to hope he will do more, should it come to the point of completing my happiness by this union. I shall add nothing further. I know well that hundreds of others might offer your daughter a more splendid fate than I at this moment can promise her; but that any other heart can be more worthy of her, I venture to deny." *

A bookseller is generally the last person to choose, as his son-in-law, an Author. He has seen too much of the vicissitudes of an Author's life, and of the airy basis of an Author's hopes in the future, to be flattered by the proposals of a suitor, who finds it easier to charm the world than to pay the butcher. He wrote to Schiller a refusal, implying that his daughter's character was not in unison with her wooer's. Till then, a correspondence had been carried on between the young persons; this, Schiller properly and honourably now broke off, to Margaret's surprise, and apparently to her grief, for her father had not communicated to her Schiller's proposal,—a discreet reserve which seems to prove that he did not reckon on her free

* We have borrowed the translation of this extract from CARLYLE'S LIFE OF SCHILLER:—the *Boston* edition, 1833.

acquiescence in his reply. The friendship between Schiller and Schwan, however, still continued, and the remembrance of Margaret never wholly faded from Schiller's heart. "Like all noble and manly natures," says Madame von Wolzogen, "Schiller ever retained an affectionate remembrance of the woman who had inspired him with tender emotion. These recollections moved him always, but he rarely spoke of them; for love with him was always earnest and solemn; not the sensual and fickle boy, but the young Divinity,—who unites himself with the Psyche."

Perhaps, to dissipate his disappointment by new change, Schiller yielded to the invitation of friends he had secured at Dresden, and at the end of the summer he repaired to that city, and made a home in the house of Körner, lately appointed Councillor of Appeals * (Appellations Rath), and newly married to Minna Stock, an enthusiastic admirer of Schiller.†

Körner's house was placed on the banks of the Elbe, near Loschwitz. A summer-house in the garden, surrounded by vineyards and pine-woods, was soon surrendered to the Poet, and became his favourite retreat. Here "Don Carlos" made effective, though not rapid progress. This Tragedy, the first (as we have before observed) in which Schiller superadded the purer form and the more refined delineations of Poetry to the vigour and effect of

* Father to the poet, Theodore Körner.

† Minna Stock was one of the young ladies who had honoured Schiller with their miniatures.

the Drama, put the seal upon his fame. Hitherto, with all the admiration of the many, he had not won to himself that more durable, that more enviable reputation, which is maintained and confirmed by the graver few. But judges, the most critical and refined, shared for "Don Carlos," in the closet, the enthusiasm it excited on the stage.

But, while engaged in the completion of this Drama, Schiller's prodigious activity had already extended the realm his genius was destined to subdue and overspread. Besides the sketch of a Play—"The Misanthrope"—never finished, he conceived the idea of his Romance, called "The Ghost Seer," and collected materials for the historical works he began to meditate. For History, indeed, his mind was already prepared by the earnest and thoughtful study of character, and of the philosophy of events, which had been brought to bear on "Don Carlos." And now this restless and ever-inquiring mind arrived at that stage in which, between the enthusiasm of youth, and the wisdom of manhood, is so often placed the transition-interval of Doubt. That intensity of religious faith and conviction which had characterised his boyhood, had, perhaps, been somewhat roughly shaken by the hard bigotry of his teachers at the Stuttgard Academy; but there is evidence to show that it existed during the composition of "The Robbers." Amongst his earlier Poems is one called "Letter from Julius to Raphael, from an unpublished Romance." This Romance afterwards took the shape and

title of "Philosophical Letters between Julius and Raphael," of which only a fragment was printed, but in which the scepticism of the Author is first apparent. There is no doubt that this work was remodelled and rewritten during Schiller's sojourn at Dresden, and no reason to suppose that, in its earlier form, it contained the matter for just offence, subsequently admitted.

In these letters appears a crude and wavering conflict between Spinozism and Kantism. With Kant's great work on "Pure Reason," Schiller seems to have been first acquainted, but only by hearsay, at Leipsic or Dresden, between 1785-87. It was not till some years afterwards, in 1791, that he studied Kant at the fountain-head, and learned from him, if not a precisely orthodox Christianity, at least that ideal and spiritual Christianity, to which the great German has led so many, who would otherwise have been lost in the pathless wilds of Infidelity. But now, much that Schiller composed, shows the doubt and conflict of his mind—a state, to one so constitutionally devout, of great anguish and despondency, and to which, in his later writings, he has many solemn and pathetic allusions. In the "Philosophical Letters" is to be found the illogical yet brilliant Fallacy of Pantheism, which bewildered hopelessly the far smaller and more erratic intellect of Shelley, but which did not long delude the robust understanding of Schiller. In the Poems which the reader will find translated and classed under the head of

The Second Period, the conflict is visible, though subdued. It was in conformity with this state of mind, that Schiller—in whom the intellect was no less strong than the imagination—should turn to that positive and actual Something which is found in the external history of man. Plans too large for one writer to accomplish, hovered before his ambition—some history that might be to Practical Narrative what the vast conception of Herder suggested to the theory in which History should be told.

He meditated, and, in part, undertook, what, indeed, if ever accomplished suitably, would be one of the greatest Records in the world—"A History of all the more remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions of Modern Times." Meanwhile, his private life had at once its charms and its sorrows. The love of solitude still clung to him. He was seen in the morning, wandering along the banks of the Elbe, thoughtful and alone; or, like Byron at Venice, when the lightning flashed and the storm burst, tossed in his gondola upon the waves. He disliked, and sought to shun, miscellaneous, and especially what is called fashionable society; he carried his earnest mind, and his love of freedom, into all circles,—impatient of the talk that was frivolous, and the etiquette that was restrained. But he generally devoted some portion of the day to the interchange of mind with the congenial;—artists, men of letters, or even those who, simple and unaffected, interested his heart, if they could not appeal to his intellect.

Shy and silent in the crowd, he was eloquent with those familiar to him, and his conversation was yet more charming from his simple kindliness, than from the stores which it displayed: this was the bright side of his private life,—the reverse of the medal is only darkly shadowed out. Before his visit to Dresden, Schiller had formed an acquaintance with a young woman named Sophy Albrecht, intended for the stage; he had taken a strong interest in her professional career, and he met her again at Dresden, as one of the most celebrated actresses of the day. He visited at her house on familiar terms, and there, one evening, after the play was over, he saw a young, blue-eyed stranger, who made upon him an impression equally deep and sudden. This girl was the eldest daughter of a Saxon widow, who lived upon a small pension, and whose husband had been an officer in the army. He afterwards encountered the fair Julia—(such was the young lady's name,) at the "Redoute," and ventured to accost her. The mother was, by all accounts, an artful and abandoned person, who did not scruple to put to profit the beauty of her daughter. She saw, in the admiration of so distinguished a Poet, the means of widening Julia's already lucrative notoriety. Schiller was accordingly lured into an intimacy which occasioned the most serious anxiety to his friends.* It seems uncertain, whether Julia, who appears to have followed her mother's depraved counsels with something of reluctant

* Döring—Madame von Wolzogen, Hoffmeister, Schwab.

shame, returned the passion she had inspired. There was that in Schiller to have won a worthier affection, despite the unflattering portrait which Sophy Albrecht, in her coarse taste of actress, has drawn of the young Poet.

Schiller, no doubt, at that time, and indeed from his entrance into youth, had lost the mere physical beauty which he seems to have possessed as a child, when his sister compared his countenance, shaded with locks of gold, "to an Angel's head." He was tall, extremely thin, though muscular, and large of bone; his neck was long (a noble defect, which is never without dignity) and his dress was rude and neglected. His face was not handsome, perhaps, in the eyes of actresses,—whose profession leads them to admire show and colour in all things,—but so noble a countenance has rarely been given to the sons of Genius; true, the complexion was pale, the cheeks somewhat hollow, and the dark auburn hair, though rich and profuse, had a deep tinge of red, but the forehead was lofty and massive, somewhat receding towards the temples when regarded in profile (a peculiarity found in most men of characters brave and determined). His eyes, described variously as blue, brown, and dark gray, and probably shifting in colour with the light,* were, though deep sunken, singularly brilliant and expressive; and his nose, if too large for perfect symmetry of feature, was finely formed. His personal

* Madame von Wolzogen says, their colour was undecided, between blue and light brown. His sister calls them blue: one of his College friends dark gray.

appearance, in short, harmonised with his intellectual character; and, as in Goethe, the pre-eminent attribute both of outward form and mental accomplishment was beauty*; so in Schiller, the pre-eminent attribute in both was nobleness. If, as one who remembered him well declares, the colossal bust of Dannecker alone shows him as he really was in life, no one who has ever seen that likeness will deny, that it is a countenance which strikingly arrests the admiration, and deeply engrosses the interest—a certain grandeur, both of outline and expression, dwarfs into effeminacy whatever portraits of more justly proportioned beauty may be placed beside it. But the actress, describing Schiller at this time, could see only, as was natural to such an observer, the gray, threadbare frock—the general disdain of the toilette—the awkwardness given by pride and reserve to the movements of the tall figure—the indulgence of Spanish snuff—and the stoop of the "ever-thoughtful head." . . . Whether or not the fair Julia regarded Schiller with the same eyes as the actress

* Goethe was, perhaps, the handsomest Poet of whom we have any record. With a beauty of face not inferior to that of Milton or Byron, he had advantages of stature denied to either,—and that air of majestic dignity which is beauty in itself. We remember being very much struck with a comparison between two portraits of Byron and Goethe, taken when each was about the same age, viz., twenty-one. There was a strong likeness between the two, though Goethe's features, not less symmetrical, were larger and more manly; but the contrast in the expression was startling. The German lady who showed us the portraits, observed with truth,—"What dejection, and discontent with the world is already stamped on Lord Byron's face!—What calm, yet sanguine energy—what hopeful self-confidence in Goethe's!" The several expression in either countenance seemed almost like a prophecy of either fate.

is a matter, however, of very little importance:—not so the love felt by Schiller, since it not only gave rise to some of his poems, but coloured many immortal pages in the "Ghost-seer." His friends did their best to dispel his infatuation, and tear him from a connexion which they considered disgraceful to his name, ruinous to his means, and injurious to his prospects; finally, they succeeded in their appeals. He appears, indeed, to have become aware of the treachery* practised on him; and, after many a struggle between reason and passion, at last he tore himself away.

He had long meditated a journey to Weimar—then to Germany what Athens, in the time of Pericles, was to Greece; he now accepted a cordial invitation from a friend of his, Madame† von Kalb; and, in the month of July, 1787, he arrived at the little Court, brightened by a constellation of Art and Genius, before which the wealth and splendour of every capital in Europe was, at that day, but as foil and tinsel.

* Julia had directed Schiller not to enter the house when a light was to be seen in a certain chamber, upon pretence of being then engaged in the domestic circle, while in truth she was receiving some more favoured admirer.

† We have preferred (in this, and other instances), as more familiar to the English ear, the title of *Madame* to that of *Frau*, which is, of course, more rigidly correct.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIETY AT WEIMAR — CHARACTER OF THE DUCHESS AMELIA — THE VON LENGEFELDS—SCHILLER IN THE RETIREMENT OF RUDOLSTADT—FIRST MEETING WITH GOETHE—STUDY OF GREEK—DEATH OF MADAME VON WOLZOGEN—SCHILLER ACCEPTS THE PROFESSORSHIP OF HISTORY AT JENA —LIFE AT THAT UNIVERSITY—COURTSHIP OF CHARLOTTE VON LENGEFELD—SCHILLER'S MARRIAGE.

GOETHE was absent from Weimar, — in "those fair Ausonian climates"—the influence of which so powerfully
1787. affected his plastic genius, and served to give to his after-creations that severe and statue-like repose which has, with all the beauty, something of the coldness and the terror, of Medusa:—Goethe was absent; but at Weimar were Herder, Wieland, Böttiger, and other eminent men. Schiller was not disappointed in the charm of the place. "I think here," he writes, "at least, in the territory of Weimar, to end my days—and at last, once more, to find a country." And yet Schiller was not at first fully appreciated at the court to which he was admitted. The Augustan character which Weimar had obtained, originated in the tastes and the talents of Amelia, mother to the reigning Duke. Her especial favourite was the polished and graceful Wieland, whom

she had appointed Tutor to her Son, Karl August. She had been left a widow at the age of nineteen; and fulfilled the duties of Regent during the minority of the young Prince.

To considerable talents for public business, and intuitive knowledge of the world, this remarkable woman added a strong affection for art; and blended a thorough enjoyment of society,—in its best union of aristocracy, elegance, and talent,—with a keen thirst for knowledge. She acquired some acquaintance with the learned languages from Wieland, and translated Propertius. The circle of eminent men that she drew around her was attracted no less by her manners than her information and her abilities. But Schiller's genius, as yet made manifest, was not very congenial to a taste half French and half classical; and the Duchess-Mother does not seem to have been aware that in the rude strength of the young Suabian lay that which was not to borrow classicality, but to make a land's language classical.* Of all the literary men then at Weimar, the amiable Wieland was the most cordial to Schiller. Herder welcomed him, 'but without warmth.' Not till a much later period does the Duke himself appear to have taken any very vivid interest in his great visitor. The style of conversation, though intellectual and refined, was not that which Schiller was likely to enjoy—it was too critical, and perhaps too courtly—"more was babbled than

* Schiller attributes to the good offices of Goethe, (despite his absence) the access to the Duchess Amelia.

was thought." But nothing is more beneficial to a man of genius, yet young, than to frequent society in which he is not over-estimated;—nothing more injurious than to be the sole oracle of his circle. From that period we date a purer and more dignified taste in Schiller—the tone of good society henceforth entered into his writings, and improved his manners: without weakening the one, it brought ease; without marring the simplicity of the other, it served to soften and make social.

At the end of October, Schiller made an excursion to Meiningen, on a visit to his eldest sister, who had lately married Reinwald. Madame von Wolzogen was also at Meiningen; at her house he found his old college friend, Wilhelm; and with this companion he returned towards Weimar. They took the journey on horseback, and proposed by the way to visit some relations of M. von Wolzogen—a memorable visit; for now Schiller approached that bright period of his life when his wanderings and apprenticeship of mind and heart were alike to cease—when his genius settled into Art—when his affections were concentered in a home.

At Rudolstadt, on the banks of "the soft winding Saale," in a valley bounded by blue mountains and sloping woodlands, lived a Madame von Lengefeld, with two daughters; the elder, Caroline, married to M. von Beulwitz, Hofrath of Rudolstadt, to whom (more distinguished by the name she acquired in a second marriage, von Wolzogen) we are indebted for a delightful, though somewhat high-

flown Biography of Schiller; and the younger, Charlotte, unmarried, and then in her twenty-first year. The father had died when the children had severally arrived at the ages of thirteen and ten. Till that time they had been brought up in close retirement. But a situation at the Court of Weimar being destined for Charlotte when she should arrive at a fitting age, Madame von Lengefeld deemed it advisable to remove for a short time into Switzerland, as affording better facilities for the kind of education necessary for a girl intended to mix in the society of a brilliant and polished court. Three years before the date on which we now enter, the two sisters, who were related to the Wolzogens, had seen Schiller for the first time at Mannheim, and been favourably struck by his appearance. They were then on their return from Switzerland; and the marriage of the elder daughter to M. von Beulwitz, served to settle their residence at Rudolstadt. Charlotte was highly prepossessing both in form and face. To borrow the description of her sister, "the expression of the purest goodness of heart animated her features; and her eye beamed only truth and innocence." She had a talent for landscape-drawing, and wrote poetry with grace and feeling. But above all, she had sympathy with whatever, in others, was noble in character, or elevated in genius;—her temper was sweet, and her disposition affectionate, faithful, and sincere.

At that time, however, Charlotte von Lengefeld was suffering under the melancholy which succeeds to the

first fair illusions of life. Her early affections had been given to one from whom Fate had divided her. Her lover was in the army, and his duties called him to a distant part of the globe. Whether there were other obstacles, besides those of the young man's precarious profession, does not appear clear; but the family were opposed to the connection, and Charlotte von Lengefeld obeyed their wishes in struggling against the inclination she had formed.

Nothing could be more solitary and remote than the little valley in which the Lengefelds dwelt. No high-road intersected it: a stranger was a phenomenon. The appearance of two horsemen along the straggling street, one dark November evening, sufficed to create curiosity and interest. One of the riders, as he presented himself to the Lengefelds, playfully concealed his face in his mantle, but the ladies recognised their cousin, Wilhelm von Wolzogen. The other was unknown or unremembered, till his companion announced the already famous name of Schiller. The simple and shy Suabian, usually distant with strangers, found himself at home at once in the family circle he had entered. The conversation fell on his recent publication, "The Philosophical Letters," and on his earlier poems. The earnest Schiller wished the Lengefelds to become acquainted with his "Carlos." A single evening sufficed to form an intimacy. On his departure, Schiller had already conceived the project of spending the next summer at Rudolstadt.

1787.

It so chanced that Wilhelm von Wolzogen had, from the early period of his student life at Stuttgard, cherished a romantic attachment to his fair cousin, Caroline von Lengefeld—now Madame von Beulwitz. Her marriage was not happy, and her health was delicate and infirm. Perhaps these circumstances served to confirm in Wolzogen an affection that then seemed hopeless, and was only nursed in secret. But as the two friends rode to Weimar, there was no doubt much in Wolzogen's conversation that found an echo in Schiller's breast. An impression more deep, and yet more calm, than woman had hitherto made upon him, recalled to the Poet, amidst the distractions of Weimar and the labour of his occupations, the image of the soft and pensive Charlotte. Fortune smiled upon the dawn of this affection. Charlotte came to Weimar that very winter, on a visit to Madame von Stein, a friend of her family, and Schiller met her in the society of the place, but not frequently. Still he contrived to approach her, as nearly as his delicacy and the consciousness of his precarious worldly circumstances would allow to his pride. He supplied her occasionally with his favourite authors; she undertook the commission to find him a lodging at Rudolstadt for a summer. Occasion was thus found for the interchange of notes. On his part the correspondence was frank, but respectful; it proclaimed friendship and esteem—it did not betray more. "There breathes," in these letters, says an eloquent biographer, "a noble, mild, discreet inclination,

without a trace of passion;"—and here the writer we quote adds finely, "Our love is generally the effigy of the one we love. Schiller's present love was the gold, purified from the sensual passion, which had mastered him at Dresden." It seems probable, however, that in neither was the memory of the previous love yet effaced: and this, while it served to invest their feeling for each other with a certain tranquillity, allowed them both more sensibly to perceive the remarkable congeniality between their minds, tastes, and tempers. Thus, as it were, the soul began to love, before the heart was thoroughly moved. Schiller's fame, and his somewhat graver years, permitted him to assume with his young friend a certain tone of warning and advice. That court life, to which she seemed then destined, was opposed to all his ideas of true dignity and pure happiness. And, in the lines closing the second division of his poems, he expresses, in verse, the ideas often repeated in his correspondence.*

In the midst of May, the following year, we find Schiller settled in the valley of Rudolstadt. He lodged in a house, half-an-hour's walk from the town, † and his chamber overlooked the banks of the Saale, flowing through meadows, and under the shade of venerable trees. There, on the opposite side of the river rose a hill, clothed with woods, at the foot of which lay tranquil villages;—there,

1788.

* See "Lines to a Female Friend, written in her Album," Vol. II., page 169.

† In the village of Volkstädt.

high above the landscape, towered the castle of Rudolstadt. A small monument, crowned with a bronze copy of Dannecker's bust of Schiller, yet commemorates his sojourn in this happy valley, recalling Goethe's lovely words—

"The place that a good man has trod, remains hallowed to all time." *

It is thus, that the elder sister speaks of those days—the fairest, perhaps, in the life of Schiller.—"How welcome was it after some tedious visit†—to see our genial friend approaching, beneath the fair trees that skirt the banks of the Saale. A forest brook, that pours itself into that river, and was crossed by a little bridge, was the meeting place at which we awaited. When we beheld him in the twilight, coming towards us, a serener, an ideal, life entered within us; a lofty earnestness, and the graceful ease of a mind pure and candid, ever animated Schiller's conversation. One seemed as one heard him talk, to wander as it were between the immutable Stars of Heaven, and yet amidst the flowers of earth."

But Schiller, during this holyday of existence, was not idle in that solemn vocation of Author—of Instructor—of High Priest in Literature—to which he was sworn. His evenings were devoted to Charlotte and her family, his mornings to study. Here he laboured at his "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"—at the correction of the

* Hoffmeister.

† "*Kaffee-Visite.*"—Coffee visit: we should say Tea party.

tale so well known in England—"The Ghost Seer,"—here were concluded his "Letters upon Don Carlos"—and here was composed the first portion of the finest Poem written at this period of his life, "The Artists." In the house of the Lengefelds, Schiller too, for the first time, met Goethe, on his return from Italy. With the works of Schiller hitherto published, Goethe had no sympathy; they contradicted his own theories of art, and they revolted his serene taste. His manner to the Suabian was reserved and cold; the pride of Schiller forbade him to make the first advances; and though, as he wrote word to his friend Körner, the great idea he had formed of Goethe was not lessened by this first personal contact, he doubted if they could ever come into close communication. "Much which is yet interesting to me—that which I yet wish and hope for—has had its epoch for him. His whole being is, from its origin, constructed differently from mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things are essentially different: from such a combination, no secure substantial intimacy can result. Time will try."*

About this time, at the instigation of the friendly and learned Wieland, Schiller turned his attention to the literature of Greece, with which he had hitherto but a very slight and superficial acquaintance. Nothing ever produces a more durable influence upon an author's genius, than the deliberate and systematic recurrence to Hellenic

* Correspondence with Körner. Carlyle's Life of Schiller.

Poetry and Letters. Studied too early, they may often correct the Taste at the expense of the Fancy; but, studied with the mature thought of manhood, they only strengthen by purifying the inventive faculties. From that time Schiller began to comprehend true Art, the vivifier and music of Nature. From that time he became *an Artist.* Homer first engrossed his reverent delight; he passed to the Greek Tragedians; and the character of his mind, which inclined to philosophy, and the tendency of his genius, which was essentially pathetic and humane, rendered ample justice to the still wronged Euripides. *

From these new sources of inspiration came his noble Poem on the "Gods of Greece," and the classical perfection to which he brought "The Artists," before begun. The former of these Poems, which appeared in the "Mercury," superintended by Wieland, occasioned much offence to those who sought orthodoxy, even in the wildest dreams of the Poet. Although Schiller's mind at that time was certainly still unsettled, he yet grieved at an interpretation which he appears not to have foreseen; and at a subsequent period, he sacrifised many of his most brilliant stanzas, in order to purify the whole from whatsoever sincere and liberal piety could reasonably revolt at or regret. . . . The remarkable frankness of his genius often, it is true, led him to depict or to imply his own struggles,

* We must not, however, suppose that Schiller ever attained to the facility of a *scholar* in Greek. . . In translating Euripides, he had constant need of the Latin version, and even the French of Brumoy.

and his own errors; but, in his stormiest interval of doubt, Schiller never contemplated the dangerous and dark ambition of unsettling the religious convictions of others. . .

Charlotte's admiration of "The Artists" greatly and seasonably served to cement the affection now ripening daily between them.* In fact, that fine Poem no vulgar mind could really relish and admire. In one whom so elevated an appeal to the intellectual faculties could move and animate, a lover might well behold the true companion of a Poet's life, the true sympathiser in a Poet's labours.

This summer, otherwise so happy, was however darkened by the death of Madame von Wolzogen—Schiller's earliest protectress and second mother. He felt this affliction most deeply—his letter to her son, still extant, is full of tender grief and delicate consolation.

In November, Schiller returned to Weimar, and occupied himself with the conclusion of his "Ghost Seer," and translations from Euripides. His chief relaxation and luxury were in his letters to Charlotte—letters unequalled in their combination of manly tenderness, confiding frankness, and refined yet unexaggerated romance; still, though they now betrayed his own love, they did not formally hazard a declaration, or press for a return.

But early in the following year, he was called to a
1789. new and more active career. Considerable portions of his history of the "Revolt of the Netherlands"

* Madame von Wolzogen.

had already appeared in Wieland's "Mercury," and excited considerable sensation. His friends wished to see him in one of those honourable situations, which, to the credit of Germany, afford shelter and independence to so numerous and brilliant a host of literary men. Goethe, (though still not intimate with Schiller), displayed the calm magnanimity towards a rival natural to one in whom meanness was impossible, and employed the interest of his rank and his fame on behalf of the young historian. Schiller was finally summoned to take the chair of Historical Professor at the University of Jena. It was not without modest reluctance, and a sense of his own deficiencies in the details of history that he undertook this office. His reception was such as might be anticipated—Four hundred Students crowded to the Lecture-room—their presence and applause animated him —and his voice, naturally not strong, filled the Hall.

Ætat. 30.

Amongst the German youth of his day, Schiller is the favourite; he was then, says Hoffmeister, "the idol." His very defects as a Lecturer were not those on which young men would be severe or discriminating critics. Through the fire and the vigour which animated his language and his delivery, his ardent listeners were not likely to detect that rhetorical redundance, in which genius is too apt to conceal deficient information. He came too fresh to his task. He was acquiring one day, the knowledge he imparted the next. His facts had not been

sufficiently meditated, nor his views sufficiently sobered down.

The society of Jena was more congenial to Schiller than that of Weimar—here, nothing was courtly and restrained; here were found the greatest variety of manners—the most diversified freedom of opinion. To this illustrious University flocked the Professors and the Students from so many quarters, that each part of Germany found its representatives. The streets swarmed with all varieties of costume; the halls resounded with all distinctions of dialect. From the coarsest manners to the most super-refined; from the most limited information and the narrowest prejudice, to the profoundest wisdom—to the most liberal knowledge of the world; all forms of intellect were here mixed and confounded. What a school for a man, who had yet to complete his education by the study of his kind—not in books, but in actual life! The true Poet must divide his existence between solitude and the crowd.

Schiller's correspondence with Charlotte continued; and his chivalrous devotion, the habitual intercourse with his noble and beautiful nature, had produced, at last, its full effect upon his young admirer. The old affection was effaced—the new affection confirmed. Charlotte owned to her sister,—"that she had so lived in Schiller—he had so contributed to the formation of her mind, and to her happiness—that it seemed to her impossible to divide her lot from his."

The sisters were now staying at Lauchstädt: thither Schiller (escaping from Jena) visited them; a full explanation of what indeed must have been long since clear to both hearts, took place. Charlotte confessed, that the love she had inspired was not unreturned, and promised, one day or other, to become his wife. True, as yet, it was hope deferred,—the fortunes of Schiller were yet to be confirmed—the consent of Madame von Lengefeld to be obtained. But it was enough for the present to feel that love was won. "How different," thus writes Schiller himself to Charlotte, on his return to Jena—"how different is all around me now, since in each step of my life thine image meets me: like a halo thy love hovers over me; like a fair mist does it clothe the face of Nature. I return from a walk: in the vast space of Nature, as in my lonely chamber, it is ever the selfsame atmosphere in which I move; and the fairest landscape serves but for the fairer mirror of one ever-enduring image. The remembrance of thee leads me back to the All; the All reminds me, in turn, of thee. Never so freely and so boldly could I traverse, in my enthusiasm, through the world of Thought as now that my soul has found a possession—a home; and no longer incurs the danger to lose itself in its wanderings: I know where again to find myself—in thee!"

At last came the long yearned-for holidays. Schiller was released from his task; he fled back to the neighbourhood of Rudolstadt; he occupied his old chamber; he lived back his old life; but in the brighter air of hope

assured and of love returned. As yet, however, the lovers could only hold unwitnessed interviews by stealth; and to this date we must refer the exquisite love poems of the "Mystery" and the "Assignation." At last, but not till after long and severe probation, Schiller's hopes were crowned. After the failure of various schemes and projects, he obtained from the Duke of Saxe Weimar an appointment as Professor Extraordinary, with a salary of 200 rix dollars; and he now boldly applied to Madame von Lengefeld for the hand of her daughter. His suit was supported with zeal and earnestness by Madame von Stein, who had great influence with Madame von Lengefeld, and by M. von Dalberg,* elder brother to the Superintendent of the Mannheim stage, a nobleman of the highest rank, and the most admirable character. Madame von Lengefeld was moved by these instances; her prejudices gave way before the happiness of her daughter and the distinction of the suitor.

The title of Hofrath, conferred on Schiller by the Court of Meiningen, in the beginning of 1790, perhaps served yet more to content the good lady with her daughter's choice; and on the 20th February 1790, after an intimate acquaintance of three years, the lovers were united.

1790.

* Often confounded with Wolfgang Von Dalberg, the Mannheim Baron; but an infinitely better person. It was to the elder brother that Schiller addressed the verses which accompanied the copy of "William Tell;" not, as Mr. Carlyle supposes, to Wolfgang, who deserved no such honour.

Never was marriage, if we except only the narrowness of pecuniary circumstances, formed under more favourable auspices. The very age of the parties was that, in each, in which affection promises to be most durable, and the choice best considered. Schiller was about one-and-thirty, Charlotte about four-and-twenty: the length of the courtship had but served to found attachment upon esteem, while it augmented it by delay. The characters of bride and bridegroom were in the most perfect harmony; where they differed, it was but for each to improve the other; the refinement of the woman softened the impetuous man; the noble fire of the man warmed and elevated the gentle woman. Schiller was now really formed for the home he had so long sighed for. With all that depth of feeling and singleness of heart which are common to those fond of solitude, he now combined much which intercourse with mankind alone can give. As all misanthropy had fled from his heart, so all cynicism was now banished from his manners and his dress. He could no longer have been open to the caricature of the Dresden actress; and, independent of his fame, his genius and his noble heart, a vainer woman than Charlotte von Lengefeld might have been proud of her choice.

CHAPTER IX.

SCHILLER'S ILLNESS.—THE SENSATION PRODUCED IN DENMARK BY THE REPORT OF HIS DEATH.—THE LETTER ADDRESSED TO HIM BY THE PRINCE VON HOLSTEIN AUGUSTENBURG, AND COUNT VON SCHIMMELMANN.—SCHILLER'S REPLY.—HIS STUDY OF KANT.—SCHILLER REVISITS HIS NATIVE LAND.

SCHILLER was not disappointed in the hopes he had formed of domestic happiness. A few months after his marriage he exclaims in his correspondence: "Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, than so forsaken and alone—even in summer. . . . The world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feelings are again awakening in my breast. . . . Fate has conquered the difficulties for me. From the future I expect everything... I think my very youth will be renewed, an inward poetic life will give it me again*." But, alas! even as these lines were written, that bodily enemy for which the mind so rarely prepares itself was at hand. Disease struck root into a constitution always delicate; he was attacked with a disorder in the chest; and though he recovered from its immediate severity, the head of the shaft was left behind.

1791.

* Extracted from the translation in CARLYLE'S LIFE.

He never entirely recovered his health—from that time consumption rankled within.

He had been labouring more intensely than ever: to such a man, the consciousness that on his toils rested the worldly comforts of a wife who had resigned a Court for a scholar's roof stimulated industry into fever. He was immersed in severe studies connected with the historical pursuits to which he was now devoted, but the first and most peremptory injunction of his physician was repose to his intellect. . . . Repose—and his very subsistence rested on activity! At this crisis, however, one of those rare acts of munificence which are the godlike prerogatives of wealth, came to brighten poverty and comfort genius. A report of Schiller's death had been spread abroad: it had reached Denmark, at the moment when a princely circle of the Poet's admirers had resolved to repair to Hellebeck, near Copenhagen, and amidst its sublime and enchanting scenery, to hold a court in his honour, and chaunt his "Hymn to Joy." Amongst these were the Danish Poet, Baggesen; the Count Ernest von Schimmelmann; the Prince Christian von Holstein Augustenburg and his Princess. Their grief, as enthusiastic as their admiration, changed the meditated festivities into a funeral solemnity.

They met at Hellebeck, on the shore of the sea, opposite the high rocks of Sweden, and Baggesen began to read the hymn. Clarinets, horns, and flutes chimed in to the song of the chorus; two additional stanzas, in honour

of the supposed dead, were chaunted, and may be thus translated :

"Hail to a friend, O choir of friends !
The dead we love shall live once more ;
Bright to the groves of heaven ascends
His soul : our lives it hovers o'er.

Chorus.—Lift your attesting hands on high ;
Swear by this wine from Lands made free,*
Till found once more in yonder sky ;
Faith to our brother's memory."

As the song ceased, all eyes wept.

Homage to the dead is a vulgar and idle tribute, if it come after neglect or injury to the living. The heart sickens at that mockery of admiration, which allowed Spenser to die of a broken heart, and threw copies of verses into his grave,—which suffered political vengeance to reduce Dryden to a bookseller's drudge, and insisted on burying his dust in the sepulchre of kings. To Schiller's biographers belongs the pleasing task of commemorating the only true homage ever rendered to a dead poet,—simply because the poet was *not* dead ! No sooner was the report confuted, than the noble mourners exulted to exchange ceremonial honours to the lifeless, for practical benefits to the living. A letter, from which we extract the purport, was sent to Schiller by the Prince von Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann.

27th Nov. 1791.

"Two friends, united through the citizenship of the

* *i. e.* French wine.

world, send this letter to you—noble man! Both are unknown to you—both love you and revere. They find in your recent works the mind and the enthusiasm which knit the bond of their own friendship; by the perusal of those works they accustom themselves to regard the author as a member itself of their own union. Great was their grief at the report of his death; their tears were not the scantiest of those which flowed from all good men by whom he was known and loved. The lively interest with which you have inspired us must excuse us from the appearance of officious importunity. They tell us that your health suffers from too severe an application, and needs for some time an entire repose. This repose your pecuniary circumstances alone forbid you to enjoy. Will you grudge us the delight of contributing to your relief? We entreat you to receive, for three years, an annual gift of a thousand dollars."* The writers proceed with dignity to touch upon their rank, and to imply a delicate hope that it may not prove an obstacle to their request;—they desire not to wound his spirit of independence, or parade the ostentation of patronage. "We know no pride but this,—to be men!—citizens in that great Republic whose boundaries extend beyond single generations—beyond the limits of earth itself." They proceed to invite him into Denmark: "For we are not the only ones here who know and love you; and if, after the

* About 150*l.* sterling; a sum which, at Weimar, would go perhaps three times as far as it would in England.

restoration of your health, you desire to enter into the service of our state, it would be easy for us to gratify such an inclination. Yet think us not so selfish as to make such a change in your residence a condition: we leave our suggestion to your free choice; we desire to preserve to Humanity its instructor, and to this desire every other consideration is subordinate."

There may be in this letter—which the gratitude of Literature should render no less imperishable than the works of him to whom it is addressed—something of the romantic exaggeration, in tone and phrase, which betrays the influence of the French cosmopolites; but that influence here affected men of noble hearts, who desired to have an excuse in philanthropy for individual beneficence; not, as with the maudlin Confraternities of France, an excuse, in the citizenship of the world,—from doing good to a single creature!

The effect such a letter produced on Schiller no one can describe—every one can imagine. Nothing but the declaration of his physicians that a visit to so northern a climate would be fatal, prevented him from hurrying to benefactors so delicate and so munificent. In a letter to Baggesen, the depth and manliness of his gratitude are apparent; and this letter is the more interesting, inasmuch as it expresses those views of the dignity of letters, and that repugnance to regard art as a *livelihood*, which may serve the ambition of youthful genius at once with warning and emulation.

"From the cradle of my intellect till now," writes Schiller, "have I struggled with Fate; and since I knew how to prize intellectual liberty, I have been condemned to want it. A rash step, ten years since, divided me from every other practical livelihood, but that of a writer. I had given myself to this calling before I had made proof of its demands, or surveyed its difficulties. The necessity of pursuing it befel me before I was fitted for it by knowledge and intellectual maturity. That I felt this—that I did not bound my ideal of an author's duty to those narrow limits within which I was confined—I recognise as a favour of Heaven... As unripe, and far below that ideal which lived within me, I beheld all which I gave to the world." With feeling and with modesty Schiller proceeded to enlarge upon the conflict between his circumstances and his aspirations .... to touch upon the melancholy with which he was saddened by the contemplation of the great masterpieces of art, ripened only to their perfection by that happy leisure denied to him. "What had I not given," he exclaims, "for two or three tranquil years; that, free from all the toils of an author, I could render myself only to the study, the cultivation of my conception,—the ripening of my ideal." He proceeds to observe that in the German literary world, a man could not unite the labour for subsistence with compliance with the demands of lofty art; that for ten years he had struggled to unite both; and that to make the union only in some measure possible, had cost him his health .... "In a moment when life began to

display its whole value—when I was about to knit a gentle and eternal bond between the reason and the phantasy—when I girded myself to a new enterprise in the service of art, death drew near. This danger indeed passed away; but I waked only to an altered life, to renew, with slackened strength and diminished hopes, my war with Fate. So the letter received from Denmark found me! . . . . I attain at last the intellectual liberty so long and so eagerly desired. . . . I win leisure, and through leisure I may perhaps recover my lost health; if not, at least for the future, the trouble of my mind will not give nourishment to disease. If my lot does not permit me to confer beneficence in the same manner as my benefactors, at least, I will seek it, where alone it is in my power,—and make that seed which they scatter, unfold itself in me, to a fairer blossom for humanity." And he did so!

Thus enabled to enrich while he relaxed his mind, Schiller devoted himself with ardour to the study of Kant.* With the closer knowledge of this philosopher—who, whatever his defects, certainly did more than any other reasoner to counteract the hard and narrow scepticism of the French Encyclopædists,—to bring imagination to the aid of Faith, and at once to enlarge the tolerance of the sectarian and calm the doubts of the seeker—really

* Conz, Professor of Poetry and Eloquence at Tübingen, who visited Schiller in 1792, says that he was then thoroughly absorbed in Kant. Conz gives a charming picture of Schiller's simple and frugal life. "He was," says the Professor, "Humanity itself, and his excellent wife a pattern of complaisance and modesty."

commences the Third Period of Schiller's intellectual career, though his biographers postpone its date to the time when its fruits became practically apparent. From that period a Catholic, all-mild, all-comprehensive religion, surrounds his writings as with a lucid atmosphere, and his craving for the serene Ideal life loses itself in the Christian's Heaven. 1791—92. Ætat. 32.

In June 1792, Schiller and his wife visited Körner at Dresden: On their return, they received Schiller's mother and youngest sister, Nannette, whom he had not seen for eight years. The tender associations thus revived led the mind of the exile back to his Suabian home. In August 1793, the Schillers, therefore, commenced an excursion to the Poet's father-land.* At Heidelberg, Schiller met once more the object of his early love, Margaret Schwan, now like himself married to another; he saw her with a deep emotion, which his wife comprehended too well to resent; he who sees, unmoved, the one in whom he formerly garnered up his hopes of home, can never constitute the happiness of the home he has found with another.

At Heilbronn, unsurpassed, even in Germany, for the peculiar beauties of its landscape, the family of Schiller met the long-lost wanderer. He stood amongst them no longer a rude stripling, a penniless exile;—but the 1793.

* About this time Schiller's sister-in-law, according to the German law, annulled her marriage with M. von Beulwitz. She afterwards married Wilhelm von Wolzogen, attached to her, as we have before said, from his earliest youth. She also joined the Schillers at Heilbronn.

favourite of princes, the idol of a people—his hopes fulfilled —his destiny assured; crowned already with renown, and calm in the certainty of triumphs more splendid yet to come. He had reached the time when, without humiliation, he could humble himself to his native sovereign. With Schiller's wild love for liberty, he never was without that loyalty, which is almost inborn with the children of the North. He wrote to the Duke of Würtemberg such a letter as that loyalty might dictate; he received no direct reply, but was informed, privately, 'that the Duke would be ignorant of his movements if he re-entered Würtemberg.' Schiller then repaired to Ludwigsburg, where he was in the immediate neighbourhood of his father's house, and under the medical care of one of his early friends, von Hoven, now Court physician. Here he first enjoyed the happiness he had long coveted; he became a father. His earnest, manly, and affectionate nature was precisely that which finds children at once a charge and a blessing. Now he would play for the hour together with his "Gold son, his heart's Karl,"* as he named his first-born; now shut himself up to study Quintilian, on the plan of education to be pursued.

Sept. 14, 1793.

Those who remembered the youth of Schiller were startled by the change which years and circumstance had effected; all that was sharp and hard in his character was gone. His early fire was softened—it warmed more and

* Conz. Schwab. Hoffmeister.

alarmed less; there was far greater grace in his demeanour. His ancient neglect of appearance and dress was replaced by a decent elegance; his even humour scarcely allowed them to recognise the impetuous and stormy stripling they had known ten years before.* But, alas! with the mental change had come the physical; the features were drawn and hollow, the complexion wan and haggard. Illness frequently confined him to his bed—Kant and Homer his companions; and at this time the grand outline of "Wallenstein," before chalked out, began to receive colour and fullness; he devoted himself to its composition principally at night, diversifying the poetical task with the first sketch of his "Philosophical Essay upon Æsthetical Cultivation."

During his residence at Ludwigsburg the Grand Duke Karl died.† Schiller was asked by his father, to congratulate the Duke's successor in a poem—we need scarcely say that he refused. He could not seem to rejoice at the death of a man who had been both his benefactor and his persecutor. Schiller was never more himself than when, standing by his sovereign's grave, with von Hoven, he spoke thus touchingly:—"Here rests this once active restless man! He had great faults as a Prince, greater yet as an individual. But the first were over- Oct. 24, 1793.

von Hoven, ap. Mad. von Wolzogen.

† Biographers have raised a doubt if Schiller had removed from Heilbronn to Ludwigsburg before the Duke's death. But it seems quite clear, that he was at Ludwigsburg early in September, since von Hoven, who resided at Ludwigsburg, attended his wife in her confinement,—Sept. 14th.

whelmed by his high qualities, and the remembrance of the last must be buried with the dead. I say to thee, therefore, if thou hearest one speak of him disparagingly, as he lies there—trust that man *not!*—he is no good, at least, he is no noble man." At Ludwigsburg he formed an acquaintance with Cotta the bookseller, which had considerable influence on his later labours. In connection with this publisher, a new literary periodical, the " Horen," was chalked out, and a new political journal, intended to take the lead over all its German contemporaries. Of this last Schiller proposed to assume the editorship; but his growing disinclination for objects less noble than the art of which Philosophy had brought him clearer and sublimer views, induced him happily to resign this notion. The political journal was, however, set up by the publisher, and exists to-day in high repute, under the well-known name of the " Allgemeine Zeitung."

CHAPTER X.

Third Period.

THE HOREN AND MUSENALMANACH—TWO DEATHS IN SCHILLER'S FAMILY—RETURN FROM PHILOSOPHY TO POETRY—THE SUMMER-HOUSE—INFLUENCE OF GOETHE ON SCHILLER'S GENIUS—APPEARANCE OF WALLENSTEIN.

In May, 1794, Schiller returned to Jena, his body worn to a shadow; * his mind more than ever vigorous and resolved. Here he found the charm of a friendship more complete and sympathetic, in both intellect and taste, than he had yet known. Wilhelm von Humboldt had settled at Jena, with a charming wife, whom he had lately married;—the two families contracted the closest intimacy. The undertaking of the "Horen" was now seriously commenced, as a monthly Periodical, with the assistance of the greatest names in Germany,—Goethe, Herder, Jacobi, Matthisson, &c. In this Journal Schiller desired to consummate an idea which had long haunted him, and which had been but imperfectly developed in the Thalia. It may be said that this idea had grown out of the vast and luminous humanity of Herder, and ripened under the influence to

* Goethe thought, on seeing Schiller, that he had scarcely a fortnight's life in him.—Hoffmeister. Eckermann.

which Herder was most opposed—that of Kant. The journal was intended to merge all that belonged to sect, to party, and the day, and devote itself to all that could interest the common family of man; so far, this was akin to Herder; but Schiller sought the interest, not in broad and popular topics, but in that Æsthetical cultivation—that development of Ideal Beauty, which, since his study of Kant, he regarded as the flower and apex of human accomplishment. But the enterprise of this periodical, memorable in much, is so principally on account of the union it established between Goethe* and Schiller—an union inestimable to both, and therefore to the world. Hitherto, these eminent men had moved in separate orbits; and Goethe's calm kindness to his great rival had not advanced to intimacy; but now the friendship Goethe felt for Schiller's wife, whom he had known from her childhood; the ties formed by acquaintances in common; and that power of attracting others to his designs, which Goethe himself has remarked in Schiller; drew them closely together, and served to form a bond which death only could dissolve. Goethe says, with noble candour, in his correspondence: 'I really know not what might have become of me, without the impulse received from Schiller;"—and he proceeds to enumerate the writings which had never been produced, but for the co-operation of the only man, from whom—had Goethe been one frac-

* We need scarcely say that Goethe's fame and position had prodigiously increased since the publication of Schiller's "Robbers."

tion less than Goethe—he would have been kept aloof by jealousy and alarm. Into this journal Schiller, appointed chief Editor, poured some of the finest thoughts to be found in his prose writings; embodied in the form of philosophical criticism. Here too, and in the "Musen-almanach," an annual publication, also undertaken in conjunction with Goethe, somewhat later, appeared the immortal lyrics, which perhaps established the most popular and indisputable of Schiller's claims to admiration, purely and singly as the Poet. In this last Periodical finally flashed forth those Epigrams, under the name of Xenien; sometimes personal and caustic, sometimes thoughtful and ideal, which set the Literary World of Germany in a blaze. The connection between Goethe and Schiller had excited much jealous hostility amongst many lesser writers; an hostility wreaked upon the "Horen," and avenged in the "Musenalmanach" by these laconic sarcasms. The sensation they excited was prodigious; though they can inspire but a lukewarm interest in the public of a foreign country.* Many of the more personal epigrams Schiller had the grace to withdraw from the subsequent collection of his poems; and in this withdrawal he could afford to sacrifice what critics have

* Nevertheless, their effect upon German Literature yet endures. Mr. Carlyle observes—("Miscellanies," vol. i. p. 67)—that "the war of all the few good heads in the nation with all the many bad ones, began in Schiller's Musenalmanach for 1797;" and adds, that, "since the age of Luther, there has scarcely been such strife and stir in the intellect of Europe." We do not quite subscribe to Mr. Carlyle's admiration for "the new critical doctrine," which dates from the Xenien.

termed his best. In the midst of these labours he had
1796. the misfortune to lose his youngest sister, Nannette, a girl of promise and beauty; and in the same year, after a lingering disease, his father. He felt both losses acutely; the last perhaps the most: but in his letters it pleases us to see the philosopher return to the old childlike faith in God, the reliance on Divine goodness for support in grief, the trust in Divine mercy for the life to come. For it has been remarked with justice that, while Schiller's *reason* is often troubled in regard to the fundamental truths of religion, his *heart* is always clear. The moment death strikes upon his affections, the phraseology of the schools vanishes from his lips—its cavils and scruples from his mind: And he comforts himself and his fellow mourners with the simple lessons of Gospel resignation and Gospel hope.

About this period Schiller began to turn wearily from the studies which had for years occupied his intellect and influenced his genius. He felt that he had given himself too much to abstract speculation, too little to the free poetic impulse. "It is high time," he says, in a letter to Goethe, "that for a while I should close the Philosophy Shop." He returned with ardour to the grand outline of his Wallenstein, commenced years ago; long suspended, never forgotten. He yearned for some escape from the learned and arid atmosphere around him, some quiet retreat in which he could be alone with his genius—a summer-house with a garden! At length, this modest desire

which literally seemed to haunt him was realised. Not far from Jena, to the south-west of the town, he purchased a garden, and built himself a kind of pavilion, with a single chamber. The site commanded a wide and noble prospect. Placed on the brow of a hill, up which the garden climbed, the summer-house overlooked the valley of the Saale, and the hanging pines of a neighbouring forest.* "There," says Goethe, in his Prologue to the Lay of the Bell—

> "There, deck'd he the fair garden watch-tower; whence
> Listening he loved the voice of Stars to hear,
> Which to the no less ever-living sense
> Made music, mystic, yet through mystery clear!"

Here then, in the summer months, did he devote himself, with a passion more fervent than in youth, to the divine faculty of creation. Often was the light seen at night streaming from the window, and the curious might even catch a glimpse of his tall shadowy figure walking to and fro the chamber; now halting to write down the verses which he first declaimed aloud, or to support the over-strained physical power, with the fatal excitements, for which our own Byron had more excuse, and has found less mercy. It was his custom to have placed on the table not only strong coffee and chocolate, but champagne, and the far more irritating and pernicious wines of the Rhine.†

* The house exists no more; upon its site is placed an urn dedicated to the memory of the Poet.—Döring.

† More irritating and pernicious, if the champagne was genuine—not so if, as is most probable, the champagne was manufactured in Germany;—sparkling poison, which no man since Mithridates could drink habitually and live long!

Thus would he labour the night through, till sleep, or rather exhaustion, came on at morning; and he never rose till late. Dearly purchased, indeed, was the luxury of these midnight watches; but who shall conceive their intense delight? Thus he speaks himself in his letter to Goethe, May, 1797, on his first occupation of his new abode:—"I greet you from my garden, on which I entered this day: a fair landscape surrounds me; the sun goes gently down; and the nightingales begin their warbles. All around serves to render me serene; and my first evening in my own ground and soil is of the fairest omen!"

It happened, perhaps fortunately, that, in the summer of 1797, Wilhelm von Humboldt left Jena for Italy. The influence that this eminent but over-refining intellect had exercised on Schiller, had not been on the whole favourable to his poetical genius; * it had withdrawn him too much from the broad and popular field in which poetry, of the highest order and most extended empire, should seek its themes, into the "Realm of Shadow,"—an obscure and metaphysical ideal. With the departure of Humboldt a new and far happier direction was given to Schiller's eager energies. More delivered to the luminous influence of Goethe, he became more imbued with his art. A friendly emulation with Goethe led to the production of Schiller's

* W. V. Humboldt, who was a devoted Kantian, seems to have supposed that poetry should be a riddle. It is always in the Abstract that he digs for the Beautiful.

greatest, though simplest poetical productions—his Ballads. Goethe had already shown what epic interest and what subtle wisdom might be given to this form of verse: Schiller caught the inspiration, and composed his "Diver," the sublimest ballad in the world. This was followed by "The Glove," "The Cranes of Ibycus," &c. &c. The years 1797-98 were signalised by these performances, in which the ripest art of Goethe seems united with the earliest force of Schiller.

Meanwhile, "Wallenstein" still, though slowly, advanced to its elaborate completion. Schiller grudged no pains, and neglected no study, which might serve to fulfil in this great work, that ideal of excellence, for the achievement of which the necessary leisure had been so desired. He plunged into the recesses of astrology, and consulted the dreams of the Cabalists, in order to treat with conscientious accuracy, and invest with solemn dignity, the favourite superstition of his hero. * Finally, in January 1799, after great preparation, the first portion of "Wallenstein," the "Piccolomini" was produced at Weimar. This was followed by the "Death of Wallenstein," in April. If on the boards the interest of these several parts of the great whole was not so intense as Schiller's earlier dramas, he was fortunate in the cordial support of the few who ultimately decide the judgment of the many:

1799. Ætat. 40.

* Schiller was fond, for their own sake, of such ultra-philosophical inquiries. When at Heilbronn, 1793, he took much interest in animal magnetism.

the perusal of the work, subsequently published entire, served to deepen and to widen general admiration: the more "Wallenstein" was examined and discussed, the more its profound beauty grew upon the world. Long after its publication, Goethe compared it to a wine, which wins the taste in proportion to its age. "This work," says Tieck, "at once rich and profound, is a monument for all times, of which Germany may be proud; and a national feeling—a native sentiment—is reflected from this pure mirror, teaching us a greater sense of what we are, and what we were." In fact, from that time Schiller became the National Poet of all Germany.

CHAPTER XI.

RESIDENCE AT WEIMAR—MARY STUART—MAID OF ORLEANS—BRIDE OF MESSINA—RECEPTION AT THE LEIPSIC THEATRE—DEATH OF SCHILLER'S MOTHER—HIS LIFE AND HABITS—HE IS ENNOBLED—ACQUAINTANCE WITH MADAME DE STAËL.

In the same year, 1799, by the advice of his physicians, Schiller removed to Weimar; the Grand Duke awarded him a pension of 1000 dollars, with a declaration that it should be doubled if illness should interfere with his other resources. His pecuniary circumstances were now competent to his moderate wants. "Wallenstein" had brought him ample remuneration; the periodicals with which he was connected yielded a regular and liberal income. Nevertheless, his activity increased as the ruder necessities for exertion were diminished. Vast schemes were constantly before him. His genius itself became to him that spur which Poverty is to the genius of less earnest men. His play of "Maria Stuart," and "The Lay of the Bell," long premeditated, were his next productions; the last the greatest of his lyrics; the first the poorest of the dramas conceived in his riper years. To an Englishman nothing can be less satisfactory than Schiller's character of our great

Elizabeth; and history is violated for insufficient causes, and from an indistinct and imperfect ideal. Madame de Staël thought more highly of the Tragedy than it deserved, precisely because of its defects. The Mary and the Elizabeth of Schiller have much of the shallowness and the tinsel of French heroines.* The public for once judged accurately in admiring the scattered beauties of the piece, and condemning it as a whole. But sickness of body may perhaps have conduced to the faults of this play. After Schiller's death, this note, in his handwriting, was found: "The year 1800 I was very ill. Amidst pain was 'Mary Stuart' completed." But from this single fall Schiller's genius recovered itself with the bound of a Titan. The lovely image of the "Maid of Orleans" haunted him. Already, with the commencement of the new year, 1801, three acts of this masterpiece of elevated romance were composed. In the autumn of the same year, during a visit to his friend Körner at Dresden, he laboured at the no less magnificent "Bride of Messina," unequalled as a lyrical tragedy, despite the capital mistake of an attempt to restore to the practical stage the classic chorus. From Dresden he went to Leipsic, and was present at the performance of the "Maid of Orleans." Here one of those signal triumphs, which so rarely await living genius, awaited him. Scarce had the drop-scene fallen on the first act, than the

* A. W. Schlegel, nevertheless, preferred, or affected to prefer, in many important respects, the "Maria Stuart" to the "Wallenstein."

house resounded with the cry, "Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!" The cry was swelled by all the force of the orchestra. After the performance the whole crowd collected in the broad place before the theatre to behold the Poet. Every head was bared as he passed along; while men lifted their children in their arms, to show the pride of Germany to the new generation—crying out, "Dieser ist es"—"That is he!"

From Leipsic Schiller returned to Weimar, where "The Maid of Orleans" soon found its way to the boards; but its most gorgeous representation was at Berlin, where the New Theatre commenced with its performance on a scale of grandeur unprecedented there, and which has never been equalled since, even on the London Stage, under the direction of our great Artist-Actor.

Schiller and Goethe were now almost inseparable. Together they directed the management of the Weimar Theatre, in which Schiller still entertained ideas of Dramatic Dignity, too lofty for the social life of the moderns. Still did his manhood desire that for which his boyhood had been destined—the vocation of the Preacher;—and the Stage still but suggested to him the office of the Pulpit. "The Pulpit and the Stage are the only places for us," said he. He loved the Theatre; it was the sole public entertainment he habitually frequented. He was fond of the society of Actors. He used to invite them to supper at the Stadthause, after the first, or even a more than usually successful, performance of one of his pieces. But generally, on returning from the Theatre, his mind was excited, and

his emulation fired: And the midnight lamp at Weimar, as at Jena, attested that prodigious energy, which no infirmity slackened, and no glory could appease.

At this time he purchased a small house on the Esplanade —associated indeed with melancholy auspices: the same day he entered it his mother died. He felt in this affliction the rupture of the last tie of youth. He wrote to his sister—"Ah, dear Sister, so both the beloved Parents are gone from us, and the oldest bond that fastened us to life is rent! O let us, we three, (including his other sister,) alone surviving of our father's house, let us cling yet closer to each other; forget not that thou hast a loving brother. I remember vividly the days of our youth when we were all in all to each other. From that early existence our fate has divided us; but attachment—confidence, remain unchanged—unchangeable."

In his own circle lay his purest and best comfort. He loved to associate himself with the infant sports of his children. Many a time was he found with his boy playing * on the floor. Around him were assembled such friends as Genius rarely finds—men dear alike to his heart, and worthy of his intellect. At the Court, he was grown familiar, and though he frequented it less than his royal friends desired, it was no longer made displeasing to his tastes by the reserve of an inexperienced pride.

To his intellectual life Goethe had grown necessary,—

* At the game called "Lion and Dog," on all-fours.

while his more household friends were his old College acquaintance, Wilhelm von Wolzogen, and Wolzogen's wife,—the eloquent and enthusiastic sister of his own. But, withal, his passion for solitary wanderings was unabated. Often was he seen in the lonely walks of the Park, stopping abruptly to note down his thoughts in his tablets; often seated amidst the gloomy beeches and cypresses that clothe the crags, leading towards the Royal Pleasure House, (the Romische Haus,) and listening to the murmur of the neighbouring brook.

In 1802, he received from the Emperor of Austria a patent of nobility; it was obtained through the unsolicited influence of the Duke of Weimar. He esteemed the honour at its just price—not with the vulgar scorn of the would-be cynic, still less with the elation of a vain convert from Republicanism. It pleased "Lolo and the children."

In the following year Madame de Staël visited Weimar, where her unequalled powers of conversation were more appreciated than in London. She herself has, in her "Allèmagne," given us an interesting sketch of Schiller. He seems at first to have been more startled with the readiness of her powers, than charmed with their brilliancy, or penetrated with their depth. He says of her, not without justice, that her "*Naturel* and her feeling were better than her metaphysics." He is not quite pleased with that French clearness of understanding that made her averse to the Ideal Philosophy, which she believed led only to mysticism and superstition. He asserts somewhat too

positively, "for what we call Poetry, she has no sense." He complains that "she can appreciate only in such works, the passionate, the rhetorical, the universal or popular. She does not prize the false, but she does not always recognise the true."

In a subsequent letter to his sister, Schiller appears to have found the illustrious Frenchwoman improved upon acquaintance, for he there expresses his admiration with more cordiality, and less reserve. He now finds her "a Phenomenon in her sex—for ésprit and eloquence equalled but by few men—uniting with all the delicacy or finesse, obtained by intercourse with the great world, that rare earnestness and depth of mind, obtained by most only through solitude." * In truth, whatever were the errors of Madame de Staël, there was in her character and her genius, a genuine nobleness akin to Schiller's; and though much of her fame, founded on her conversational eloquence, passed away with herself, her works still attest that union of imagination with intellect—enthusiasm with sense, which is never found but in minds of a great order, and in hearts which may indeed be misled by passion, but in which honesty and goodness are as instincts.

* In the sixth volume of the "Correspondence between Goethe and Schiller," and in Goethe's own "Tag-und Jahres-Heft," we may nevertheless perceive, that Madame de Staël was to both these illustrious Germans somewhat too oppressively brilliant and loquacious,—somewhat approaching occasionally to that social infliction for which we have no phrase so expressive as that which one of our most eminent Englishmen somewhat bluntly applied to her:—"The cleverest woman in the world for such a bore, and the greatest bore in the world for so clever a woman!"

CHAPTER XII.

"WILHELM TELL"—ILL HEALTH—LAST SICKNESS—DEATH—BURIAL.

And now, in that mysterious circle in which the life of genius so frequently appears to move, Schiller, nearing the close of his career, returned to the inspirations with which it had commenced. His first rude Drama had burned with the wild and half-delirious fever of Liberty;—Liberty, purified and made rational, gave theme and substance to his last. The euthanasia of the genius which had composed the "Robbers," was the "Wilhelm Tell." Goethe has observed, indeed, that, although the idea of freedom runs through all the works of Schiller, the earlier embodied the physical freedom, the latter the ideal. But this cannot fairly be regarded as the distinction between the "Robbers" and "Wilhelm Tell." It is no ideal liberty for which the simple mountaineers, whom Schiller has drawn in outlines so large and muscular, aspire and struggle; it is physical, practical, homely liberty—liberty of life and soil. It is this very practicability which really divides the "Tell" from "the Robbers:" in the last heaves the perturbed sigh for a social revolution,—for some liberty contrary to all

the forms and the very substance of the organised world; it is an unreasoning passion that would risk a chaos for the chance that again may go forth the words—"Let there be light!" But in "Tell" the idea of liberty, intense and visible in itself, is yet circumscribed to the narrowest possible boundaries; it is but the struggle of an honest and universal people for independence, without one whisper of ambition, without one desire of revenge: it is a revolution portrayed in an anti-revolutionary spirit; throughout the whole breathes the condemnation of the French anarchy; it is an evoking of the true Florimel that, beside her living and human Beauty, the false Florimel may dissolve into snow.*

In the spring of 1804, Schiller visited Berlin, at which city he was received with signal honours; in July we find him at Jena, where, while his wife was happily confined of her youngest daughter, his constitution was severely shaken by a feverish cold. He suffered much and frequently during the rest of the year, but his mental activity was undiminished: besides some of his minor poems, such as "The Alp Hunter," and "The Lay of the Hill," he was employed on a Translation of "Racine's Phédre," and the outline of the Tragedy of "Demetrius," never completed.

He also, about this time or very little later, conceived the scheme of a Drama which, if suitably executed, would

* See, amongst the Translations, Schiller's own Poem, entitled "William Tell," in which his object is briefly and simply explained.

have been, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all his various compositions. The subject was to be the *French Police*—and the plot to have embraced all the evils and abuses of modern civilisation. Such a work would indeed be of wide compass and noble uses, but it seems to require the space of a prose fiction, and it is difficult to comprehend how it could have been contracted into the limits, and expressed in the form, of a Poetical Drama. It is noticeable, that the singular sympathy with mankind which Schiller possessed, often makes him the father of ideas in others with whom no direct communication can be traced,—the seeds that spring up so lavishly in his humane intellect are dispersed by invisible winds to grow on every soil. This idea of depicting, by literary portraiture, the social ills of Civilisation and France, is the main stock of more than half the French writers of our own day.—In Balzac, in Sand, in Sue, in Souvestre, living in the midst of the great whirlpool—are heard the echoes of the Thought which was only breathed inaudibly within the heart of the Poet-student of the tranquil Weimar. And with these recurrences to the peculiar inspirations of his youth,—the desire of travel returned prophetically to one about to depart for ever from all earthly homes. He traced routes upon the chart, and spoke of plans and pilgrimages never to be realised.

The reperusal of "Herder's Ideas on the History of Man"—to which (though he was often largely indebted to

it) he did not before do justice *—seems also to have deepened his meditations upon Life, Nature, and Eternal Providence. "Christianity," he said to his gifted sister-in-law, "has stamped a new impression on Humanity, while it revealed a sublimer prospect to the soul." According to this witness, Madame von Wolzogen—the best, for the most household, evidence—his faith increased as his life drew nearer to its goal.

At length, after many preparatory warnings—visitings, under the name of catarrhal fever, of his constitutional pulmonary disease—Schiller was stricken with his last illness on the 28th of April, 1805; Goethe, who was just recovering from a dangerous illness, called on Schiller, whom he found leaving his house for the Theatre. He was too unwell to accompany, too polished to detain him,—they parted for the last time at the threshold of Schiller's door. At the close of the performance Schiller felt himself seized with a feverish attack. A young friend, Henry Voss (son of the celebrated Author of "Luise," &c.), led him home. On calling the next morning, Voss found him stretched on the sofa between sleep and waking. "Here I lie again!" he said in a hollow voice. As yet, however, he had no conception of his danger; he thought to have discovered a treatment to ensure his

April, 1805.

* He said to Madame von Wolzogen—"I know not how it is, but this Book speaks to me after quite a new fashion." Herder and Schiller were not very familiarly intimate—they were *too like each other* for cordial concurrence. Both were essentially earnest, and therefore the differences between them resisted compromise.

recovery. His mind for some days continued clear, and the chief regret he expressed was for the interruption to "Demetrius." But on the 6th of May he began to wander: on that day Voss, visiting him again, observed that his eyes were deep sunken; every nerve twitched convulsively; they brought him some lemons, at which he caught eagerly, but laid them down again with a feeble hand. Delirium came on: he raved of soldiers and war; the word Lichtenberg, or Leuchtenburg, (the former the name of an author whom he had been lately reading, the latter of a castle which he had long desired to visit) came often to his lips. On the evening of the 7th, his mind recovered; he wished to renew his customary conversations with his sister-in-law upon the proper theme and aims of tragedy; she prayed him to keep quiet: he answered, touchingly—"True; now, when no one understands me, and I no more understand myself, it is better that I should be silent." Shortly before, he had concluded some talk on death with these striking words: "Death can be no evil, for it is universal." And now the thought of eternity seems to have occupied his mind in its dreams; for in sleep he exclaimed, "Is that your hell?—is that your heaven?" He then raised his looks, and a soft smile came over his face. It was, perhaps, on awaking from this sleep that he used those memorable words—"Now is life so clear!—so much is made clear and plain!"

In the evening he took some broth, and said to his friends

that "he thought that night to sleep well, with God's will." His faithful servant, who watched him, said that, during the night, he recited many lines from "Demetrius," and once he called on God to preserve him from a long and tedious death-bed.

On the morning of the 8th of May he woke up composed, and asked for his youngest child. She was brought to him. He took the infant's hand in his own, and gazed at her long with a look of unspeakable sorrow. He then began to weep bitterly, kissed the young face with emotion, and beckoned to them to remove the child.

Towards the evening his sister-in-law approached his bed, and asked how he felt. "Better and better, calmer and calmer," was his answer. He then longed once more to see the sun; they drew aside the curtains; he looked serenely on the setting light. Nature received his farewell.

His sleep that night was disturbed; his mind again wandered; with the morning he had lost consciousness. He spoke incoherently, and chiefly in Latin. His last drink was champagne. Towards three in the afternoon came on the last exhaustion; the breath began to fail. Towards four, he would have called for naphtha, but the last syllable died on his lips;—finding himself speechless, he motioned that he wished to write something; but his hand could trace only three letters, in which was yet recognisable the distinct character of his writing. His wife knelt by his side; he pressed her hand. His sister-in-law stood with

the physician at the foot of the bed, applying warm cushions to the cold feet. Suddenly a sort of electric shock came over his countenance; the head fell back; the deepest calm settled on his face. His features were as those of one in a soft sleep.

The news of Schiller's death soon spread through Weimar. The theatre was closed; men gathered together in groups. Each felt as if he had lost his dearest friend. To Goethe, enfeebled himself by long illness, and again stricken by some relapse, no one had the courage to mention the death of his beloved rival. When the tidings came to Henry Meyer, who was with him, Meyer left the house abruptly, lest his grief might escape him. No one else had the courage to break the intelligence. Goethe perceived that the members of his household seemed embarrassed, and anxious to avoid him. He divined something of the fact, and said, at last, "I see,—Schiller must be very ill." That night they overheard him—the serene man, who seemed almost above human affection, who disdained to reveal to others whatever grief he felt when his son died—they overheard GOETHE weep! In the morning he said to a friend, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" The friend (it was a woman) sobbed. "He is dead," said Goethe faintly. "You have said it," was the answer. "He is dead!" repeated Goethe, and covered his eyes with his hands.

The body was dissected; and it might be some consola-

tion to the mourners to know that much prolongation of life had been beyond the art of medicine; the left lung was destroyed, the ventricles of the heart wasted, the liver indurated, the gall-bladder extremely swelled. A son of the great Herder, one of the physicians who examined the body, thought it impossible that, under any circumstances, he could have lived half a year, nor that without great suffering.

Schiller was buried in the night of the 11th of May; twelve young men of good family bore the coffin; the heavens were clouded, but the nightingales sung loud and full. As the train proceeded, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard; a rider dismounted and followed the procession —it was Wilhelm von Wolzogen, who had heard the fatal news at Naumberg, and hastened to pay the last respect to the remains of his college friend. As the bier was lowered, the wind suddenly scattered the mists, and the moon broke forth, and its light streamed upon the coffin. When all was over, the skies were suddenly obscured again.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

CRITICAL SUMMARY.

So, at the early age of forty-five, closed the earthly career of Friedrich Schiller. This, our brief epitome of his life, has been designed simply as the illustration and companion of the poems we translate. By the light of a noble life, we can best read the remains of a noble genius. We regret the omissions necessary to so compact an abridgment of Schiller's many and voluminous biographers. But our object is attained, if, from amidst masses of interwoven detail, and superstructured disquisition, we have hewn out as a frontispiece to these volumes, a rude but faithful likeness of the man.

It is necessary for English readers, who would form an estimate of Schiller's claims on posterity, to remember that he preceded the great poets who have made the Nineteenth Century an æra in British literature inferior only to the Elizabethan. How largely, though indirectly, he has influenced the spirit of our recent poetry must be apparent to those familiar with his writings; not, perhaps, that all in whom that influence may be traced were acquainted even

with the language in which he wrote. The influence of genius circulates insensibly, through a thousand channels impossible to trace; and, as in Elizabeth's day, the Italian mind coloured deeply the very atmosphere in which Shakespeare breathed inspiration, so, in the earlier years of the present century, the spirit of Schiller operated almost equally on those versed in, and those ignorant of, the German language. It affected each peculiar mind according to its own peculiar idiosyncrasy—was reflective with Coleridge, chivalrous with Scott, animated and passionate with Byron, and transfused its lyric fire into the kindling melodies of Campbell.

In the subjoined translation a thousand thoughts, and turns of thought, will remind the reader of our later masters of song, and may want the charm of novelty merely because they have furnished novelty to others. But what distinguishes Schiller from those we have named, is the purpose, the philosophical aim, and thoughtful conception, with which most of his later pieces were composed. In all "Childe Harold" there is not the *purpose* of "The Walk;" in all "Marmion" there is no glimpse of the deep and ethical meaning which exalts "The Diver:" And this brings us to the material distinction of Schiller:—his singular ardour for Truth, his solemn conviction of the duties of a Poet—that deep-rooted idea on which we have been more than once before called upon to insist, that the Minstrel should be the Preacher, that Song is the Sister

of Religion in its largest sense,—that the Stage is the Pulpit to all sects, all nations, all time. No author ever had more earnestness than Schiller,—his earnestness was the real secret of his greatness; this combination of philosophy and poetry, this harmony between genius and conscience, sprang out of the almost perfect, almost unrivalled equality of proportions which gave symmetry to his various faculties.* With him the imagination and the intellect were so nicely balanced, that one knows not which was the greater; owing, happily, to the extensive range of his studies, it may be said that as the intellect was enriched, the imagination was strengthened. Unlike Goethe's poet in "Wilhelm Meister," he did not sing "as the bird sings," from the mere impulse of song, but he rather selected Poetry as the most perfect form for the expression of noble fancies and high thoughts. "His conscience was his Muse.†" It was thus said of him with truth,—"that his poetical excellence was of later growth than his intellectual:" and as the style of Lord Bacon ascended to its sonorous beauty, in proportion as his mind became more stored, and his meaning more profound, so the faculty of expression ripened with Schiller in exact ratio to the cultivation of his intellect. His

* Hence Mr. Carlyle well observes, "Sometimes we suspect that it is the very grandeur of his general powers which prevents us from exclusively admiring his poetic genius. We are not lulled by the siren song of poetry because her melodies are blended with the clearer, manlier tones of serious reason, and of honest though exalted feeling."—CARLYLE'S *Life of Schiller*.

† "Sa conscience étoit sa Muse."—DE STAËL.

earliest compositions were written with difficulty and labour, and he was slow in acquiring thorough mastery over the gigantic elements of his language. Perhaps this very difficulty (for nothing is so fatal to the mental constitution as that verbal dysentery which we call facility), served both to increase his passion for his art, and to direct it to objects worthy the time and the care he was in his younger manhood compelled to bestow upon his compositions. From this finely-poised adjustment between the reasoning and the imaginative faculties, came the large range of his ambition, not confined to Poetry alone, but extending over the whole field of Letters. We can little appreciate Schiller, if we regard him only as the author of "Wallenstein," and the "Lay of the Bell;" wherever the genius of his age was astir, we see the flight of his wing and the print of his footstep. While, in verse, he has made experiments in almost every combination, except the epic, (and in that he at one time conceived and sketched a noble outline), embracing the drama, the ode, the elegy, the narrative, the didactic, the epigrammatic, and in each achieved a triumph,—in Prose, he has left monuments only less imperishable in the various and rarely reconcileable lands of romance, of criticism, of high-wrought philosophical speculation, and impartial historical research. His Romance of the "Ghost-Seer" is popular in every nation, and if not perfect of its kind, the faults are those of a super-exuberant intellect, which often impedes, by too dis-

quisitive a dialogue, the progress of the narrative, and the thread of the events. In this he resembled Godwin rather than Scott. If with "St. Léon," and "Caleb Williams" the "Ghost-Seer" rests in the second class of popularity; it is because, as with them, it requires a reflective mind to seize all its beauties, and yield to all its charms.

In History, if Schiller did not attain to the highest rank, it was not because he wanted the greatest qualities of the historian, but because the subjects he selected did not admit of their full development. But while his works in that direction are amongst the most charming, impartial, and justly popular, of which his nation boasts, he has shown, in the introductory Lecture, delivered by himself at Jena, how grand his estimate of history was. His notions on history are worth whole libraries of history itself.* As a Philosophical Essayist, he is not perhaps very original, (though in borrowing from Kant he adds much that may fairly be called his own,) and rigid Metaphysicians have complained of his vagueness and obscurity.† But his object was not that of severe and logical reasoning; it was to exalt the art to which most of his essays were devoted; to make the great and the pure popular; to educate the populace

* Of this lecture—"What is universal History, and with what views should it be studied?"—Mr. Carlyle observes justly, "there perhaps has never been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical." —CARLYLE'S *Life of Schiller*.

† Mr. Carlyle, however, estimates the logical precision of Schiller more highly than many of Schiller's own countrymen; and speaks of the Æsthetic Letters, as "one of the deepest, most compact pieces of reasoning he is anywhere acquainted with."—"MISCELL. p. 62.

up to purity and greatness. The ideal philosophy, as professed by Schiller, was, in fact, a kind of mental as well as moral Christianity, that was to penetrate the mind as well as the soul—extend to the arts of man as well as his creeds; to make all nature a temple—all artists priests: Christianity in spirit and effect it was—for its main purpose was that of the Gospel creed, viz., to draw men out of this life into a purer and higher air of being—to wean from virtue the hopes of reward below—to make enjoyment consist in something beyond the senses. What holy meditation was to the saints of old, the ideal of Æsthetic art was to the creed of Schiller. Therefore, his philosophy, in strict accordance with his poetry, was designed not so much to convince as to ennoble; it addresses the soul rather than the understanding;—and, therefore, though in the wide compass of Schiller's works there are passages which would wound the sincere and unquestioning believer; though in his life there were times when he was overshadowed by the doubts that beset inquiry; though in the orthodox and narrower sense of the word Christian,* it would be presumptuous to define his sect, or decide on his belief; the whole scope and tendency of his works, taken one with

* It is impossible to over-estimate that plasticity which all profound theologians have recognised as the attribute of the Christian religion—a plasticity which accommodates itself to all climates—all manners—all times—all degrees of understanding—all varieties of civilisation. Hence, not only the multiplicity of its sects, but the innumerable distinctions of individual belief, included in an embrace wide as the vault of Heaven itself. Could we read all hearts, it would perhaps be found that the most rigid sectarian has in his conscience some points in which he differs from the fellow-sectarian beside whom he kneels.

the other, are, like his mind, eminently Christian. No German writer—no writer, not simply theological—has done more to increase, to widen, and to sanctify the reverent disposition that inclines to Faith.

As Schiller's poetry was the flower of his mind, so in his poetry are to be found, in their most blooming produce, all the faculties that led him to philosophy, criticism, and history. In his poetry are reflected all his manifold studies. Philosophy, criticism, and history pour their treasures into his verse. One of a mind so candid, and a life so studious, could not fail to be impressed by many and progressive influences. Schiller's career was one education, and its grades are strongly marked. Always essentially humane, with a heart that beat warmly for mankind, his first works betray the intemperate zeal and fervour of the Revolution which then in its fair outbreak misled not more the inexperience of youth than the sagacity of wisdom; a zeal and fervour increased in Schiller by the formal oppression of academical tyranny;* a nature unusually fiery and impatient; and a taste terribly perverted by the sentiment of Rousseau and the bombast of Klopstock. Friendship, love, indignation, poverty, and solitude, all served afterwards to enrich his mind with the recollection of strong passions and keen sufferings: and, thrown much upon himself, it is his own life and his own thoughts that he constantly reproduces on the stage. The perusal of Shakespeare has less visible and

* Thus Schiller himself calls his "Robbers" "a monster produced by the unnatural union of Genius with Thraldom."

direct influence on his genius than he himself seems to suppose;—the study of History has far more. From the period in which he steadily investigated the past, his characters grow more actual; his *Humanity* more rational and serene. He outgrows Rousseau; the revolutionary spirit fades gradually from his mind; he views the vast chronicle of man not with the fervour of a boy, but the calm of a statesman. At this time he begins to deserve the epithet Goethe has emphatically bestowed on him—he becomes '*practical.*' But with the study of history comes the crisis of doubt, the period of his scepticism and his anguish. From this influence he emerged into the purer air, which he never afterwards abandoned, of the Ideal Philosophy. Here he found a solution of his doubts—a religion for his mind. Almost at the same time that his intellect is calmed and deepened by philosophy, his taste acquires harmonious symmetry and repose from the study of the antient masterpieces. From that period, his style attains its final beauty of simplicity combined with stateliness, and vigour best shewn by ease. A happy marriage, a fame assured, an income competent to his wants, serve permanently to settle into earnest and serious dignity a life hitherto restless—an ambition hitherto vague and undefined. Thenceforth he surrenders himself wholly to the highest and purest objects human art can attain. His frame is attacked, his health gone for ever; but the body has here no influence on the mind. Schiller lives in

his art; he attains to the ideal existence he has depicted; he becomes the Pure Form, the Archetype, the *Gestalt*, that he has described in his poem of the "Ideal and the Actual;" living divorced from the body—in the heavenly fields a spirit amongst the gods. It is now that we trace in his works the influences of two master minds with which he lived familiarly—William von Humboldt and Goethe.* The first we see in his mystical, typical, and Kantian compositions; the last in the more lucid and genial spirit of his lyrics and his narratives. By degrees, the latter happily prevailed. As Humboldt receded from the scene, and his intercourse with Goethe mellowed, Schiller comes out of the cloud into the light. He recognises the true ideal of art; the clear expression of serene thought; the Grecian Athenè prevailing over the typical Egyptian Naith. The last influence produced on him by profane literature was in the works of Calderon, then just translated; and which, according to the testimony of Goethe, deeply and sensibly impressed him. But he did not survive long enough for that impression to become apparent in his own compositions.

We have omitted all detailed criticism of Schiller's Dramas, as they have been made more or less familiar to the reader, by various translations, by repeated notices in

* The intimacy between Goethe and Schiller was the more remarkable, because it was almost purely intellectual. Goethe says, in a conversation with Eckermann, "that there was no necessity for especial friendship between them—their common efforts made their noblest bond."

our popular journals, and by the attention they have received in the biographical work of Mr. Carlyle. Our limits would not permit us to do justice to works requiring lengthened and elaborate consideration, or to enter into a controversy with other critics, from whom we may differ as to their merits or defects. Briefly, it appears to us, that like the dramas of many great poets, from Byron up even to Shakspeare, their highest merit is not that purely dramatic. Perhaps of *this* quality there is more in the earlier than the later Tragedies. "The Robbers" is still upon the whole the most frequently acted of all Schiller's Plays.* Glancing over his riper performances, his grandest, in point of intellect, is "Wallenstein:" in point of verbal poetry, the music, and the expression, "The Bride of Messina" is the loveliest: in point of feeling and conception "The Maid of Orleans" most engrosses the heart and enlists the fancy. But the one in which Schiller, with the fullest success, emancipates his art from himself—in which his own individuality the least moulds and influences his creations—seems to us the "Wilhelm Tell." As his chief

* The true test of the *Dramatic* faculty, apart from the Poetical, is its practical adaptability to the stage. A play of very inferior literary merit may keep its hold on the boards, to the exclusion of works infinitely more poetical, by its dramatic qualities;—viz., by the correspondence between the action of its plot and emotions the most generally popular. . . Hence, the vitality on the stage of plays that are almost despised in the library—such as the "Stranger," "Pizarro," &c. Kotzebue's Dramatic talent, as separate from intellectual excellence or Poetic inspiration, is positively wonderful, and deserves the minutest study of all practical writers for the stage. Of this, Schiller was fully aware.

merit, whether as Man or Artist, lay in his earnestness, so, in that earnestness, lay his main defect as a writer for the Stage. He could not, as the stage-writer really ought, reflect indifferently—*veluti in speculum*—vice and virtue*—the mean and the sublime. He could not escape the temptation of placing in the mouths of his characters, the sentiments he desired to enforce upon the world—even though the occasion was inappropriate. All his favourite characters talk too much—and too much as Schiller thought and Schiller felt. Morally one of the least selfish of men,—intellectually he is one of the most egotistical. Who that held the doctrine that the Dramatist, the Poet, should be the Preacher, could fail to be so? He loved Truth too much to suffer her to be silent, whenever he had occasion to make her oracles be heard. The complex varieties—the sinuous windings of human character, are, for the most part, without the pale of his conscientious and stately genius. He thus avoids (at least in his later works) the vulgar reproach attached to Goethe, and which might with equal truth be urged against Shakspeare, viz. that he makes error amiable, and clothes crime with charm. His characters are, for the most part, embodiments of great principles and great truths, rather than the flexile and multiform representations of human nature, which, while

* Thus Madame de Staël well observes, "that he lived, spoke, and acted as if the wicked did not exist; and when in his works he described them, it was with more exaggeration and less depth than if he had really known them."

idealised into poetry, still render the creations of Shakspeare so living and distinct.

Schiller is thus, on the whole, greater as a Poet than a Dramatist—so, indeed, is Shakspeare, but from entirely different and opposite causes; Shakspeare, from the exquisite subtlety of his imagination, which, in a Caliban, an Ariel, a Titania, escapes the grossness of representation; Schiller, from too statuelike a rigidity and hardness: we do not see the veins at play beneath his marble.

It is in the Collection of his Minor Poems that Schiller's true variety is best seen—a variety not of *character*, but of thought, of sentiment, of fancy, of diction, and of metre. As we have remarked in the advertisement prefixed to these volumes, no single specimens of his poems can give any accurate idea of the excellence of the whole. It is the predominant merit of this collection, that it conveys the most transparent exposition of the Poet: its contents are the confessions of his soul, as well as the exercises of his genius. For, with a little modification, what Jean Paul said of Herder, may be said of Schiller, "that he was less a Poet than a Poem,"—and therefore, all his poetry should be studied as illustrations of the Human Poem—Schiller himself! Through the exuberant variety of his verse, is discernible—as an elementary and harmonious principle—a character singularly frank, thoughtful, elevated, and pure; hence, as with some great orator, favourite thoughts are often repeated, because the earnestness of the man

desires certain truths to be impressed upon the memory. It is not till we have concluded the entire collection, that we can thoroughly appreciate each single poem,* or comprehend, in all its phases, the lofty nature of the Poet. Here, better than in all biographies, may be traced the development of a great and laborious mind: The exuberant fire of the First Period; the subdued melody of the Second, whether in joy or in doubt—in sorrowful passion or the first glimpses of serene Art; the fulness of ripened knowledge—the calm repose of mature genius, which characterise the Third,—all reflect, as in a glass, the changes of a progressive career—the development of a nature striving for improvement, as a plant for the light. To an ordinary English reader,—more especially through the medium of translation,—the different degree of merit between Schiller's Poems of the First and those of the Third Period will not, perhaps, be very evident; partly, indeed, because amongst us, of late years, everything that can pervert true taste in poetic diction, has been elaborately and systematically done; and most of our young poets vie with each other who can write the most affectedly: masculine thought is dwindled into some hair-breadth conceit; the wording is twisted into some effeminate barbarism called "poetic expression:" a poem is not regarded as a whole, but as a string to hold together glittering and fan-

* One Poem is, indeed, often the best commentary on—the best explanation of —another.

tastic lines which, as in Shelley, only distract the reader from the comprehension of the general idea,—if, indeed, any general idea is to be found buried amidst the gaudy verbiage. Now, in Schiller's riper and more perfect poems, there is no straining for "poetical expressions"—no impertinence of fine lines, episodical to the main design. His notion of a poem, however brief the poem may be, is that of infinitely higher art than is dreamt of by phrase-hunting poetasters. He studies a poem as a whole, which is to contain some single thought, or imply some definite truth; and if, at times, obscure from terseness and concentration, he rejects with disdain the tags and tinsel of irrelevant ornament. In the earlier poems, on the contrary, there is often—not, indeed, affectation, but extravagance, in seeking after out-of-the-way ideas and hyperbolical expressions,—something more akin to the vagaries of our modern schools. Much of this he, indeed, corrected in his own later collection of his poems; but the traces of the unclassical and erroneous taste from which such tricks of language proceed, may yet be sufficiently discovered in the Poems to "Laura," the "Letter from Julius to Raphael," &c. The ordinary characteristic, then, of Schiller's later style in his poems, is the absence of verbal mannerism, and a manliness of versification occasionally reminding us of Dryden, and, at times, of Byron;* but always in sturdy contrast to that

* Not, indeed, according to our judgment, that, in point of *style*, he ever equalled the nervous and lucid distinctness of Dryden's heroic verse, or the unstudied

adulterated composition which has, of late years, aimed at the mongrel eclecticism of all that is worst in Keates and Coleridge, Wordsworth and Shelley.

All comparison between Goethe and Schiller would be, and has been, but a futile attempt at comparing dissimilarities.* We shall waste no time in attempting to show where one is greater or the other less. Brothers they were in life—let them shine together in equal lustre—the immortal Dioscuri—twin stars! Nor shall we touch upon those theories of art which the mention of Schiller and Goethe calls into discussion amongst the metaphysical critics of their country; may that jargon of the "objective" and "subjective," which has helped to spoil rational criticism in Germany, never be imported into English literature, to bewilder the public with definitions which art never will admit: for art cannot be degraded into a science; it cannot be limited to the fetters of scientific phraseology. We cannot invent a set of school terms to prove, without farther discussion, that one poem is great because objective—

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eloquence and affluent melody which distinguish the two latter cantos of "Childe Harold," the best passages in "Don Juan," and the melodious line of "Manfred." But in his later poems he resembles these masters of diction in seeking verbal poetry rather in passages than in lines—in an avoidance of isolated prettiness and the jingle of rhetorical expression. Goethe says well of Schiller's style,—"that it is best where he does not philosophise;" where he does, indeed, he falls into almost the worst fault a poet's style can have—obscurity. A poet should always suppose his audience to be a multitude—a people; and obscurity is as inappropriate in him as in an orator on the hustings.

* Goethe himself is reported to have said "The Germans are great fools to quarrel which should take the prior rank, Schiller or myself—they ought only to be too happy that they have us both."

another not so great because subjective. Beauty escapes all technical definitions; the art of estimating beauty—viz. *criticism*—must follow the genius it would examine through all its capricious windings, and admire equally, Milton where subjective,—and where objective, Shakspeare.

There is a class of poets in which self-consciousness is scarcely perceptible; another in which it is pervading and intense. In the former class, Shakspeare and Homer tower pre-eminent; in the latter, we recognise Dante and Milton —Schiller, Byron, and Burns.

To the last two, Schiller, in some attributes of his genius, bears a greater resemblance * than perhaps to any of his own countrymen; resembling them in the haunting sense of individuality—in the power of blending interest for the poet with delight at the poem—in the subordination of sentiment to feeling—in the embodiment of what is peculiar in forms the most widely popular;—resembling them in these points, differing from them no less widely in others, according as the different modifications of life, habits, education, heart, and conscience, differ in the noble Englishman, the student German, the peasant Scotchman. But to all three there is this characteristic of a common tribe—their poetry expresses themselves. To borrow the idea of Schiller himself, they seek truth in the heart within—others in the world without,—by each order of

* Goethe himself has remarked the similarity in some points between Byron and Schiller.

inquirer can truth equally be found: Or, to avail ourselves again of Schiller's accurate and noble distinctions, whether light breaks into the variety of colours in which its individuality is lost, or unites the colours into a single shimmer, it is still the light which vivifies and illumes the world.

Our illustrious critic, who has done so much not only to familiarise our public with the masterpieces of Germany, but, (whatever may be the differences of taste as to the style he assumes), to elevate the moral feeling with which literary works should be regarded, and dethrone the popular error—that the *end* of art is to please, quotes, with some approval, a pert phrase; "that readers till their twenty-fifth year usually prefer Schiller; after their twenty-fifth year, Goethe." * If Herder and Novalis are right in their belief, that the true elements of wisdom and poetry are found freshest and purest in the young, this is no disparagement to Schiller. It is, certainly, only in proportion as the glow for all that is noble in thought and heroic in character fades from the weaker order of mind, amidst the cavils, disgusts and scepticism of later life, that the halo around the genius of Schiller, which is but a reflection of all that is noble and heroic, wanes also into feebler lustre. For the stronger nature which still 'feels as the enthusiast, while it learns to see as the world-wise,' † . . there is no conceivable reason why Schiller should charm less in

* Carlyle's Miscellanies, Vol. iii. p. 65.

† See SCHILLER; "LIGHT AND WARMTH." Vol. i. p. 80.

maturity than youth. . . Goethe may please a reader more, in proportion as his mind can embrace a wider circumference in life. But, unless his mind loses in elevation what it gains in expansion, his eye will still turn with as fond a worship to the lofty star, which is not less holy than the sun-light, though it less fills the atmosphere immediately around us. The great weight attached so deservedly to the opinion of Mr. Carlyle, constrains us also, though with profound deference, to dispute an opinion which, while it seems rashly hazarded, tends, in our judgment, seriously to lower the standard to which our critic himself has so nobly sought to exalt the popular judgment on works of art. "Humour," says Mr. Carlyle, "has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind. . . . Now, among all writers of any real poetic genius, we cannot recollect one who, in this respect, exhibits such total deficiency as Schiller."*

First, with regard to the general proposition, we deny altogether that Humour can justly be regarded "as the finest perfection of poetic genius." . . Mr. Carlyle, as the vindicator of Goethe, in whom the faculty of humour was profusely developed, and as himself a humourist of very high and spiritual order, rather injures than promotes his cause, by placing it on grounds so exaggerated. We

* Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. iii. p. 47.

know of no poet, not even Shakspeare,—nay, not even Aristophanes,—in whom humour can be justly regarded as the *finest perfection*. And the greatest poets in general have certainly been little distinguished for their humour. Small trace, indeed, of it is to be found in the author of the "Iliad," or the later Homer of the "Odyssey." We conclude that Mr. Carlyle will not ask us to accept as genuinely Homeric, the burlesque once attributed to Homer; though even in that case he could scarcely there find the finest perfection of Homer's poetic genius! Milton's "elephantine" struggles after humour do not seem to us, as Mr. Carlyle indeed almost allows, to establish any case for his proposition. But Milton is not a solitary exception: for neither in Virgil, nor in Lucretius, nor in Dante, nor in Tasso, nor in Spenser, can we find that "humour was the finest perfection!" In brief, we should go almost even to the opposite extreme, and say, that with some few exceptions, the greatest poets of every land have shown in no faculty a more marked deficiency than in that of humour. It were hard to say that they "had but half a mind:" if so, in their case we must think with Hesiod, "that the half is better than the whole"—the whole of all save Shakspeare; and (if Mr. Carlyle insists upon it) save Goethe also.

So much as to the general proposition: as to its application to Schiller we must equally demur. It is perfectly true that Schiller did not *indulge* in humour; that was

incompatible with his peculiar loftiness, and his disposition, as Mr. Carlyle so well says, "rather to look aloft than around." But we think first, that though he did not indulge, he was not deficient in it: that this is evident, not only in "Wallenstein's Lager," but in the "Poetical Epistle from one Married Man to another," and in some of his "Epigrams," to say nothing of the play of "Turandot," and the admirable translation from Picard, to which he gives the title of "Der Parasit," (The Parasite): and secondly, that whether or not he was deficient in it, Mr. Carlyle's memory must be surely in fault, when he recollects no other writer of real poetic genius, in whom there is "such total deficiency." A slight effort would have brought before him a tolerably long and illustrious catalogue—a few names in which we have already ventured to suggest to him. We do not dispute, nor seek to lower the merit of Humour, but how many of the old "Kings of Melody" would be dethroned by the revolutionary doctrine, that what Mr. Carlyle himself truly calls, "the exponent of low things," is the finest perfection of poetic genius? Let us admire Hogarth without lamenting that Raffaelle had only "half a mind."

We now leave these volumes to their fate: We shall regret for other reasons than those more purely selfish, if they incur the neglect to which Poetry has become proverbially subject: For, as in the Life of Schiller, the student may gather noble and useful lessons of the virtue of manly

perseverance—of the necessity of continued self-cultivation —of the alliance between labour and success—between honesty and genius;—so in his Poems there is that which no deficiency in the translator can prevent from being living and distinct; a great and forcible intellect ever appealing to the best feelings—ever exalting those whom it addresses—ever intent upon strengthening man in his struggles with his destiny, and uniting with a golden chain the outer world and the inner to the Celestial Throne. The beauty of diction, the harmony of cadence, may escape the translator. But Schiller's poetry is less in form than in substance—less in subtle elegance of words than in robust healthfulness of thought, which, like man himself, will bear transplanting to every clime. The vocation of his Muse is a Religious Mission; she loses not her spiritual prerogative, though shorn of her stately pageantry, and despoiled of her festive robes. Her power to convert and to enlighten, to purify and to raise, depends not on the splendour of her appearance, but on the truths that she proclaims.

THE

POEMS AND BALLADS

OF

SCHILLER.

THE DIVER, A BALLAD.

[The original of the story on which Schiller has founded this ballad, matchless perhaps for the power and grandeur of its descriptions, is to be found in Kircher. According to the true principles of imitative art, Schiller has preserved all that is striking in the legend, and ennobled all that is commonplace. The name of the Diver was Nicholas, surnamed the Fish. The King appears, according to Hoffmeister's probable conjectures, to have been either Frederic I. or Frederic II., of Sicily. Date from 1295 to 1377.]

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirl'd into the maëlstrom that madden'd the surge,
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes;
They look'd on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,*
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

* "Und es wallet, und siedet, und brauset, und zischt," &c. Goethe was particularly struck with the truthfulness of these lines, of which his personal observation at the Falls of the Rhine enabled him to judge. Schiller modestly owns his obligations to Homer's description of Charybdis, Odyss. l. 12. The property of the higher order of imagination to reflect truth, though not familiar to experience, is singularly illustrated in this description. Schiller had never seen even a Waterfall.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers—and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirl'd the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;

Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,*
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout, as they throng—
"He lives—lo the ocean has render'd its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
And the king from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter—

* The same rhyme as the preceding line in the original.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirl'd me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

"And I call'd on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And show'd me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, nimbly—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawl'd—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clump'd together in masses, misshapen and vast—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish pass'd—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It * saw—the dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!
And darted—O God! from the far flaming-bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvell'd; quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou 'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main?"

* "——— da kroch's heran," &c.
The *It* in the original has been greatly admired. The poet thus vaguely represents the fabulous misshapen monster, the Polypus of the ancients.

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion:
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listen'd, there leapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
The maiden—she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes * yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

This Ballad is the first composed by Schiller, if we except his early and ruder lay of "Count Eberhard, the Quarreller," which really, how-

* Viz: the King's Daughter. Hoffmeister, Sup. iv. 301.

ever, has more of the true old ballad spirit about it than those grand and artistic tales elaborated by his riper genius and belonging to a school of poetry, to which the ancient Ballad singer certainly never pretended to aspire... The old Ballad is but a simple narrative, without any symbolical or interior meaning... But in most of the performances to which Schiller has given the name of Ballad, a certain purpose, not to say philosophy, in conception, elevates the Narrative into Dramatic dignity.... Rightly, for instance, has "The Diver" been called a Lyrical Tragedy in two Acts—the first act ending with the disappearance of the hero amidst the whirlpool; and the conception of the contest of Man's will with physical Nature, ... together with the darkly hinted moral, not to stretch too far the mercy of Heaven, ... belong in themselves to the design and the ethics of Tragedy.

There is another peculiarity in the art which Schiller employs upon his narrative poems.—Though he usually enters at once on the interest of his story, and adopts, for the most part, the simple and level style of recital, he selects a subject admitting naturally of some striking picture, upon which he lavishes those resources of description that are only at the command of a great poet; ... thus elevating the ancient ballad not only into something of the Drama, by conception, but into something of the Epic by execution.—The reader will recognise this peculiarity in the description of the Charybdis and the Abyss in the Ballad he has just concluded—in that of the Storm in "Hero and Leander"—of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual in "Fridolin"—of the Furies in the "Cranes of Ibycus," &c.... We have the more drawn the reader's notice to these distinctions between the simple ballad of the ancient minstrels, and the artistical narratives of Schiller—because it seems to us, that our English critics are too much inclined to consider that modern Ballad-writing succeeds or fails in proportion as it seizes merely the spirit of the ancient.... But this would but lower genius to an exercise of the same imitative ingenuity which a school-boy or a college prizeman displays upon Latin Lyrics ... in which the merit consists in the avoidance of originality. The Great Poet cannot be content with only imitating what he studies: And he succeeds really in proportion not to his fidelity but his innovations ... that is, in proportion as he improves upon what serves him as a model.

In the ballad of "The Diver," Schiller not only sought the simple but the sublime.—According to his own just theory—"The main Ingredient of Terror is the Unknown." He here seeks to accomplish as a poet what he before perceived as a critic.... And certainly the picture of his lonely Diver amidst the horrors of the Abyss, dwells upon the memory amongst the sublimest conceptions of modern Poetry.

THE GLOVE, A TALE.

[The original of this well-known story is in St. Foix—(*Essay sur Paris*): date the reign of Francis I.]

BEFORE his lion-court,
To see the griesly sport,
Sate the king;
Beside him group'd his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreath'd round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sate,
Raised a finger—yawn'd the gate,
And, slow from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed around
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretch'd his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again!

A finger raised the king—
And nimbly have the guard

A second gate unbarr'd;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
A TIGER sprung!
Wildly the wild one yell'd
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And roll'd his rabid tongue;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound;—
And laid him on the ground,
Grommelling!
The king raised his finger; then
Leap'd two LEOPARDS from the den
With a bound;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
Terrible!
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold;
In the grim embrace they grappled and roll'd;
Rose the lion with a roar!
And stood the strife before;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
Halted still!

Now from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove:—
Midway between the beasts of prey,

Lion and tiger; there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight DELORGES—"If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sate;
The knight he has pass'd thro' the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stoop'd above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!

All shuddering and stunn'd, they beheld him there—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace,
He toss'd the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left for ever that fair ladye!

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

[In this beautiful ballad, Schiller is but little indebted to the true Legend of Toggenburg, which is nevertheless well adapted to Narrative Poetry. Ida, wife of Henry Count of Toggenburg, was suspected by her husband of a guilty attachment to one of his vassals, and ordered to be thrown from a high wall. Her life, however, was miraculously saved; she lived for some time as a female hermit in the neighbouring forest, till she was at length discovered, and her innocence recognised. She refused to live again with the Lord whose jealousy had wronged her, retired to a convent, and was acknowledged as a saint after her death. This Legend, if abandoned by Schiller, has found a German Poet not unworthy of its simple beauty and pathos. Schiller has rather founded his poem, which sufficiently tells its own tale, upon a Tyrolese Legend, similar to the one that yet consecrates Rolandseck and Nonnenwörth on the Rhine. Hoffmeister implies that, unlike "The Diver," and some other of Schiller's Ballads, "The Knight of Toggenburg" dispenses with all intellectual and typical meaning, draws its poetry from feeling, and has no other purpose than that of moving the heart. Still upon Feeling itself are founded those ideal truths which make up the true philosophy of a Poet. In these few stanzas are represented the poetical chivalry of an age—the contest between the earthly passion and the religious devotion, which constantly agitated human life in the era of the Crusades. How much of deep thought has been employed to arouse the feelings—what intimate conviction of the moral of the middle ages, in the picture of the Knight looking up to the convent—of the Nun bowing calmly to the vale!]

"KNIGHT, a sister's quiet love
  Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
  For it paineth me!
Calmly could'st thou greet me now,
  Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever,—why dost thou
  Weep in silence, so?"

Sadly—(not a word he said!)—
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasp'd he once the maid,—
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Swisserland!"
Up awake the brave!
Forth they go—the Red-Cross band,
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy! Oh,
Heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore:
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair,
On to that beloved land,
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at her castle-gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!

"She thou seekest lives—a Nun!
To the world she died!
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day, his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm, and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit-knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through *.
There, when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there—alone!

Looking to the cloister, still,
Looking forth afar,

* In this description (though to the best of our recollection it has escaped the vigilance of his many commentators) Schiller evidently has his eye and his mind upon the scene of his early childhood at Lorch, a scene to which in later life he was fondly attached.

The village of Lorch lies at the foot of a hill crowned with a convent, before the walls of which springs an old linden or lime tree. The ruined castle of Hohenstaufen is in the immediate neighbourhood. See the preliminary Biography.

Looking to her lattice—till
Clink'd the lattice-bar.
Till—a passing glimpse allow'd—
Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bow'd
Meekly tow'rds the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er,
Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more,
Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
Looks he forth afar,
Uncomplaining, hoping—till
Clinks the lattice-bar:

Till,—a passing glimpse allow'd,—
Paused her image pale,
Calm, and angel-mild, and bow'd
Meekly tow'rds the vale.
So, upon that lonely spot,
Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not
Tow'rds the casement cast!

THE MEETING.

[This poem and the two that immediately follow, appear to have been inspired by Charlotte von Lengefeld, whom Schiller afterwards married.]

I.

I SEE her still, with many a fair one nigh,
Of every fair the stateliest shape appear:
Like a lone sun she shone upon my eye—
I stood afar, and durst not venture near.
Seized, as her presence brighten'd round me, by
The trembling passion of voluptuous fear,
Yet, swift, as borne upon some hurrying wing,
The impulse snatch'd me, and I struck the string!

II.

What then I felt—what sung—my memory hence
From that wild moment would in vain invoke—
It was the life of some discover'd sense
That in the heart's divine emotion spoke;
Long years imprison'd, and escaping thence
From every chain, the SOUL enchanted broke,
And found a music in its own deep core,
Its holiest, deepest deep, unguess'd before.

III.

Like melody long hush'd, and lost in space,
Back to its home the breathing spirit came:
I look'd, and saw upon that angel face
The fair love circled with the modest shame;

I heard (and heaven descended on the place)
Low-whisper'd words a charmèd truth proclaim—
Save in thy choral hymns, O spirit-shore,
Ne'er may I hear such thrilling sweetness more!

IV.

"I know the worth within the heart which sighs,
Yet shuns, the modest sorrow to declare;
And what rude Fortune niggardly denies,
Love to the noble can with love repair.
The lowly have the birthright of the skies;
Love only culls the flower that love should wear;
And ne'er in vain for love's rich gifts shall yearn
The heart that feels their wealth—and can return!"*

THE ASSIGNATION.

[NOTE.—In Schiller the eight long lines that conclude each stanza of this charming love-poem, instead of rhyming alternately as in the translation, chime somewhat to the tune of Byron's *Don Juan*—six lines rhyming with each other, and the two last forming a separate couplet. In other respects the translation, it is hoped, is sufficiently close and literal.]

I.

HEAR I the creaking gate unclose?
The gleaming latch uplifted?
No—'twas the wind that, whirring, rose,
Amidst the poplars drifted!

* This is the only one of Schiller's poems that reminds us of the Italian poets. —It has in it something of the sweet mannerism of Petrarch.

Adorn thyself, thou green leaf-bowering roof,
Destined the Bright One's presence to receive,
For her, a shadowy palace-hall aloof
With holy Night, thy boughs familiar weave.
And ye sweet flatteries of the delicate air,
Awake and sport her rosy cheek around,
When their light weight the tender feet shall bear,
When Beauty comes to Passion's trysting-ground.

II.

Hush! what amidst the copses crept—
So swiftly by me now?
No—'twas the startled bird that swept
The light leaves of the bough!

Day, quench thy torch! come, ghost-like, from on high,
With thy loved Silence, come, thou haunting Eve,
Broaden below thy web of purple dye,
Which lullèd boughs mysterious round us weave.
For love's delight, enduring listeners none,
The froward witness of the light will flee;
Hesper alone, the rosy Silent One,
Down-glancing may our sweet Familiar be!

III.

What murmur in the distance spoke,
And like a whisper died?
No!—'twas the swan that gently broke
In rings the silver tide!

Soft to my ear there comes a music-flow;
In gleesome murmur glides the waterfall;

To Zephyr's kiss the flowers are bending low;
Through life goes joy, exchanging joy with all.
Tempt to the touch the grapes—the blushing fruit,*
Voluptuous swelling from the leaves that hide;
And, drinking fever from my cheek, the mute
Air sleeps all liquid in the Odour-Tide!

IV.

Hark! through the alley hear I now
A footfall? Comes the maiden?
No,—'twas the fruit slid from the bough,
With its own richness laden!

Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death,
And pale and paler wane his jocund hues,
The flowers too gentle for his glowing breath,
Ope their frank beauty to the twilight dews.
The bright face of the moon is still and lone,
Melts in vast masses the world silently;
Slides from each charm the slowly-loosening zone;
And round all beauty, veilless, roves the eye.

V.

What yonder seems to glimmer?
Her white robe's glancing hues?—
No,—'twas the column's shimmer
Athwart the darksome yews!

O, longing heart, no more delight-upbuoy'd
Let the sweet airy image thee befool!

* The Peach.

The arms that would embrace her clasp the void:
This feverish breast no phantom-bliss can cool.
O, waft her here, the *true,* the *living* one!
Let but my hand *her* hand, the tender, feel—
The very shadow of her robe alone!—
So into life the idle dream shall steal!

*

As glide from heaven, when least we ween,
The rosy hours of bliss,
All gently came the maid, unseen:—
He waked beneath her kiss!

THE SECRET.

And not a word by her was spoken;
For many a listener's ear was by,
But sweetly was the silence broken,
For eye could well interpret eye.
Soft to thy hush'd pavilion stealing,
Thou fair, far-spreading Beech, I glide,
Thy favouring veil our forms concealing,
And all the garish world denied.

From far, with dull, unquiet clamour,
Labours the vex'd and busy day,
And, through the hum, the sullen hammer
Comes heaving down its heavy way.

Thus man pursues his weary calling,
And wrings the hard life from the sky,
While happiness unseen is falling
Down from God's bosom silently.

O, all unheard be still the lonely
Delights in our true love embrac'd.
The hearts that never loved can only
Disturb the well they shun to taste.
The world but searches to destroy her,
The Bliss conceal'd from vulgar eyes—
In secret seize, in stealth enjoy her,
Ere watchful Envy can surprise.

Soft, upon tiptoe, comes she greeting,
Thro' silent night she loves to stray,
A nymph, that fades to air, if meeting
One gaze her mysteries to betray.
Roll round us, roll, thou softest river,*
Thy broad'ning stream, a barrier given,
And guard with threat'ning waves for ever
This one last Heritage of Heaven!

* Probably the river Saale, on the banks of which Schiller was accustomed to meet his Charlotte.

TO EMMA.

I.

Amidst the cloud-grey deeps afar
The Bliss departed lies;
How linger on one lonely star
The loving wistful eyes!
Alas—a star in truth—the light
Shines but a signal of the night!

II.

If lock'd within the icy chill
Of the long sleep, thou wert—
My faithful grief could find thee still
A life within my heart;—
But, oh, the worse despair to see
Thee live to earth, and die to me!

III.

Can those sweet longing hopes, which make
Love's essence, thus decay?
Can that be love which doth forsake?—
That love—which fades away?
That earthly gifts are brief, I knew—
Is that all heaven-born mortal too?

THE POET TO HIS FRIENDS.

(WRITTEN AT WEIMAR.)

I.

FRIENDS, fairer times have been
(Who can deny?) than we ourselves have seen;
And an old race of more majestic worth.
Were History silent on the Past, in sooth,
A thousand stones would witness of the truth
Which men disbury from the womb of earth.
But yet that race, if more endowed than ours
Is past!—no joy to death can glory give;
But we—we *are*—to us the breathing hours,
They have the best—who live!

II.

Suns are of happier ray
Than where, not ill, we while our life away,
If the far-wandering traveller speaks aright;
But much which Nature hath to us denied
Hath not kind Art, the genial friend, supplied,
And our hearts warm'd beneath her mother-light!
Tho' native not beneath our winters keen,
Or bays or myrtle—for our mountain shrines
And hardy brows, their lusty garlands green
Weave the thick-clustering vines.

III.

Well may proud hearts take pleasure
Where change four worlds their intermingled treasure,

And Trade's great pomp the wanderer may behold,
Where, on rich Thames, a thousand sails unfurl'd
Or seek or leave the market of the world—
And throned in splendour sits the Earth-god,—GOLD.
But never, in the mire of troubled streams,
Swell'd by wild torrents from the mountain's breast,
But on the still wave's mirror, the soft beams
Of happy sunshine rest.*

Prouder and more elate
Than we o' the North, beside the Angel's Gate†
The beggar basking views eternal Rome!
Round to his gaze bright-swarming beauties given,
And, holy in the heaven, a second heaven,
The world's large wonder, hangs St. Peter's Dome.
But Rome in all her glory is a grave,
The Past, that ghost of power, alone is hers,
Strew'd by the green Hours, where the young leaves wave
Breathes all the life that stirs!

Elsewhere are nobler things
Than to our souls our scant existence brings:
The *New* beneath the sun hath never been.
Yet still the greatness of each elder age
We see—the conscious phantoms of the stage—
As the world finds its symbol on the scene‡.

* These lines afford one of the many instances of the peculiar tenacity with which Schiller retained certain favourite ideas. At the age of seventeen he had said, "Not on the stormy sea, but on the calm and glassy stream, does the sun reflect itself."—See Hoffmeister, Part iv., p. 39.

† St. Peter's Church.

‡ The signification of these lines in the original has been disputed—we accept Hoffmeister's interpretation—Part vi., p. 40.

Life but repeats itself, all stale and worn;
Sweet Phantasy alone is young for ever;
What ne'er and nowhere on the earth was born *
Alone grows aged never.

EVENING.

(FROM A PICTURE.)

SINK, shining god—tired Nature halts; and parch'd
Earth needs the dews; adown the welkin arch'd
Falter thy languid steeds;—
Sink in thy ocean halls!
Who beckons from the crystal waves unto thee?
Knows not thy heart the smiles of love that woo thee?
Quicken the homeward steeds!
The silver Thetis calls!

Swift to her arms he springs, and, with the bridle
Young Eros toys—the gladdening steeds (as idle
The guideless chariot rests)
The cool wave bend above;
And Night, with gentle step and melancholy,
Breathes low through heaven; with her comes Love the holy—
Phœbus the lover rests,—
Be all life, rest and love!

* "The light that never was on sea or land,
The Consecration and the Poet's Dream."—WORDSWORTH.

THE LONGING.

FROM out this dim and gloomy hollow,
Where hang the cold clouds heavily,
Could I but gain the clue to follow,
How blessed would the journey be!
Aloft I see a fair dominion,
Through time and change all vernal still;
But where the power, and what the pinion,
To gain the ever-blooming hill?

Afar I hear the music ringing—
The lulling sounds of heaven's repose,
And the light gales are downward bringing
The sweets of flowers the mountain knows.
I see the fruits, all golden-glowing,
Beckon the glossy leaves between,
And o'er the blooms that there are blowing
Nor blight nor winter's wrath hath been.

To suns that shine for ever, yonder,
O'er fields that fade not, sweet to flee:
The very winds that there may wander,
How healing must their breathing be!
But lo, between us rolls a river—
O'er which the wrathful tempest raves;
I feel the soul within me shiver
To gaze upon the gloomy waves.

A rocking boat mine eyes discover,
But, woe is me, the pilot fails!—
In, boldly in—undaunted over!
And trust the life that swells the sails!
Thou must *believe*, and thou must *venture*,
In fearless faith thy safety dwells;
* By miracles alone men enter
The glorious Land of Miracles!

THE PILGRIM.

YOUTH'S gay spring-time scarcely knowing
Went I forth the world to roam—
And the dance of youth, the glowing,
Left I in my Father's home.
Of my birthright, glad-believing,
Of my world-gear took I none,
Careless as an infant, cleaving
To my pilgrim staff alone.
For I placed my mighty hope in
Dim and holy words of Faith,
"Wander forth—the way is open,
Ever on the upward path—
Till thou gain the Golden Portal,
Till its gates unclose to thee.

* "Wo kein Wunder geschieht, ist kein Beglückter zu sehn."
SCHILLER, *Das Glück*.

There the Earthly and the Mortal,
Deathless and Divine shall be!"
Night on Morning stole, and stealeth,
Never, never stand I still,
And the Future yet concealeth,
What I seek, and what I will!
Mount on mount arose before me,
Torrents hemm'd me every side,
But I built a bridge that bore me
O'er the roaring tempest-tide.
Towards the East I reach'd a river,
On its shores I did not rest;
Faith from Danger can deliver,
And I trusted to its breast.
Drifted in the whirling motion,
Seas themselves around me roll—
Wide and wider spreads the ocean,
Far and farther flies the goal.
While I live is never given
Bridge or wave the goal to near—
Earth will never meet the Heaven,
Never can the THERE be HERE!

The two poems of "The Longing" and "The Pilgrim" belong to a class which may be said to allegorise *Feeling*, and the meaning, agreeably to the genius of allegory or parable, has been left somewhat obscure. The commentators agree in referring both poems to the illustration of the *Ideal*. "The Longing" represents the desire to escape from the real world into the higher realms of being. "The Pilgrim"

represents the active labour of the idealist to reach "the Golden Gate." The belief in what is beyond Reality is necessary to all who would escape from the Real; and in "The Longing" it is intimated that that belief may attain the end. But "The Pilgrim," after all his travail, finds that the earth will never reach the heaven, and the *There* never can be *Here*. The two poems are certainly capable of an interpretation at once loftier and more familiar than that which the commentators give to it. They are apparently intended to express the natural human feeling—common not to poets alone, but to us all—the human feeling which approaches to an instinct, and in which so many philosophers have recognised the inward assurance of a hereafter, viz., the desire to escape from the coldness and confinement, "the valley and the cloud," of actual life, into the happier world which smiles, in truth, evermore upon those who *believe* that it exists: the desire of the poet is identical with the desire of the religious man. He who longs for another world—only to be attained by abstraction from the low desires of this—longs for what the Christian strives for. And if he finds, with Schiller's Pilgrim, that in spite of all his longing and all his labour, the goal cannot be reached below, still, as Schiller expresses it elsewhere, "He has had *Hope*—his belief has been his reward." That Heaven which "The Longing" yearns for, which "The Pilgrim" seeks, may be called "the Ideal," or whatever else refiners please; but, in plain fact and in plain words, that Ideal is the Hereafter—is Heaven!

THE DANCE.

See how like lightest waves at play, the airy dancers fleet;
And scarcely feels the floor the wings of those harmonious feet.
Oh, are they flying shadows from their native forms set free?
Or phantoms in the fairy ring that summer moonbeams see?
As, by the gentle zephyr blown, some light mist flees in air,
As skiffs that skim adown the tide, when silver waves are fair,
So sports the docile footstep to the heave of that sweet measure,
As music wafts the form aloft at its melodious pleasure,
Now breaking through the woven chain of the entangled dance,
From where the ranks the thickest press, a bolder pair advance,
The path they leave behind them lost—wide opes the path beyond,
The way unfolds or closes up as by a magic wand.
See now, they vanish from the gaze in wild confusion blended;
Ah, in sweet chaos whirl'd again, that gentle world is ended!
No!—disentangled glides the knot, the gay disorder ranges—
The only system ruling here, a grace that ever changes.
For aye destroy'd—for aye renew'd, whirls on that fair creation;
And yet one peaceful law can still pervade in each mutation.
And what can to the reeling maze breathe harmony and vigour,
And give an order and repose to every gliding figure?
That each a ruler to himself doth but himself obey,
Yet through the hurrying course still keeps his own appointed way.

What, would'st thou know? It is in truth the mighty power of Tune,
A power that every step obeys, as tides obey the moon;
That threadeth with a golden clue the intricate employment,
Curbs bounding strength to tranquil grace, and tames the wild enjoyment.
And comes THE WORLD'S wide harmony in vain upon thine ears?
The stream of music borne aloft from yonder choral spheres?
And feel'st thou not the measure which Eternal Nature keeps?
The whirling Dance for ever held in yonder azure deeps?
The suns that wheel in varying maze?—*That* music thou discernest?
No! Thou canst honour that in sport which thou forgett'st in earnest.

NOTE.—This poem is very characteristic of the noble ease with which Schiller often loves to surprise the reader, by the sudden introduction of matter for the loftiest reflection, in the midst of the most familiar subjects. What can be more accurate and happy than the poet's description of the national dance, as if such description were his only object—the outpouring, as it were, of a young gallant, intoxicated by the music, and dizzy with the waltz? Suddenly and imperceptibly the reader finds himself elevated from a trivial scene. He is borne upward to the harmony of the spheres. He bows before the great law of the universe—the young gallant is transformed into the mighty teacher; and this without one hard conceit—without one touch of pedantry. It is but a flash of light; and where glowed the playful picture, shines the solemn moral.

THE SHARING OF THE EARTH.

"TAKE the world," cried the God from his heaven
To men—"I proclaim you its heirs;
To divide it amongst you 'tis given;
You have only to settle the shares."

Each takes for himself as it pleases,
Old and young have alike their desire;
The Harvest the Husbandman seizes,
Through the wood and the chase sweeps the Squire.

The Merchant his warehouse is locking—
The Abbot is choosing his wine—
Cries the Monarch, the thoroughfares blocking,
"Every toll for the passage is mine!"

All too late, when the sharing was over,
Comes the Poet—He came from afar—
Nothing left can the laggard discover,
Not an inch but its owners there are.

"Woe is me, is there nothing remaining,
For the son who best loves thee alone!"
Thus to Jove went his voice in complaining,
As he fell at the Thunderer's throne.

"In the land of the dreams if abiding,"
Quoth the God—"Canst thou murmur at ME?
Where wert *thou*, when the Earth was dividing?"
"I WAS," said the Poet, "BY THEE!

"Mine eye by thy glory was captur'd—
Mine ear by thy music of bliss,
Pardon him whom *thy* world so enraptur'd—
As to lose him his portion in this!"

"Alas," said the God—"Earth is given!
Field, forest, and market, and all!—
What say you to quarters in Heaven?
We'll admit you whenever you call!"

THE INDIAN DEATH-DIRGE.

[The idea of this Poem is taken from Carver's Travels through North America. Goethe reckoned it amongst Schiller's best poems of the kind, and wished he had made a dozen such. But, precisely because Goethe admired it for its *objectivity*, William Von Humboldt found it wanting in ideality. See Hoffmeister, p. 3, 311.]

SEE on his mat—as if of yore,
All life-like, sits he here!
With that same aspect which he wore
When light to him was dear.
But where the right hand's strength?—and where
The breath that loved to breathe,
To the Great Spirit aloft in air,
The peace-pipe's lusty wreath?
And where the hawk-like eye, alas!
That wont the deer pursue,
Along the waves of rippling grass,
Or fields that shone with dew?
Are these the limber, bounding feet,
That swept the winter snows?
What stateliest stag so fast and fleet?
Their speed outstript the roe's!
These arms that then the sturdy bow
Could supple from its pride,
How stark and helpless hang they now
Adown the stiffen'd side!

Yet weal to him—at peace he strays
Where never fall the snows;
Where o'er the meadows springs the maize
That mortal never sows:
Where birds are blithe on every brake—
Where forests teem with deer—
Where glide the fish through every lake—
One chase from year to year!
With spirits now he feasts above;
All left us—to revere
The deeds we honour with our love,
The dust we bury here.
Here bring the last gifts!—loud and shrill
Wail, death-dirge for the brave!
What pleased him most in life may still
Give pleasure in the grave.
We lay the axe beneath his head
He swung, when strength was strong—
The bear on which his banquets fed—
The way from earth is long!
And here, new-sharpen'd, place the knife
That sever'd from the clay,
From which the axe had spoil'd the life,
The conquer'd scalp away!
The paints that deck the Dead, bestow—
Yes, place them in his hand—
That red the Kingly Shade may glow
Amidst the Spirit-Land!

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

[The scenery of Gotthardt is here personified.]

The three following ballads, in which Switzerland is the scene, betray their origin in Schiller's studies for the drama of William Tell.

To the solemn abyss leads the terrible path,
The life and the death winding dizzy between;
In thy desolate way, grim with menace and wrath,
To daunt thee the spectres of giants are seen;
That thou wake not the Wild One,* all silently tread—
Let thy lip breathe no breath in the pathway of Dread!

High over the marge of the horrible deep
Hangs and hovers a Bridge with its phantom-like span,†
Not by man was it built, o'er the vastness to sweep;
Such thought never came to the daring of Man!
The stream roars beneath—late and early it raves—
But the bridge which it threatens, is safe from the waves.

* The avalanche—the *équivoque* of the original, turning on the Swiss word *Lawine*, it is impossible to render intelligible to the English reader. The giants in the preceding line are the rocks that overhang the pass which winds now to the right, now to the left, of a roaring stream.

† The Devil's Bridge. The Land of Delight (called in Tell "a serene valley of joy") to which the dreary portal (in Tell the black rock gate) leads, is the Ursc Vale. The four rivers, in the next stanza, are the Reus, the Rhine, the Tessin, and the Rhône.

Black-yawning a Portal, thy soul to affright,
Like the gate to the kingdom, the Fiend for the king—
Yet beyond it there smiles but a land of delight,
Where the Autumn in marriage is met with the Spring.
From a lot which the care and the trouble assail,
Could I fly to the bliss of that balm-breathing vale!

Through that field, from a fount ever hidden their birth,
Four Rivers in tumult rush roaringly forth;
They fly to the fourfold divisions of earth—
The sunrise, the sunset, the south, and the north.
And, true to the mystical mother that bore,
Forth they rush to their goal, and are lost evermore.

High over the races of men in the blue
Of the ether, the Mount in twin summits is riven;
There, veil'd in the gold-woven webs of the dew,
Moves the Dance of the Clouds—the pale Daughters of Heaven!
There, in solitude circles their mystical maze,
Where no witness can hearken, no earthborn surveys.

August on a throne which no ages can move,
Sits a Queen, in her beauty serene and sublime, *
The diadem blazing with diamonds above
The glory of brows, never darken'd by time,
His arrows of light on that form shoots the sun—
And he gilds them with all, but he warms them with none!

* The everlasting glacier. See William Tell, act v. scene 2.

THE ALP HUNTER.

[Founded on a legend of the Valley of Ormond, in the Pays de Vaud.]

"WILT thou not, thy lamblings heeding,
(Soft and innocent are they!)
Watch them on the herbage feeding,
Or beside the brooklet play?"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the mount to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not, around thee bringing,
Lure the herds with lively horn?—
Gaily go the clear bells ringing,
Through the echoing forest borne!"
"Mother, mother, let me go,
O'er the wilds to chase the roe."

"Wilt thou not (their blushes woo thee!)
In their sweet beds tend thy flowers;
Smiles so fair a garden to thee,
Where the savage mountain lours?"
"Leave the flowers in peace to blow;
Mother, mother, let me go!"

On and ever onwards bounding,
Scours the hunter to the chase,
On and ever onwards hounding
To the mountain's wildest space.—

Swift, as footed by the wind,
Flies before the trembling hind.

Light and limber, upwards driven,
On the hoar crag quivering,
Or through gorges thunder-riven
Leaps she with her airy spring!
But behind her still the Foe—
Near, and near the deadly bow!

Fast and faster on—unslack'ning;
Now she hangs above the brink,
Where the last rocks, grim and black'ning,
Down the gulf abruptly sink.
Never pathway there may wind,
Chasms below—and death behind!

To the hard man—dumb-lamenting,
Turns she with her look of woe;
Turns in vain—the Unrelenting
Meets the look—and bends the bow.—
Sudden—from the darksome deep,
Rose the Spirit of the Steep!—

And his godlike hand extending,
From the hunter snatch'd the prey,
"Wherefore, woe and slaughter sending,
To my solitary sway?—
Why should my herds before thee fall?—
THERE'S ROOM UPON THE EARTH FOR ALL!"

RUDOLF OF HAPSBURG.

A Ballad.

[Hinrichs properly classes this striking ballad (together with the yet grander one of the "Fight with the Dragon") amongst those designed to depict and exalt the virtue of Humility. The source of the story is in Ægidius Tschudi, a Swiss chronicler; and Schiller appears to have adhered, with much fidelity, to the original narrative.]

At Aachen, in imperial state,
In that time-hallow'd hall renown'd,
At solemn feast King Rudolf sate,
The day that saw the hero crown'd!
Bohemia and thy Palgrave, Rhine,
Give this the feast, and that the wine; *
The Arch Electoral Seven,
Like choral stars around the sun,
Gird him whose hand a world has won,
The anointed choice of Heaven.

In galleries raised above the pomp,
Press'd crowd on crowd their panting way;
And with the joy-resounding tromp,
Rang out the million's loud hurra!

* The office, at the coronation feast, of the Count Palatine of the Rhine (Grand Sewer of the Empire and one of the Seven Electors) was to bear the Imperial Globe and set the dishes on the board; that of the King of Bohemia was cup-bearer. The latter was not, however, present, as Schiller himself observed in a note (omitted in the editions of his collected works), at the coronation of Rudolf.

For closed at last the age of slaughter,
When human blood was pour'd as water—
LAW dawns upon the world! *
Sharp force no more shall right the wrong,
And grind the weak to crown the strong—
War's carnage-flag is furl'd!

In Rudolf's hand the goblet shines—
And gaily round the board look'd he;
"And proud the feast, and bright the wines,
My kingly heart feels glad to me!
Yet where the Gladness-Bringer—blest
In the sweet art which moves the breast
With lyre and verse divine?
Dear from my youth the craft of song,
And what as knight I loved so long,
As Kaisar, still be mine."

Lo, from the circle bending there,
With sweeping robe the Bard appears,
As silver white his gleaming hair,
Bleach'd by the many winds of years;
"And music sleeps in golden strings—
Love's rich reward the minstrel sings,
Well known to him the ALL
High thoughts and ardent souls desire!
What would the Kaisar from the lyre
Amidst the banquet-hall?"

* Literally, "*A judge* (*ein Richter*) was again upon the earth." The word substituted in the translation is introduced in order to recall to the reader the sublime name given, not without justice, to Rudolf of Hapsburg, viz., "THE LIVING LAW."

The Great One smiled—"Not mine the sway—
The minstrel owns a loftier power—
A mightier king inspires the lay—
Its hest—THE IMPULSE OF THE HOUR!"
As through wide air the tempests sweep,
As gush the springs from mystic deep,
Or lone untrodden glen;
So from dark hidden fount within,
Comes SONG, its own wild world to win
Amidst the souls of men!"

Swift with the fire the minstrel glow'd,
And loud the music swept the ear:—
"Forth to the chase a Hero rode,
To hunt the bounding chamois-deer;
With shaft and horn the squire behind;—
Through greensward meads the riders wind—
A small sweet bell they hear.
Lo, with the HOST, a holy man,—
Before him strides the sacristan,
And the bell sounds near and near.

"The noble hunter down-inclined
His reverent head and soften'd eye,
And honour'd with a Christian's mind
The Christ who loves humility!
Loud through the pasture, brawls and raves
A brook—the rains had fed the waves,
And torrents from the hill.

His sandal shoon the priest unbound,
And laid the Host upon the ground,
And near'd the swollen rill!

"'What wouldst thou, priest?' the Count began,
As, marvelling much, he halted there.
'Sir Count, I seek a dying man,
Sore-hungering for the heavenly fare.
The bridge that once its safety gave,
Rent by the anger of the wave,
Drifts down the tide below.
Yet barefoot now, I will not fear
(The soul that seeks its God, to cheer)
Through the wild wave to go!'

"He gave that priest the knightly steed,
He reach'd that priest the lordly reins,
That he might serve the sick man's need,
Nor slight the task that heaven ordains.
He took the horse the squire bestrode;
On to the chase the hunter rode,
On to the sick the priest!
And when the morrow's sun was red,
The servant of the Saviour led
Back to its lord the beast.

"'Now Heaven forefend!' the Hero cried,
'That e'er to chase or battle more
These limbs the sacred steed bestride
That once my Maker's image bore;
If not a boon allowed to thee,
Thy Lord and mine its Master be,

My tribute to the King,
From whom I hold, as fiefs, since birth,
Honour, renown, the goods of earth,
Life and each living thing!'

"'So may the God, who faileth never
To hear the weak and guide the dim,
To thee give honour here and ever,
As thou hast duly honour'd Him!
Far-famed ev'n now through Swisserland,
Thy generous heart and dauntless hand;
And fair from thine embrace,
Six daughters bloom,* six crowns to bring,
Blest as the daughters of a KING,
The mothers of a RACE!'"

The mighty Kaisar heard amazed!
His heart was in the days of old;
Into the minstrel's heart he gazed,
That tale the Kaisar's own had told.
Yes, in the bard the priest he knew,
And in the purple veil'd from view
The gush of holy tears!
A thrill through that vast audience ran,
And every heart the godlike man
Revering God—reveres!

* At the coronation of Rudolf was celebrated the marriage-feast of three of his daughters—to Ludwig of Bavaria, Otto of Brandenburg, and Albrecht of Saxony. His other three daughters married afterwards Otto, nephew of Ludwig of Bavaria, Charles Martell, son of Charles of Anjou, and Wenceslaus, son of Ottocar of Bohemia. The royal house of England numbers Rudolf of Hapsburg amongst its ancestors.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

WHO comes?—why rushes fast and loud,
Through lane and street the hurtling crowd,
Is Rhodes on fire?—Hurrah!—along
Faster and fast storms the throng!
High towers a shape in knightly garb—
Behold the Rider and the Barb!
Behind is dragg'd a wondrous load;
Beneath what monster groans the road?
The horrid jaws—the Crocodile,
  The shape the mightier Dragon, shows—
From Man to Monster all the while—
  The alternate wonder glancing goes.

Shout thousands, with a single voice,
"Behold the Dragon, and rejoice,
Safe roves the herd, and safe the swain!
Lo!—there the Slayer—here the Slain!
Full many a breast, a gallant life,
Has waged against the ghastly strife,
And ne'er return'd to mortal sight—
Hurrah, then, for the Hero Knight!"

So to the Cloister, where the vow'd
And peerless brethren of St. John
In conclave sit—that sea-like crowd,
Wave upon wave, goes thundering on.

High o'er the rest, the chief is seen—
There wends the Knight with modest mien;
Pours through the galleries raised for all
Above that Hero-council Hall,
The crowd—And thus the Victor One:—
"Prince—the knight's duty I have done.
The Dragon that devour'd the land
Lies slain beneath thy servant's hand;
Free, o'er the pasture, rove the flocks—
And free the idler's steps may stray—
And freely o'er the lonely rocks,
The holier pilgrim wends his way!"

A lofty look the Master gave:
"Certes," he said, "thy deed is brave;
Dread was the danger, dread the fight—
Bold deeds bring fame to vulgar knight;
But say, what sways with holier laws
The knight who sees in Christ his cause,
And wears his cross?"—Then every cheek
Grew pale to hear the Master speak;
But nobler was the blush that spread
His face—the Victor's of the day—
As bending lowly—"Prince," he said;
"His noblest duty—TO OBEY!"

"And yet that duty, son," replied
The chief, "methinks thou hast denied;
And dared thy sacred sword to wield
For fame in a forbidden field."
"Master, thy judgment, howsoe'er
It lean, till all is told, forbear—
Thy law, in spirit and in will,
I had no thought but to fulfil.
Not rash, as some, did I depart
A Christian's blood in vain to shed;
But hoped by skill, and strove by art,
To make my life avenge the dead.

"Five of our Order, in renown
The war-gems of our saintly crown,
The martyr's glory bought with life;
'Twas then thy law forbade the strife.
Yet in my heart there gnaw'd, like fire,
Proud sorrow, fed with stern desire:
In the still visions of the night,
Panting I fought the fancied fight;
And when the morrow glimmering came,
With tales of ravage freshly done,
The dream remember'd, turn'd to shame,
That night should dare what day should shun.

"And thus my fiery musings ran—
'What youth has learn'd should nerve the man;
How lived the great in days of old,
Whose fame to time by bards is told—
Who, heathens though they were, became
As gods—upborne to heaven by fame?

How proved they best the hero's worth?
They chased the monster from the earth—
They sought the lion in his den—
They pierced the Cretan's deadly maze—
Their noble blood gave humble men
Their happy birthright—peaceful days.

"'What! sacred, but against the horde
Of Mahound, is the Christian's sword?
All strife, save one, should he forbear?
No! earth itself the Christian's care—
From every ill and every harm,
Man's shield should be the Christian's arm.
Yet art o'er strength will oft prevail,
And mind must aid where heart may fail!'
Thus musing, oft I roam'd alone,
Where wont the Hell-born Beast to lie;
Till sudden light upon me shone,
And on my hope broke victory!

"Then, Prince, I sought thee with the prayer
To breathe once more my native air;
The license given—the ocean past—
I reach'd the shores of home at last.
Scarce hail'd the old beloved land,
Than huge, beneath the artist's hand,
To every hideous feature true,
The Dragon's monster-model grew,
The dwarf'd, deformed limbs upbore
The lengthen'd body's ponderous load;
The scales the impervious surface wore,
Like links of burnish'd harness, glow'd.

"Life-like, the huge neck seem'd to swell,
And widely, as some porch to hell,
You might the horrent jaws survey,
Griesly, and greeding for their prey.
Grim fangs an added terror gave,
Like crags that whiten through a cave.
The very tongue a sword in seeming—
The deep-sunk eyes in sparkles gleaming.
Where the vast body ends, succeed
The serpent spires around it roll'd—
Woe—woe to rider, woe to steed,
Whom coils as fearful e'er enfold!

"All to the awful life was done—
The very hue, so ghastly, won—
The grey, dull tint:—the labour ceased,
It stood—half reptile and half beast!
And now began the mimic chase;
Two dogs I sought, of noblest race,
Fierce, nimble, fleet, and wont to scorn
The wild bull's wrath and levell'd horn;
These, docile to my cheering cry,
I train'd to bound, and rend, and spring,
Now round the Monster-shape to fly,
Now to the Monster-shape to cling!

"And where their gripe the best assails,
The belly left unsheath'd in scales,
I taught the dexterous hounds to hang
And find the spot to fix the fang;

Whilst I, with lance and mailèd garb,
Launch'd on the beast mine Arab barb.
From purest race that Arab came,
And steeds, like men, are fired by fame.
Beneath the spur he chafes to rage;
Onwards we ride in full career—
I seem, in truth, the war to wage—
The monster reels beneath my spear!

"Albeit, when first the *destrier* * eyed
The laidly thing, it swerved aside,
Snorted and rear'd—and even they,
The fierce hounds, shrank with startled bay;
I ceased not, till, by custom bold,
After three tedious moons were told,
Both barb and hounds were train'd—nay, more,
Fierce for the fight—then left the shore!
Three days have fleeted since I prest
(Return'd at length) this welcome soil,
Nor once would lay my limbs to rest,
Till wrought the glorious crowning toil.

"For much it moved my soul to know
The unslack'ning curse of that grim foe.
Fresh rent, men's bones lay bleach'd and bare
Around the hell-worm's swampy lair;
And pity nerved me into steel:—
Advice?—I had a heart to feel,

* War-horse.

And strength to dare! So, to the deed.—
I call'd my squires—bestrode my steed,
And with my stalwart hounds, and by
Lone secret paths, we gaily go
Unseen—at least by human eye—
Against a worse than human foe!

"Thou know'st the sharp rock—steep and hoar?—
The abyss?—the chapel glimmering o'er?
Built by the Fearless Master's hand,
The fane looks down on all the land.
Humble and mean that house of prayer—
Yet God hath shrined a wonder there:—
Mother and Child, to whom of old
The Three Kings knelt with gifts, behold!
By three times thirty steps, the shrine
The pilgrim gains—and faint, and dim,
And dizzy with the height, divine
Strength on the sudden springs to him!

"Yawns wide within that holy steep
A mighty cavern dark and deep—
By blessed sunbeam never lit—
Rank fœtid swamps engirdle it;
And there by night, and there by day,
Ever at watch, the fiend-worm lay,
Holding the Hell of its abode
Fast by the hallow'd House of God.
And when the pilgrim gladly ween'd
His feet had found the healing way,

Forth from its ambush rush'd the fiend,
And down to darkness dragg'd the prey.

"With solemn soul, that solemn height
I clomb, ere yet I sought the fight—
Kneeling before the cross within,
My heart, confessing, clear'd its sin.
Then, as befits the Christian knight,
I donn'd the spotless surplice white,
And, by the altar, grasp'd the spear:—
So down I strode with conscience clear—
Bade my leal squires afar the deed,
By death or conquest crown'd, await—
Leapt lightly on my lithesome steed,
And gave to God his soldier's fate!

"Before me wide the marshes lay—
Started the hounds with sudden bay—
Aghast the swerving charger slanting
Snorted—then stood abrupt and panting—
For curling there, in coilèd fold,
The Unutterable Beast behold!
Lazily basking in the sun.
Forth sprang the dogs. The fight 's begun!
But lo! the hounds, in cowering, fly
Before the mighty poison-breath—
A fierce yell, like the jackal's cry,
Howl'd, mingling with that wind of death.

"No halt—I gave one cheering sound,
Lustily springs each dauntless hound—

Swift as the dauntless hounds advance,
Whirringly skirrs my stalwart lance—
Whirringly skirrs; and from the scale
Bounds, as a reed aslant the mail.
Onward—but no!—the craven steed
Shrinks from his lord in that dread need—
  Smitten and scar'd before that eye
Of basilisk horror, and that blast
  Of death, it only seeks to fly—
And half the mighty hope is past!

"A moment, and to earth I leapt;
Swift from its sheath the falchion swept;
Swift on that rock-like mail it plied—
The rock-like mail the sword defied:
The monster lash'd its mighty coil—
Down hurl'd—behold me on the soil!
Behold the hell-jaws gaping wide—
When lo! they bound—the flesh is found;
  Upon the scaleless parts they spring!
Springs either hound;—the flesh is found—
  It roars; the blood-dogs cleave and cling!

"No time to foil its fast'ning foes—
Light, as it writhed, I sprang, and rose;
The all-unguarded place explored,
Up to the hilt I plunged the sword—
Buried one instant in the blood—
The next, upsprang the bubbling flood!
The next, one Vastness spread the plain—
Crush'd down—the victor with the slain;

And all was dark—and on the ground
My life, suspended, lost the sun,
Till waking—lo my squires around—
And the dead foe!——my tale is done."

Then burst, as from a common breast,
The eager laud so long supprest—
A thousand voices, choral-blending,
Up to the vaulted dome ascending—
From groinèd roof and banner'd wall,
Invisible echoes answering all—
The very Brethren, grave and high,
Forget their state, and join the cry.
"With laurel wreaths his brows be crown'd,
Let throng to throng his triumph tell;
Hail him all Rhodes!"—the Master frown'd,
And raised his hand—and silence fell.

"Well," said that solemn voice, "thy hand
From the wild-beast hath freed the land.
An idol to the People be!
A foe our Order frowns on thee!
For in thy heart, superb and vain,
A hell-worm laidlier than the slain,
To discord which engenders death,
Poisons each thought with baleful breath!
That hell-worm is the stubborn Will—
Oh! What were man and nations worth
If each his own desire fulfil,
And law be banish'd from the earth?

"*Valour* the Heathen gives to story—
Obedience is the Christian's glory;
And on that soil our Saviour-God
As the meek low-born mortal trod.
We the Apostle-knights were sworn
To laws thy daring laughs to scorn—
Not *fame*, but *duty* to fulfil—
Our noblest offering—man's wild will.
Vain-glory doth thy soul betray—
Begone—thy conquest is thy loss:
No breast too haughty to obey,
Is worthy of the Christian's cross!"

From their cold awe the crowds awaken,
As with some storm the halls are shaken;
The noble Brethren plead for grace—
Mute stands the doom'd, with downward face;
And mutely loosen'd from its band
The badge, and kiss'd the Master's hand,
And meekly turn'd him to depart:
A moist eye follow'd, "To my heart
Come back, my son!"—the Master cries:
"Thy grace a harder fight obtains;
When Valour risks the Christian's prize,
Lo, how Humility regains!"

In the poem just presented to the reader, Schiller designed, as he wrote to Goethe, to depict the old Christian chivalry—half knightly, half monastic. The attempt is strikingly successful. Indeed, "The Fight of the Dragon" appears to us the most spirited and nervous of

all Schiller's narrative poems, with the single exception of "The Diver;" and if its interest is less intense than that of the matchless "Diver," and its descriptions less poetically striking and effective, its interior meaning or philosophical conception is at once more profound and more elevated. In "The Fight of the Dragon," is expressed the moral of that humility which consists in self-conquest—even merit may lead to vain-glory—and, after vanquishing the fiercest enemies without, Man has still to contend with his worst foe,—the pride or disobedience of his own heart. "Every one," as a recent and acute, but somewhat over-refining critic has remarked, "has more or less—his own 'fight with the Dragon'—his own double victory (without and within) to achieve." The origin of this poem is to be found in the Annals of the Order of Malta—and the details may be seen in Vertot's History. The date assigned to the conquest of the Dragon is 1342. Helion de Villeneuve was the name of the Grand Master—that of the Knight, Dieu-Donné de Gozon. Thevenot declares that the head of the monster (to whatever species it really belonged), or its effigies, was still placed over one of the gates of the city in his time.—Dieu-Donné succeeded De Villeneuve as Grand Master, and on his gravestone were inscribed the words "Draconis Exstinctor."

DITHYRAMB *.

BELIEVE me, together
The bright gods come ever,
Still as of old;
Scarce see I Bacchus, the giver of joy,
Than comes up fair Eros, the laugh-loving boy;
And Phœbus, the stately, behold!

They come near and nearer,
The Heavenly Ones all—
The Gods with their presence
Fill earth as their hall!

Say, how shall *I* welcome,
Human and earthborn,
Sons of the Sky?
Pour out to me—pour the full life that ye live!
What to you, O ye gods! can the mortal-one give?

The Joys can dwell only
In Jupiter's palace—
Brimm'd bright with your nectar,
Oh, reach me the chalice!

* This has been paraphrased by Coleridge.

"Hebe, the chalice
Fill full to the brim!
Steep his eyes—steep his eyes in the bath of the dew,
Let him dream, while the Styx is concealed from his view,
That the life of the Gods is for him!"

It murmurs, it sparkles,
The Fount of Delight;
The bosom grows tranquil—
The eye becomes bright.

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

Oh, nobly shone the fearful Cross upon your mail afar,
When Rhodes and Acre hail'd your might, O lions of the war!
When leading many a pilgrim horde, through wastes of Syrian gloom;
Or standing with the Cherub's sword before the Holy Tomb.
Yet on your forms the Apron seem'd a nobler armour far,
When by the sick man's bed ye stood, O lions of the war!
When ye, the high-born, bow'd your pride to tend the lowly weakness,
The duty, though it brought no fame*, fulfill'd by Christian meekness—
Religion of the Cross, thou blend'st, as in a single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm—HUMILITY AND POWER.

* The epithet in the first edition is *ruhmlose*.

THE MAIDEN FROM AFAR.

(OR FROM ABROAD.)

WITHIN a vale, each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden, fair to see.
Not born within that lowly place—
From whence she wander'd, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sigh'd farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there—
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.
From fairy gardens, known to none,
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers—
The things of some serener sun—
Some Nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared—
To some the fruits, the flowers to some;
Alike the young, the aged fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
  Yet some the maiden held more dear,
And cull'd her rarest sweets whene'er
  She saw two hearts that loved draw near.

NOTE.—It seems generally agreed that POETRY is allegorised in these stanzas; though, with this interpretation, it is difficult to reconcile the sense of some of the lines—for instance, the last in the first stanza. How can Poetry be said to leave no trace when she takes farewell?

THE TWO GUIDES OF LIFE—

THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Two genii are there, from thy birth through weary life, to guide thee;
Ah, happy when, united both, they stand to aid, beside thee!
With gleesome play, to cheer the path, the One comes blithe with beauty—
And lighter, leaning on her arm, the destiny and duty.
With jest and sweet discourse, she goes unto the rock sublime,
Where halts above the Eternal Sea*, the shuddering Child of Time.
The Other here, resolved and mute, and solemn claspeth thee,
And bears thee in her giant arms across the fearful sea.
Never admit the one alone!—Give not the gentle guide
Thy honour—nor unto the stern thy happiness confide!

* By this, Schiller informs us elsewhere that he does not mean Death alone; but that the thought applies equally to every period in life, when we can divest ourselves of the body, and perceive or act as pure spirits; we are truly then under the influence of the Sublime.

THE FOUR AGES OF THE WORLD.

[This Poem is one of those in which Schiller has traced the progress of Civilization, and to which the Germans have given the name of Culture-Historic.]

BRIGHT-PURPLING the glass glows the blush of the wine—
Bright sparkle the eyes of each guest;
The POET has enter'd the circle to join—
To the good brings the Poet the best.
Ev'n Olympus were mean, with its nectar and all,
If the lute's happy magic were mute in the hall.

Bestow'd by the gods on the poet has been
A soul that can mirror the world!
Whate'er has been done on this earth he has seen,
And the future to him is unfurl'd.
He sits with the gods in their council sublime,
And views the dark seeds in the bosom of Time.

The folds of this life, in the pomp of its hues,
He broadens all lustily forth,
And to him is the magic he takes from the Muse,
To deck, like a temple, the earth.
A hut, though the humblest that man ever trod,
He can charm to a heaven, and illume with a god!

As the god and the genius, whose birth was of Jove *,
In one type all creation reveal'd,
When the ocean, the earth, and the star-realm above,
Lay compress'd in the orb of a shield;
So the poet, a shape and a type of the All,
From a sound, that is mute in a moment, can call †.

Blithe pilgrim! his footsteps have pass'd in their way,
Every time, every far generation:
He comes from the age when the Earth was at play
In the childhood and bloom of Creation.
Four Ages of men have decay'd to his eye,
And fresh to the Fifth he glides youthfully by.

King Saturn first ruled us, the simple and true—
Each day as each yesterday fair:
No grief and no guile the calm shepherd-race knew—
Their life was the absence of care;
They loved, and to love was the whole of their task—
Kind earth upon all lavish'd all they could ask.

Then the LABOUR arose, and the demi-god man
Went the monster and dragon to seek;

* Vulcan—the allusion, which is exquisitely beautiful, is to the Shield of Achilles.—HOMER, Il. i. 18.

"There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean, he design'd."—POPE.

† This line is obscure, not only in the translation, but so in the original. Schiller means to say that the Poet is the true generaliser of the infinite—a position which he himself practically illustrates, by condensing, in the few verses that follow, the whole history of the world. Thus, too, Homer is the condenser of the whole heroic age of Greece. In the Prologue to "Wallenstein," the same expressions, with little alteration, are employed to convey the perishable nature of the Actor's art.

And the age of the hero, the ruler, began,
And the strong were the stay of the weak.
By Scamander the strife and the glory had birth;
But the Beautiful still was the god of the earth.

From the strife came the conquest; and Strength, like a wind,
Swept its way through the meek and the mild:
Still vocal the Muse, and in marble enshrined,
The gods upon Helicon smiled.
Alas, for the age which fair Phantasie bore!—
It is fled from the earth, to return nevermore.

The gods from their thrones in Olympus were hurl'd,
Fane and column lay rent and forlorn;
And—holy, to heal all the wounds of the world—
The Son of the Virgin was born.
The lusts of the senses subdued or suppress'd,
Man mused on life's ends, and took THOUGHT to his breast*.

Ever gone were those charms, the voluptuous and vain,
Which had deck'd the young world with delight;
For the monk and the nun were the penance and pain,
And the tilt for the iron-clad knight.
Yet, however that life might be darksome and wild,
Love linger'd with looks still as lovely and mild:

* "Der Mensch griff *denkend* in seine Brust,"

i. e. Man strove by reflection to apprehend the phenomena of his own being—the principles of his own nature. The development of the philosophical, as distinguished from the natural consciousness, forms a very important æra in the history of civilisation. It is in fact the great turning-point of humanity, both individually and historically. Griff, Begriff—has a peculiar logical significance in German.

By the shrine of an altar yet chaste and divine,
Stood the Muses in stillness and shade;
And honour'd, and household, and holy that shrine—
In the blush—in the heart of the maid:
And the sweet light of song burn'd the fresher and truer,
In the lay and the love of the wild Troubadour.

As ever, so aye, in their beautiful band,
May the Maid and the Poet unite:
Their task be to work, and to weave, hand in hand,
The zone of the Fair and the Right!
Love and Song, Song and Love, intertwined evermore,
Weary Earth to the suns of its youth can restore.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

[The two first Stanzas of this Poem are sung by Thekla, in the third Act of the "Piccolomini."]

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The girl sitteth lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,

Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
To her Father in Heaven may the Daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved"—

"In vain, oh! how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!—
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanish'd love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

"Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear;
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanish'd love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's own faithful tears!"

THE IMMUTABLE.

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.

THE VEILED IMAGE AT SAIS.

A YOUTH, whom wisdom's warm desire had lured
To learn the secret lore of Egypt's priests,
To Sais came. And soon, from step to step
Of upward mystery, swept his rapid soul!
Still ever sped the glorious Hope along,
Nor could the parch'd Impatience halt, appeased
By the calm answer of the Hierophant—
"What have I, if I have not all," he sigh'd;
"And givest thou but the little and the more?
Does thy truth dwindle to the gauge of gold,
A sum that man may smaller or less small
Possess and count—subtract or add to—still?
Is not TRUTH *one* and indivisible?
Take from the Harmony a single tone—
A single tint take from the Iris bow,
And lo! what once was all, is nothing—while
Fails to the lovely whole one tint or tone!"

They stood within the temple's silent dome,
And, as the young man paused abrupt, his gaze
Upon a veil'd and giant IMAGE fell:
Amazed he turn'd unto his guide—"And what
Towers, yonder, vast beneath the veil?"
"THE TRUTH,"
Answered the Priest.
"And have I for the truth

Panted and struggled with a lonely soul,
And yon the thin and ceremonial robe
That wraps her from mine eyes?"
Replied the priest,
"There shrouds herself the still Divinity.
Hear, and revere her hest: 'Till I this veil
Lift—may no mortal-born presume to raise;
And who with guilty and unhallow'd hand
Too soon profanes the Holy and Forbidden—
He,' says the goddess"——
"Well?"
"'SHALL SEE THE TRUTH!'"
"A wond'rous oracle; and hast *thou* never
Lifted the veil?"
"No! nor desired to raise!"
"What! nor desired? O strange incurious heart,
Here the thin barrier—there reveal'd the truth!"
Mildly return'd the priestly master, "Son,
More mighty than thou dream'st of, Holy Law
Spreads interwoven in yon slender web,
Air-light to touch—lead-heavy to the soul!"

The young man, thoughtful, turn'd him to his home,
And the sharp fever of the Wish to Know
Robb'd night of sleep. Around his couch he roll'd,
Till midnight hatch'd resolve—
"Unto the shrine!"

Stealthily on, the involuntary tread
Bears him—he gains the boundary, scales the wall,

And midway in the inmost, holiest dome,
Strides with adventurous step the daring man.

Now halts he where the lifeless Silence sleeps
In the embrace of mournful Solitude;—
Silence unstirr'd,—save where the guilty tread
Call'd the dull echo from mysterious vaults!
High from the opening of the dome above,
Came with wan smile the silver-shining moon.
And, awful as some pale presiding god,
Dim-gleaming through the hush of that large gloom,
In its wan veil the Giant Image stood.

With an unsteady step he onwards past,
Already touch'd the violating hand
The Holy—and recoil'd! a shudder thrill'd
His limbs, fire-hot and icy-cold in turns,
As if invisible arms would pluck the soul
Back from the deed.
"O miserable man!
What would'st thou?" (Thus within the inmost heart
Murmur'd the warning whisper.) "Wilt thou dare
The All-hallow'd to profane? 'No mortal-born
(So spake the oracular word) may lift the veil
Till I myself shall raise!' Yet said it not,
The same oracular word—'who lifts the veil
Shall see the truth?' Behind, be what there may,
I dare the hazard—I will lift the veil—"
Loud rang his shouting voice—"and I will see!"
"See!"
A lengthen'd echo, mocking, shrill'd again!

He spoke and rais'd the veil! And ask'st thou what
Unto the sacrilegious gaze lay bare?
I know not—pale and senseless, stretch'd before
The statue of the great Egyptian queen,
The priests beheld him at the dawn of day;
But what he saw, or what did there befall,
His lips reveal'd not. Ever from his heart
Was fled the sweet serenity of life,
And the deep anguish dug the early grave:
"Woe—woe to him"—such were his warning words,
Answering some curious and impetuous brain,
"Woe—for her face shall charm him never more!
Woe—woe to him who treads through Guilt to TRUTH!"

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

WITHIN that narrow bed, glad babe, to thee
A boundless world is spread!
Unto thy soul, the boundless world shall be
When man, a narrow bed*!

* This epigram has a considerable resemblance to the epitaph on Alexander the Great:

Sufficit huic Tumulus, cui non suffecerat orbis:
Res brevis huic ampla est, cui fuit ampla brevis.

A little tomb sufficeth him whom not sufficed all:
The small is now as great to him as once the great was small.

Vide BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, *April* 1838, p. 556.

THE RING OF POLYCRATES.

A Ballad.

Upon his battlements he stands—
And proudly looks along the lands—
His Samos and the Sea!
"And all," he said, "that we survey,
Egyptian king, my power obey—
Own, Fortune favours me!"

"With thee the Gods their favour share,
And they who once thine equals were,
In thee a monarch know!
Yet one there lives to avenge the rest,
Nor can my lips pronounce thee blest,
While on thee frowns the Foe!"

He spoke, and from Miletus sent,
There came a breathless man, and bent
Before the tyrant there.
"Let incense smoke upon the shrine,
And with the lively laurel twine,
Victor, thy godlike hair!

"The foe sunk, smitten by the spear;
With the glad tidings sends me here,
Thy faithful Polydore."

And from the griesly bowl he drew
(Grim sight they well might start to view!)
A head that dripp'd with gore.

The Egyptian king recoil'd in fear,
"Hold not thy fortune yet too dear—
Bethink thee yet," he cried,
"Thy Fleets are on the faithless seas;
Thy Fortune trembles in the breeze,
And floats upon the tide."

Ere yet the warning word was spoken—
Below, the choral joy has broken—
Shouts ring from street to street!
Home-veering to the crowded shore—
Their freight of richest booty bore
The Forests of the Fleet.

Astounded stood that kingly guest,
"Thy luck this day must be confest,
Yet trust not the Unsteady!
The banners of the Cretan foe
Wave war, and bode thine overthrow—
They near thy sands already!"

Scarce spoke the Egyptian King—before
Hark, "Victory—Victory!" from the shore,
And from the seas ascended;
"Escaped the doom that round us lower'd,
Swift storm the Cretan has devoured,
And war itself is ended!"

Shudder'd the guest—"In sooth," he falter'd,
"To-day thy fortune smiles unalter'd,
Yet more thy fate I dread—
The Gods oft grudge what they have given,
And ne'er unmix'd with grief has Heaven
Its joys on Mortals shed!

"No less than thine my rule has thriven,
And o'er each deed the gracious heaven
Has, favouring, smiled as yet.
But one beloved heir had I—
God took him!—I beheld him die,
His life paid fortune's debt.

"So, would'st *thou* 'scape the coming ill—
Implore the dread Invisible
Thy sweets themselves to sour!
Well ends his life, believe me, never,
On whom, with hands thus full for ever,
The Gods their bounty shower.

"And if thy prayer the Gods can gain not
This counsel of thy friend disdain not—
Thine own afflictor be!
And what of all thy worldly gear
Thy deepest heart esteems most dear,
Cast into yonder sea!"

The Samian thrill'd to hear the king—
"No gems so rich as deck this ring,
The wealth of Samos gave:

By this—O may the Fatal Three
My glut of fortune pardon me!"—
He cast it on the wave—

And when the morrow's dawn began,
All joyous came a fisherman
Before the prince.—Quoth he,
"Behold this fish—so fair a spoil
Ne'er yet repaid the snarer's toil,
I bring my best to thee!"

The cook to dress the fish begun—
The cook ran fast as cook could run—
"Look, look!—O master mine—
The ring—the ring the sea did win,
I found the fish's maw within—
Was ever luck like thine!"

In horror turns the kingly guest—
"Then longer here I may not rest,
I'll have no friend in thee!
The Gods have marked thee for their prey,
To share thy doom I dare not stay!"
He spoke—and put to sea.

Note.—This story is taken from the well-known correspondence between Amasis and Polycrates, in the third book of Herodotus. Polycrates—one of the ablest of that most able race, the Greek tyrants,—was afterwards decoyed into the power of Orætes, governor of Sardis, and died on the cross. Herodotus informs us, that the ring

Polycrates so prized, was an emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodorus the Samian. Pliny, on the contrary, affirms it to have been a sardonyx, and in his time it was supposed still to exist among the treasures in the Temple of Concord. It is worth while to turn to Herodotus (c. 40—43, book 3), to notice the admirable art with which Schiller has adapted the narrative, and heightened its effect.

HOPE.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "*The Better*" 's for ever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why the grave has scope,
And over the coffin Man planteth—Hope!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a fool for its dull begetter;
There 's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
"*We are born for a something Better!*"
And that Voice of the Heart, oh, ye may believe,
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive!

THE SEXES.

See in the babe two loveliest flowers united—yet in truth,
While in the bud they seem the same—the virgin and the youth!
But loosen'd is the gentle bond, no longer side by side—
From holy Shame the fiery Strength will soon itself divide.
Permit the youth to sport, and still the wild desire to chase,
For, but when sated, weary strength returns to seek the grace.
Yet in the bud, the double flowers the future strife begin,
How precious all—yet nought can still the longing heart within.
In ripening charms the virgin bloom to woman shape hath grown,
But round the ripening charms the pride hath clasp'd its guardian zone;
Shy, as before the hunter's horn the doe all trembling moves,
She flies from man as from a foe, and hates before she loves!

From lowering brows this struggling world the fearless youth observes,
And, harden'd for the strife betimes, he strains the willing nerves;
Far to the armèd throng and to the race prepared to start,
Inviting glory calls him forth, and grasps the troubled heart:—
Protect thy work, O Nature now! one from the other flies,
Till thou unitest each at last that for the other sighs.
There art thou, mighty one! where'er the discord darkest frown,
Thou call'st the meek harmonious Peace, the godlike soother, down.

The noisy chase is lull'd asleep, day's clamour dies afar,
And through the sweet and veilèd air in beauty comes the star.
Soft-sighing through the crispèd reeds, the brooklet glides along,
And every wood the nightingale melodious fills with song.
O virgin! now what instinct heaves thy bosom with the sigh?
O youth! and wherefore steals the tear into thy dreaming eye?
Alas! they seek in vain within the charm around bestow'd,
The tender fruit is ripen'd now, and bows to earth its load.
And restless goes the youth to feed his heart upon its fire,
Ah, where the gentle breath to cool the flame of young desire!
And now they meet—the holy love that leads them lights their eyes,
And still behind the wingèd god the wingèd victory flies.
O heavenly Love!—'tis thy sweet task the human flowers to bind,
For aye apart, and yet by thee for ever intertwined!

HONOURS.

[DIGNITIES would be the better title, if the word were not so essentially unpoetical.]

WHEN the column of light on the waters is glass'd,
As blent in one glow seem the shine and the stream;
But wave after wave through the glory has pass'd,
Just catches, and flies as it catches, the beam:
So Honours but mirror on mortals their light;
Not the MAN but the PLACE that he passes is bright.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

What wonder this?—we ask the lymphid well,
O Earth! of thee—and from thy solemn womb
What yield'st thou?—Is there life in the abyss—
Doth a new race beneath the lava dwell?
Returns the Past, awakening from the tomb?
Rome—Greece!—O, come!—Behold—behold! For this
Our living world—the old Pompeii sees;
And built anew the town of Dorian Hercules!

House upon house—its silent halls once more
Opes the broad Portico!—O, haste and fill
Again those halls with life!—O, pour along
Through the seven-vista'd theatre the throng!
Where are ye, mimes?—Come forth, the steel prepare
For crown'd Atrides, or Orestes haunt,
Ye choral Furies with your dismal chaunt!
The Arch of Triumph!—whither leads it?—still
Behold the Forum!—On the curule chair
Where the majestic image? Lictors, where
Your solemn fasces?—Place upon his throne
The Prætor—here the Witness lead, and there
Bid the Accuser stand!

—— O God! how lone
The clear streets glitter in the quiet day—

The footpath by the doors winding its lifeless way!
The roofs arise in shelter, and around
The desolate Atrium—every gentle room
Wears still the dear familiar smile of Home!
Open the doors—the shops—on dreary night
Let lusty day laugh down in jocund light!

See the trim benches ranged in order!—See
The marble-tesselated floor—and there
The very walls are glittering livingly
With their clear colours. But the artist where?
Sure but this instant he hath laid aside
Pencil and colours!—Glittering on the eye
Swell the rich fruits, and bloom the flowers!—See all
Art's gentle wreaths still fresh upon the wall!
Here the arch Cupid slyly seems to glide
By with bloom-laden basket. There the shapes
Of Genii press with purpling feet the grapes.
Here springs the wild Bacchante to the dance,
And there she sleeps [while that voluptuous trance
Eyes the sly faun with never-sated glance]
Now on one knee upon the centaur-steeds
Hovering—the Thyrsus plies.—Hurrah!—away she speeds!

Come—come, why loiter ye?—Here, here, how fair
The goodly vessels still! Girls, hither turn,
Fill from the fountain the Etruscan urn!
On the wing'd sphinxes see the Tripod.——
Ho!
Quick—quick, ye slaves, come—fire!—the hearth prepare!

Ha! wilt thou sell?—this coin shall pay thee—this,
Fresh from the mint of mighty Titus!—Lo!
Here lie the scales, and not a weight we miss!
So—bring the light! The delicate lamp!—what toil
Shaped thy minutest grace!—quick, pour the oil!
Yonder the fairy chest!—come, maid, behold
The bridegroom's gifts—the armlets—they are gold,
And paste out-feigning jewels!—lead the bride
Into the odorous bath—lo, unguents still—
And still the crystal vase the arts for beauty fill!

But where the men of old—perchance a prize
More precious yet in yon papyrus lies,
And see ev'n still the tokens of their toil—
The waxen tablets—the recording style.
The earth, with faithful watch, has hoarded all!
Still stand the mute Penates in the hall;
Back to his haunts returns each ancient God.
Why absent only from their ancient stand
The Priests?—waves Hermes his Caducean rod,
And the wing'd victory struggles from the hand.
Kindle the flame—behold the Altar there!
Long hath the God been worshipless—To prayer!

LIGHT AND WARMTH.

In cheerful faith that fears no ill
The good man doth the world begin;
And dreams that all without shall still
Reflect the trusting soul within.
Warm with the noble vows of youth,
Hallowing his true arm to the truth;

Yet is the littleness of all
So soon to sad experience shown,
That crowds but teach him to recall
And centre thought on self alone;
Till love, no more, emotion knows,
And the heart freezes to repose.

Alas! though truth may *light* bestow,
Not always *warmth* the beams impart,
Blest he who gains the BOON TO KNOW,
Nor buys the knowledge with the heart.
For warmth and light a blessing both to be,
Feel as the Enthusiast—as the World-wise see.

BREADTH AND DEPTH.

FULL many a shining wit one sees,
With tongue on all things well-conversing;
The what can charm, the what can please,
In every nice detail rehearsing.
Their raptures so transport the college,
It seems one honeymoon of knowledge.

Yet out they go in silence where
They whilome held their learned prate;
Ah! he who would achieve the fair,
Or sow the embryo of the great,
Must hoard—to wait the ripening hour—
In the least point the loftiest power.

With wanton boughs and pranksome hues,
Aloft in air aspires the stem;
The glittering leaves inhale the dews,
But fruits are not conceal'd in *them*.
From the small kernel's undiscerned repose
The oak that lords it o'er the Forest grows.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EGOIST.

HAST thou the infant seen that yet, unknowing of the love
Which warms and cradles, calmly sleeps the mother's heart above—
Wandering from arm to arm, until the call of passion wakes,
And glimmering on the conscious eye—the world in glory breaks?—
And hast thou seen the mother there her anxious vigil keep,
Buying with love that never sleeps the darling's happy sleep?
With her own life she fans and feeds that weak life's trembling rays,
And with the sweetness of the care, the care itself repays.

And dost thou Nature then blaspheme—that, both the child and mother
Each unto each unites, the while the one doth need the other?—
All self-sufficing wilt thou from that lovely circle stand—
That creature still to creature links in faith's familiar band?

Ah! dar'st thou, poor one, from the rest thy lonely self estrange?
Eternal Power itself is but all powers in interchange!

FRIDOLIN;

OR,

THE MESSAGE TO THE FORGE.

[Schiller speaking of this Ballad, which he had then nearly concluded, says that "accident had suggested to him a very pretty theme for a Ballad;" and that "after having travelled through air and water," alluding to "The Cranes of Ibycus" and "The Diver," "he should now claim to himself the Element of Fire."—Hoffmeister supposes from the name of Savern, the French orthography for Zabern, a town in Alsatia, that Schiller took the material for his tale from a French source; though there are German Legends analogous to it. The general style of the Ballad is simple almost to homeliness, though not to the puerility affected by some of our own Ballad writers.—But the pictures of the Forge and the Catholic Ritual are worked out with singular force and truthfulness.]

A HARMLESS lad was Fridolin,
A pious youth was he;
He served and sought her grace to win,
Count Savern's fair ladye;
And gentle was the Dame as fair,
And light the toils of service there;
And yet the woman's wildest whim
In her—had been but joy to him.

Soon as the early morning shone,
Until the vesper bell,
For her sweet hest he lived alone
Nor e'er could serve too well.

She bade him oft not labour so:
But then his eyes would overflow. . .
It seemed a sin if strength could swerve,
From that one thought—her will to serve!

And so of all her House, the Dame
Most favour'd him always;
And from her lip for ever came
His unexhausted praise.
On him, more like some gentle child,
Than serving-youth, the lady smiled,
And took a harmless pleasure in
The comely looks of Fridolin.

For this, the Huntsman Robert's heart
The favour'd Henchman cursed;
And long, till ripen'd into art,
The hateful envy nursed.
His Lord was rash of thought and deed:
And thus the knave the deadly seed,
(As from the chase they homeward rode,)
That poisons thought to fury, sow'd—

"Your lot, great Count, in truth is fair,
(Thus spoke the craft suppress'd;)
The gnawing tooth of doubt can ne'er
Consume your golden rest.
He who a noble spouse can claim,
Sees love begirt with holy shame;
Her truth no villain arts ensnare—
The smooth seducer comes not there.

"How now!—bold man, what sayest thou?"
The frowning Count replied—
"Think'st thou I build on woman's vow,
Unstable as the tide?
Too well the flatterer's lip allureth—
On firmer ground my faith endureth;
The Count Von Savern's wife unto
No smooth seducer comes to woo!"

"Right!"—quoth the other—"and your scorn
The fool enow the fool chastises,
Who though a simple vassal born,
Himself so highly prizes;
Who buoys his heart with rash desires,
And to the Dame he serves aspires."
"How!" cried the Count, and trembled—"How!
Of One who lives, then, speakest thou?"

"Surely; can that to all reveal'd
Be all unknown to you?
Yet, from your ear if thus conceal'd,
Let me be silent too."
Out burst the Count, with gasping breath,
"Fool—fool!—thou speak'st the words of death!
What brain has dared so bold a sin?"
"My Lord, I spoke of Fridolin!

"His face is comely to behold"——
He adds—then paused with art.
The Count grew hot—the Count grew cold—
The words had pierced his heart.

"My gracious master sure must see
That only in her eyes lives he;
Behind your board he stands unheeding,
Close by her chair—his passion feeding.

"And then the rhymes. . ." "The rhymes!" "The same—
Confess'd the frantic thought."
"Confess'd!" "Ay, and a *mutual* flame
The foolish boy besought!
No doubt the Countess, soft and tender,
Forbore the lines to you to render, . . .
And I repent the babbling word
That scaped my lips——What ails my lord?"

Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the soaring furnace-flame,
The molten iron glow'd.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,
As if they would melt down the mountains high.

Their strength the Fire, the Water gave,
In interleagued endeavour;
The mill-wheel, whirl'd amidst the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night, resounds the clamour,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;
And, suppled in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Two smiths before Count Savern bend,
Forth-beckon'd from their task.
"The first whom I to you may send,
And who of you may ask—
'*Have you my lord's command obey'd?*'
—Thrust in the hell-fire yonder made;
Shrunk to the cinders of your ore,
Let him offend mine eyes no more!"

Then gloated they—the griesly pair—
They felt the hangman's zest;
For senseless as the iron there,
The heart lay in the breast.
And hied they, with the bellows' breath,
To strengthen still the furnace-death;
The murder-priests nor flag nor falter—
Wait the victim—trim the altar!

The huntsman seeks the page—God wot,
How smooth a face hath he!
"Off, comrade, off! and tarry not;
Thy lord hath need of thee!"
Thus spoke his lord to Fridolin,
"Haste to the forge the wood within,
And ask the serfs who ply the trade—
'*Have you my lord's command obey'd?*'"

"It shall be done"—and to the task
He hies without delay.
Had *she* no hest?—'twere well to ask,
To make less long the way.

So, wending backward at the thought,
The youth the gracious lady sought.
"Ere I go to the forge, I have come to thee:
Hast thou any commands, by the road, for me?"

"I fain," thus spake that lady fair,
In winsome tone and low,
"But for mine infant ailing there,
To hear the mass would go.
"Go thou, my child—and on the way,
For me and mine thy heart shall pray;
Repent each sinful thought of thine—
So shall thy soul find grace for mine!"

Forth on the welcome task he wends,
Her wish the task endears,
Till, where the quiet hamlet ends,
A sudden sound he hears.
To and fro the church-bell, swinging,
Cheerily, clearly forth is ringing;
Knolling souls that would repent
To the Holy Sacrament.

He thought, "Seek God upon thy way,
And he will come to thee!"
He gains the House of Prayer to pray,
But all stood silently.
It was the Harvest's merry reign,
The scythe was busy in the grain;
One clerkly hand the rites require
To serve the mass and aid the choir.

At once the good resolve he takes,
As sacristan to serve:
"No halt," quoth he, "the footstep makes
That doth but heavenward swerve!"
So, on the priest, with humble soul,
He hung the cingulum and stole,
And eke prepares each holy thing
To the high mass administ'ring.

Now, as the ministraint, before
The priest he took his stand;
Now towards the altar moved, and bore
The mass-book in his hand.
Rightward, leftward kneeleth he,
Watchful every sign to see;
Tinkling, as the *sanctus* fell,
Thrice at each holy name, the bell.

Now the meek priest, bending lowly,
Turns unto the solemn shrine,
And with lifted hand and holy,
Rears the cross divine.
While the clear bell, lightly swinging,
That boy-sacristan is ringing;—
Strike their breasts, and down inclining,
Kneel the crowd, the symbol signing.

Still in every point excelling,
With a quick and nimble art—
Every custom in that dwelling
Knew the boy by heart!

To the close he tarried thus,
Till *Vobiscum Dominus;*
To the crowd inclines the priest,
And the crowd have sign'd—and ceased!

Now back in its appointed place,
His footsteps but delay
To range each symbol-sign of grace—
Then forward on his way.
So, conscience-calm, he lightly goes;
Before his steps the furnace glows;
His lips, the while, (the count completing,)
Twelve paternosters slow-repeating.

He gain'd the forge—the smiths survey'd,
As there they grimly stand:
"How fares it, friends?—*have ye obey'd,*"
He cried, "*my lord's command?*"
"Ho! ho!" they shout and ghastly grin,
And point the furnace-throat within:
"With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed."

On, with this answer, onward home,
With fleeter step he flies;
Afar, the Count beheld him come—
He scarce could trust his eyes.
"Whence com'st thou?" "From the furnace." "So!
Not elsewhere? troth, thy steps are slow;
Thou hast loiter'd long!"—"Yet only till
I might the trust consign'd fulfil.

"My noble lord, 'tis true, to-day,
I 'd chanced, on quitting thee,
To ask my duties, on the way,
Of her who guideth me.
She bade me, (and how sweet and dear
It was!) the holy mass to hear;
Rosaries four I told, delaying,
Grace for thee and thine heart-praying."

All stunn'd, Count Savern heard the speech—
A wondering man was he;
"And when thou didst the furnace reach,
What answer gave they thee?"
"An answer hard the sense to win;
Thus spake the men with ghastly grin,
'With zeal and heed, we did the deed—
The master's praise, the servants' meed.'"

"And *Robert?*"—gasp'd the Count, as lost
In awe, he shuddering stood—
"Thou must, be sure, his path have cross'd?
I sent him to the wood."
"In wood nor field where I have been,
No single trace of him was seen."
All deathlike stood the Count: "Thy might,
O God of heaven, hath judged the right!"

Then meekly, humbled from his pride,
He took the servant's hand;
He led him to his lady's side,
She nought moto understand.

"This child—no angel is more pure—
Long may thy grace for him endure;
Our strength how weak, our sense how dim—
GOD AND HIS HOSTS ARE OVER HIM!"

THE YOUTH BY THE BROOK.

[Sung in "The Parasite," a comedy which Schiller translated from Picard—much the best comedy, by the way, that Picard ever wrote.]

BESIDE the brook the Boy reclin'd
And wove his flowery wreath,
And to the waves the wreath consign'd—
The waves that danced beneath.
"So fleet mine hours," he sigh'd, "away
Like waves that restless flow:
And, so my flowers of youth decay
Like those that float below.

"Ask not why I, alone on earth,
Am sad in life's young time;
To all the rest are hope and mirth
When spring renews its prime.
Alas! the music Nature makes,
In thousand songs of gladness—
While charming all around me, wakes
My heavy heart to sadness.

"Ah! vain to me the joys that break
From Spring, voluptuous are;
For only ONE 'tis mine to seek—
The Near, yet ever Far!
I stretch my arms, that shadow-shape
In fond embrace to hold;
Still doth the shade the clasp escape—
The heart is unconsoled!

"Come forth, fair Friend, come forth below,
And leave thy lofty hall,
The fairest flowers the spring can know
In thy dear lap shall fall!
Clear glides the brook in silver roll'd,
Sweet carols fill the air;
The meanest hut hath space to hold
A happy loving Pair!"

TO THE IDEAL.

[To appreciate the beauty of this Poem,—the reader must remember that it preceded our own School—we will not say of Egotism, but of Self-expression; a school of which the great Byron is the everlasting master—and in which the Poet reveals the hearts of others, by confessing the emotions of his own. Of late years we have been overwhelmed with attempts at the kind of pathos which the following stanzas embody with melancholy tenderness—yet with manly resignation. But at the time Schiller wrote this elegy on departed youth, he had the merit of originality—a merit the greater, because the Poem expresses feelings which almost all of us have felt in the progress of life.—The only Poem written before it, which it resembles, is the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," by our own illustrious Gray, whom the little critics of our day seek to depreciate.—Beautiful as the German's Poem is, (in his own language,) the Englishman's excels it.]

THEN wilt thou, with thy fancies holy—
Wilt thou, faithless, fly from me?
With thy joy, thy melancholy,
Wilt thou thus relentless flee?
O Golden Time, O Human May,
Can nothing, Fleet One, thee restrain?
Must thy sweet river glide away
Into the eternal Ocean-Main?

The suns serene are lost and vanish'd
That wont the path of youth to gild,
And all the fair Ideals banish'd
From that wild heart they whilome fill'd.

Gone the divine and sweet believing
In dreams which Heaven itself unfurl'd!
What godlike shapes have years bereaving
Swept from this real work-day world!

As once, with tearful passion fired,
The Cyprian Sculptor clasp'd the stone,
Till the cold cheeks, delight inspired,
Blush'd—to sweet life the marble grown:
So youth's desire for Nature!—round
The Statue, so my arms I wreathed,
Till warmth and life in mine it found,
And breath that poets breathe—it breathed;

With my own burning thoughts it burn'd;—
Its silence stirr'd to speech divine;—
Its lips my glowing kiss return'd;—
Its heart in beating answer'd mine!
How fair was then the flower—the tree!—
How silver-sweet the fountain's fall!
The soulless had a soul to me!
My life its own life lent to all!

The Universe of Things seem'd swelling
The panting heart to burst its bound,
And wandering Fancy found a dwelling
In every shape—thought—deed, and sound.
Germ'd in the mystic buds, reposing,
A whole creation slumber'd mute,
Alas, when from the buds unclosing,
How scant and blighted sprung the fruit!

How happy in his dreaming error,
His own gay valour for his wing,
Of not one care as yet in terror,
Did Youth upon his journey spring;
Till floods of balm, through air's dominion,
Bore upward to the faintest star—
For never aught to that bright pinion
Could dwell too high, or spread too far.

Though laden with delight, how lightly
The wanderer heavenward still could soar,
And aye the ways of life how brightly
The airy Pageant danced before!—
Love, showering gifts (life's sweetest) down,
Fortune, with golden garlands gay,
And Fame, with starbeams for a crown,
And Truth, whose dwelling is the Day.

Ah! midway soon lost evermore,
Afar the blithe companions stray;
In vain their faithless steps explore,
As, one by one, they glide away.
Fleet Fortune was the first escaper—
The thirst for wisdom linger'd yet;
But doubts with many a gloomy vapour
The sun-shape of the Truth beset!

The holy crown which Fame was wreathing,
Behold! the mean man's temples wore,
And but for one short spring-day breathing,
Bloom'd Love—the Beautiful—no more!

And ever stiller yet, and ever
The barren path more lonely lay,
Till scarce from waning Hope could quiver
A glance along the gloomy way.

Who, loving, lingered yet to guide me,
When all her boon companions fled,
Who stands consoling yet beside me,
And follows to the House of Dread?
Thine FRIENDSHIP—thine the hand so tender,
Thine the balm dropping on the wound,
Thy task, the load more light to render,
O! earliest sought and soonest found!—

And Thou, so pleased, with her uniting,
To charm the soul-storm into peace,
Sweet TOIL, in toil itself delighting,
That more it laboured, less could cease,
Tho' but by grains thou aid'st the pile
The vast Eternity uprears,
At least thou strik'st from Time the while
Life's debt—the minutes, days and years.*

* Though the Ideal images of youth forsake us, the Ideal itself still remains to the Poet. It is his task and his companion—unlike the Phantasies of Fortune, Fame, and Love, the Phantasies of the Ideal are imperishable. While, as the occupation of life, it pays off the debt of Time, as the exalter of life it contributes to the Building of Eternity.

PHILOSOPHERS.

To learn what gives to every thing
The form and life which we survey,
The law by which the Eternal King
Moves all Creation's order'd ring,
And keeps it from decay—
When to great Doctor Wiseman we go—
If help'd not out by Fichté's Ego—
All from his brain that we can delve,
Is this sage answer—"Ten's not Twelve."*

The snow can chill, the fire can burn,
Men when they walk on two feet go;—

* "Wenn Ich nicht drauf ihm helfe
Er heisst; zehn ist nicht zwölfe."

If the Ich in the text is correctly printed with a capital initial, the intention of Schiller must apparently be to ridicule the absolute Ego of Fichté—a philosopher whom he elsewhere treats with very little ceremony—and thus Hoffmeister seems to interpret the meaning.—Hinrichs, on the other hand, quoting the passage without the capital initial, assumes the satire to be directed against the first great law of logic, which logicians call the Principle of Contradiction, viz., that it is impossible for a thing to be and not to be at the same time; or, as Schiller expresses it, that it is impossible for ten to be both ten and twelve; a truth which is obvious to all men, and which, precisely because it is obvious to all men, Philosophers can state and explain. According to this interpretation, the sense of the translation is not correctly given, and Schiller seems rather to say, "I should call that man exceedingly clever who could explain to me the great law of the Universe, if I did not first explain it to him by saying it is this, Ten is not Twelve—i. e., No philosopher can tell a plain man anything about a profound principle, which any plain man could not just as well have told to the Philosopher."

A sun in Heaven all eyes discern—
This through the senses we may learn,
Nor go to school to know!
But the profounder student sees,
That that which burns—will seldom freeze;
And can instruct the astonish'd hearer,
How moisture moistens—light makes clearer.

Homer composed his mighty song,
The hero danger dared to scorn,
The brave man did his duty, long
Before—(and who shall say I'm wrong)—
Philosophers were born!
Without Descartes and Locke—the Sun
Saw things by Heart and Genius done,
Which those great men have proved, on viewing,
The—possibility of doing!

Strength in this life prevails and sways—
Bold Power oppresses humble Worth—
He who can nòt command obeys—
In short there 's not too much to praise
In this poor orb of earth.
But how things better might be done,
If sages had this world begun,
By moral systems of their own,
Most incontestably is shown!

" Man needs mankind, must be confest—
In all he labours to fulfil,

Must work, or with, or for, the rest;
'Tis drops that swell the ocean's breast—
'Tis waves that turn the mill.
The savage life for man unfit is,
So take a wife and live in cities."
Thus *ex cathedrâ* teach, we know,
Wise Messieurs Puffendorf and Co.

Yet since, what grave professors preach,
The crowd may be excused from knowing;
Meanwhile, old Nature looks to each,
Tinkers the chain, and mends the breach,
And keeps the clockwork going.
Some day, Philosophy, no doubt,
A better World will bring about:
Till then the Old a little longer,
Must blunder on—through Love and Hunger!

PUNCH SONG.

Four Elements, join'd in
An emulous strife,
Fashion the world, and
Constitute life.

From the sharp citron
The starry juice pour;
Acid to Life is
The innermost core.

Now, let the sugar
The bitter one meet;
Still be life's bitter
Tamed down with the sweet!

Let the bright water
Flow into the bowl;
Water, the calm one,
Embraces the Whole.

Drops from the spirit
Pour quick'ning within;
Life but its life from
The spirit can win.

Haste, while it gloweth,
Your vessels to bring;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring!

PUNCH SONG.

TO BE SUNG IN THE NORTH.

On the free southern hills
Where the full summers shine,
Nature quicken'd by sunlight,
Gives birth to the vine!

46599

Her work the Great Mother
  Conceals from the sight,
Untrack'd is the labour,
  Unfathom'd the might.

As the child of the sunbeam,
  The wine leaps to day,
From the tun springs the crystal,
  A fountain at play.

All the senses it gladdens,
  Gives Hope to the breast;
To grief a soft balsam,
  To life a new zest.

But, our zone palely gilding,
  The Sun of the North,
From the leaves it scarce tinteth
  No fruit ripens forth.

Yet life will ne'er freely
  Life's gladness resign:
Our vales know no vineyard—
  Invent we a wine!

But wan the libation,
  In truth must appear;
Living Nature alone gives
  The bright and the clear!

Yet draw from the dim fount,
The Waters of Mirth!
For Heaven gave us Art,
The Prometheus of Earth.

Wherever strength reacheth,
What kingdoms await her!
From the Old, the New shaping,
Art, ay—a Creator!—

The Elements' union
Divides at her rod,
With the hearth-flame she mimics
The glow of a god.

To Hesperidan Islands
She sends the ship forth;
Lo, the southern fruits lending
Their gold to the North!

So, this sap wrung from flame be
A symbol-sign still,
Of the wonders man works with
The Force and the Will!

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

At Smithfield* once, as I've been told,
Or some such place where beasts are sold,
A bard, whose bones from flesh were all free,
Put up for sale the Muses' palfrey.
His ears how cock'd, his tail how stiff!
Loud neigh'd the prancing Hippogriff.
The crowd grew large, the crowd grew larger:
"By Jove, indeed a splendid charger!
'Twould suit some coach of state!—the king's!
But, bless my soul, what frightful wings!
No doubt the breed is mighty rare—
But who would coach it through the air?
Who'd trust his neck to such a flyer?"—
In short, the bard could find no buyer.
At last a farmer pluck'd up mettle:
"Let 's see if we the thing can settle.
These useless wings my man may lop,
Or tie down tight—I likes a crop!
'T might draw my cart; it seems to frisk it;
Come, twenty pounds!—ecod, I'll risk it."
I blush to say the bard consented,
And Hodge bears off his prize, contented.

* Literally "Haymarket."

The noble beast is in the cart;
Hodge cries, "Gee hup!" and off they start.
He scarcely feels the load behind,
Skirrs, scours, and scampers like the wind.
The wings begin for heaven to itch,
The wheels go devilish near the ditch!
"So ho!" grunts Hodge, "'tis more than funny;
I've got a penn'orth for my money.
To-morrow, if I still survive,
I have some score of folks to drive;—
The load of five the beast could drag on;
I'll make him leader to the wagon.
Choler and collar wear with time;
The lively rogue is in his prime."

All 's well at first; a famous start—
Wagon and team go like a dart.
The wheelers' heavy plod behind him,
But doubly speeds the task assign'd him;
Till, with tall crest, he snuffs the heaven,
Spurns the dull road so smooth and even.
True the impetuous instinct to,
Field, fen, and bog, he scampers through.
The frenzy seems to catch the team;
The driver tugs, the travellers scream.
O'er ditch, o'er hedge, splash, dash, and crash on,
Ne'er farmer flew in such a fashion.
At last, all batter'd, bruised, and broken,
(Poor Hodge's state may not be spoken,)
Wagon, and team, and travellers stop,
Perch'd on a mountain's steepest top!

Exceeding sore, and much perplext,
"I fegs," the farmer cries, "what next?
This helter-skelter sport will never do,
But break him in I'll yet endeavour to;
Let 's see if work and starving diet
Can't tame the monster into quiet!"
The proof was made, and save us! if in
Three days you'd seen the hippogriffin,
You'd scarce the noble beast have known,
Starved duly down to skin and bone.
Cries Hodge, rejoiced, "I have it now,
Bring out my ox, he goes to plough."
So said, so done, and droll the tether,
Wing'd horse, slow ox, at plough together!
The unwilling griffin strains his might,
One last strong struggle yet for flight;
In vain, for well inured to labour,
Plods sober on his heavy neighbour,
And forces, inch by inch, to creep,
The hoofs that love the air to sweep;
Until, worn out, the eye grows dim,
The sinews fail the founder'd limb,
The god-steed droops, the strife is past,
He writhes amidst the mire at last!
"Accursed brute!" the farmer cries;
And, while he bawls, the cart-whip plies,
"All use it seems you think to shirk
So fierce to run—so dull to work!
My twenty pounds!—Not worth a pin!
Confound the rogue who took me in!"

He vents his wrath, he plies his thong,
When, lo! there gaily comes along,
With looks of light and locks of yellow,
And lute in hand, a buxom fellow;
Through the bright clusters of his hair
A golden circlet glistens fair.
"What 's this—a wondrous yoke and pleasant?"
Cries out the stranger to the peasant.
"The bird and ox thus leash'd together—
Come, prithee, just unbrace the tether:
But let *me* mount him for a minute—
That beast!—you 'll see how much is in it."

The steed released—the easy stranger
Leaps on his back, and smiles at danger;
Scarce felt that steed the master's rein,
When all his fire returns again:
He champs the bit—he rears on high,
Light, like a soul, looks from his eye;
Changed from a creature of the sod,
Behold the spirit and the god:
As sweeps the whirlwind, heavenward springs
The unfurl'd glory of his wings.
Before the eye can track the flight,
Lost in the azure fields of light.

HERO AND LEANDER.

A Ballad.

[We have already seen, in "The Ring of Polycrates," Schiller's mode of dealing with classical subjects. In the poems that follow, derived from similar sources, the same spirit is maintained. In spite of Humboldt, we venture to think that Schiller certainly does not narrate Greek legends in the spirit of an ancient Greek. The Gothic sentiment, in its ethical depth and mournful tenderness, more or less pervades all that he translates from classic fable into modern pathos. The grief of Hero, in the ballad subjoined, touches closely on the lamentations of *Thekla*, in "Wallenstein." The Complaint of Ceres, embodies Christian Grief and Christian Hope. The Trojan Cassandra expresses the moral of the Northern Faust. Even the "Victory Feast" changes the whole spirit of Homer, on whom it is founded, by the introduction of the Ethical Sentiment at the close, borrowed, as a modern would apply what he so borrows, from the moralising Horace. Nothing can be more foreign to the Hellenic Genius, (if we except the very disputable intention of the "Prometheus"), than the interior and typical design which usually exalts every conception in Schiller. But it is perfectly open to the Modern Poet to treat of ancient legends in the modern spirit. Though he selects a Greek story, he is still a modern who narrates—he can never make himself a Greek, any more than Æschylus in the "Persæ" could make himself a Persian. But this is still more the privilege of the Poet in Narrative, or lyrical composition, than in the Drama, for in the former he does not abandon his identity, as in the latter he must—yet even this *must* has its limits. Shakespeare's wonderful power of self-transfusion has no doubt enabled him, in his Plays from Roman History, to animate his characters with much of Roman life. But no one can maintain that a Roman would ever have written plays, in the least resembling "Julius Cæsar," or "Coriolanus," or "Antony and Cleopatra." The Portraits may be Roman, but they are painted in the manner of the Gothic school. The Spirit of antiquity is only in them, inasmuch as the representation of Human Nature, under certain circumstances, is accurately, though loosely outlined. When the Poet raises the dead, it is not to restore, but to remodel.]

See you the towers, that, gray and old,
Frown through the sunlight's liquid gold,
Steep sternly fronting steep?

The Hellespont beneath them swells,
And roaring cleaves the Dardanelles,
The Rock-Gates of the Deep!
Hear you the Sea, whose stormy wave,
From Asia, Europe clove in thunder?
That sea which rent a world, can not
Rend Love from Love asunder!

In Hero's, in Leander's heart,
Thrills the sweet anguish of the dart
Whose feather flies from Love.
All Hebe's bloom in Hero's cheek—
And his the hunter's steps that seek
Delight, the hills above!
Between their sires the rival feud
Forbids their plighted hearts to meet;
Love's fruits hang over Danger's gulf,
By danger made more sweet.

Alone on Sestos' rocky tower,
Where upward sent in stormy shower,
The whirling waters foam,—
Alone the maiden sits, and eyes
The cliffs of fair Abydos rise
Afar—her lover's home.
Oh, safely thrown from strand to strand,
No bridge can love to love convey;
No boatman shoots from yonder shore,
Yet Love has found the way.—

That Love, which could the Labyrinth pierce—
Which nerves the weak, and curbs the fierce,
And wings with wit the dull;—
That Love which o'er the furrow'd land
Bow'd—tame beneath young Jason's hand—
The fiery-snorting Bull!
Yes, Styx itself, that nine-fold flows,
Has Love, the fearless, ventured o'er,
And back to daylight borne the bride,
From Pluto's dreary shore!

What marvel then that wind and wave,
Leander doth but burn to brave,
When Love, that goads him, guides!
Still when the day, with fainter glimmer,
Wanes pale—he leaps, the daring swimmer,
Amid the darkening tides;
With lusty arms he cleaves the waves,
And strives for that dear strand afar;
Where high from Hero's lonely tower
Lone streams the Beacon-star.

In vain his blood the wave may chill,
These tender arms can warm it still—
And, weary if the way,
By many a sweet embrace, above
All earthly boons—can liberal Love
The Lover's toil repay,
Until Aurora breaks the dream,
And warns the Loiterer to depart—

Back to the ocean's icy bed,
Seared from that loving heart.

So thirty suns have sped their flight—
Still in that theft of sweet delight
Exult the happy pair;
Caress will never pall caress,
And joys that gods might envy, bless
The single bride-night there.
Ah! never he has rapture known,
Who has not, where the waves are driven
Upon the fearful shores of Hell,
Pluck'd fruits that taste of Heaven!

Now changing in their Season are,
The Morning and the Hesper Star;—
Nor see those happy eyes
The leaves that withering droop and fall,
Nor hear, when, from its northern hall,
The neighbouring Winter sighs;
Or, if they see, the shortening days
But seem to them to close in kindness;
For longer joys, in lengthening nights,
They thank the heaven in blindness.

It is the time, when Night and Day,
In equal scales contend for sway*—
Lone, on her rocky steep,

* This notes the time of year—not the time of day—viz., about the 23rd of September.—Hoffmeister.

Lingers the girl with wistful eyes
That watch the sun-steeds down the skies,
Careering towards the deep.
Lull'd lay the smooth and silent sea,
A mirror in translucent calm,
The breeze, along that crystal realm,
Unmurmuring, died in balm.

In wanton swarms and blithe array,
The merry dolphins glide and play
Amid the silver waves.
In gray and dusky troops are seen,
The hosts that serve the Ocean-Queen,
Upborne from coral caves:
They—only they—have witness'd love
To rapture steal its secret way:
And Hecate* seals the only lips
That could the tale betray!

She marks in joy the lullèd water,
And Sestos, thus thy tender daughter,
Soft-flattering, woos the sea!
"Fair god—and canst thou then betray?
No! falsehood dwells with them that say
That falsehood dwells with thee!
Ah! faithless is the race of man,
And harsh a father's heart can prove;
But thee, the gentle and the mild,
The grief of love can move!

* Hecate, as the mysterious Goddess of Nature.—Her secrets.

"Within these hated walls of stone,
Should I, repining, mourn alone,
And fade in ceaseless care,
But thou, though o'er thy giant tide,
Nor bridge may span, nor boat may glide,
Dost safe my lover bear.
And darksome is thy solemn deep,
And fearful is thy roaring wave;
But wave and deep are won by love—
Thou smilest on the brave!

"Nor vainly, Sovereign of the Sea,
Did Eros send his shafts to thee:
What time the Ram of Gold,
Bright Helle, with her brother bore,
How stirr'd the waves she wander'd o'er,
How stirr'd thy deeps of old!
Swift, by the maiden's charms subdued,
Thou cam'st from out the gloomy waves,
And, in thy mighty arms, she sank
Into thy bridal caves.

"A goddess with a god, to keep
In endless youth, beneath the deep,
Her solemn ocean-court!
And still she smoothes thine angry tides,
Tames thy wild heart, and favouring guides
The sailor to the port!
Beautiful Helle, bright one, hear
Thy lone adoring suppliant pray!

And guide, O goddess—guide my love
Along the wonted way!"

Now twilight dims the water's flow,
And from the tower, the beacon's glow
Waves flickering o'er the main.
Ah, where athwart the dismal stream,
Shall shine the Beacon's faithful beam
The lover's eyes shall strain!
Hark! sounds moan threat'ning from afar—
From heaven the blessed stars are gone—
More darkly swells the rising sea—
The tempest labours on!

Along the ocean's boundless plains
Lies Night—in torrents rush the rains
From the dark-bosom'd cloud—
Red lightning skirs the panting air,
And, loosed from out their rocky lair,
Sweep all the storms abroad.
Huge wave on huge wave tumbling o'er,
The yawning gulf is rent asunder,
And shows, as through an opening pall,
Grim earth—the ocean under!

Poor maiden! bootless wail or vow—
"Have mercy, Jove—be gracious, Thou!
Dread prayer was mine before!
What if the gods have heard—and he,
Lone victim of the stormy sea,
Now struggles to the shore!

There 's not a sea-bird on the wave—
  Their hurrying wings the shelter seek;
The stoutest ship the storms have proved,
  Takes refuge in the creek.

"Ah, still that heart, which oft has braved
The danger where the daring saved,
  Love lureth o'er the sea;—
For many a vow at parting morn,
That nought but death should bar return,
  Breathed those dear lips to me;
And whirl'd around, the while I weep,
  Amid the storm that rides the wave,
The giant gulf is grasping down
  The rash one to the grave!

"False Pontus! and the calm I hail'd,
The awaiting murder darkly veil'd—
  The lull'd pellucid flow,
The smiles in which thou wert array'd,
Were but the snares that Love betray'd
  To thy false realm below!
Now in the midway of the main,
  Return relentlessly forbidden,
Thou loosenest on the path beyond
  The horrors thou hadst hidden."

Loud and more loud the tempest raves,
In thunder break the mountain waves,
  White-foaming on the rock—

No ship that ever swept the deep
Its ribs of gnarled oak could keep
Unshatter'd by the shock.
Dies in the blast the guiding torch
To light the struggler to the strand;
'Tis death to battle with the wave,
And death no less to land!

On Venus, daughter of the seas,
She calls the tempest to appease—
To each wild-shrieking wind
Along the ocean-desert borne,
She vows a steer with golden horn—
Vain vow—relentless wind!
On every goddess of the deep,
On all the gods in heaven that be,
She calls—to soothe in calm, awhile,
The tempest-laden sea!

"Hearken the anguish of my cries!
From thy green halls, arise—arise,
Leucothoe the divine!
Who, in the barren main afar,
Oft on the storm-beat mariner
Dost gently-saving shine.
Oh, reach to him thy mystic veil,
To which the drowning clasp may cling,
And safely from that roaring grave,
To shore my lover bring!"

And now the savage winds are hushing,
And o'er the arch'd horizon, blushing,
Day's chariot gleams on high!
Back to their wonted channels roll'd,
In crystal calm the waves behold—
One smile on sea and sky!
All softly breaks the rippling tide,
Low-murmuring on the rocky land,
And playful wavelets gently float
A Corpse upon the strand!

'Tis he!—who ev'n in death would still
Not fail the sweet vow to fulfil;
She looks—sees—knows him there!
From her pale lips no sorrow speaks,
No tears glide down the hueless cheeks,
Cold—numb'd in her despair—
She look'd along the silent deep,
She look'd upon the bright'ning heaven,
Till to the marble face the soul
Its light sublime had given!

"Ye solemn Powers men shrink to name,
Your might is here, your rights ye claim—
Yet think not I repine:
Soon closed my course; yet I can bless
The life that brought me happiness—
The fairest lot was mine!
Living have I thy temple served,
Thy consecrated priestess been—

My last glad offering now receive,
Venus, thou mightiest queen !".

Flash'd the white robe along the air,
And from the tower that beetled there
She sprang into the wave;
Roused from his throne beneath the waste,
Those holy forms the god embraced—
A god himself their grave !
Pleased with his prey, he glides along—
More blithe the murmur'd music seems,
As gush from unexhausted urns
His Everlasting Streams !

THE PLAYING INFANT.

Play on thy mother's bosom, Babe, for in that holy isle
The error cannot find thee yet, the grieving, nor the guile;
Held in thy mother's arms above Life's dark and troubled wave,
Thou lookèst with thy fearless smile upon the floating grave.
Play, loveliest Innocence!—Thee, yet Arcadia circles round,
A charmèd power for thee has set the lists of fairy ground;
Each gleesome impulse Nature now can sanction and befriend,
Nor to that willing heart as yet the Duty and the End.
Play, for the haggard Labour soon will come to seize its prey,
Alas ! when Duty grows thy law—Enjoyment fades away !

CASSANDRA.

[There is peace between the Greeks and Trojans—Achilles is to wed Polyxena, Priam's daughter. On entering the Temple, he is shot through his only vulnerable part by Paris.—The time of the following Poem is during the joyous preparations for the marriage.]

And mirth was in the halls of Troy,
Before her towers and temples fell;
High peal'd the choral hymns of joy,
Melodious to the golden shell.
The weary hand reposed from slaughter—
The eye forgot the tear it shed;
This day King Priam's lovely daughter
Shall great Pelides wed!

Adorn'd with laurel boughs, they come,
Crowd after crowd—the way divine,
Where fanes are deck'd—for gods the home—
And to the Thymbrian's * solemn shrine.
The wild Bacchantic joy is madd'ning
The thoughtless host, the fearless guest;
And there, the unheeded heart is sadd'ning
One solitary breast!

* Apollo.

Unjoyous in the joyful throng,
Alone, and linking life with none,
Apollo's laurel groves among,
The still Cassandra wander'd on!
Into the forest's deep recesses
The solemn Prophet-Maiden pass'd,
And, scornful, from her loosen'd tresses,
The sacred fillet cast!

"To all, its arms doth Mirth unfold,
And every heart foregoes its cares—
And Hope is busy in the old—
The bridal-robe my sister wears—
And I alone, alone am weeping;
The sweet delusion mocks not me—
Around these walls destruction sweeping,
More near and near I see!

"A torch before my vision glows,
But not in Hymen's hand it shines,
A flame that to the welkin goes,
But not from holy offering-shrines;
Glad hands the banquet are preparing,
And near, and near the halls of state
I hear the God that comes unsparing,
I hear the steps of Fate.

"And men my prophet-wail deride!
The solemn sorrow dies in scorn;
And lonely in the waste, I hide
The tortured heart that would forewarn.

Amidst the happy, unregarded,
Mock'd by their fearful joy, I trod;
Oh, dark to me the lot awarded,
Thou evil Pythian god!

"Thine oracle, in vain to be,
Oh, wherefore am I thus consign'd
With eyes that every truth must see,
Lone in the City of the Blind?
Cursed with the anguish of a power
To view the fates I may not thrall,
The hovering tempest still must lower—
The horror must befall!

"Boots it the veil to lift, and give
To sight the frowning fates beneath?
For error is the life we live,
And, Oh, our knowledge is but death!
Take back the clear and awful mirror,
Shut from mine eyes the blood-red glare;
Thy truth is but a gift of terror
When mortal lips declare.

"My blindness give to me once more *—
The gay dim senses that rejoice;
The Past's delighted songs are o'er
For lips that speak a Prophet's voice.

* "Everywhere," says Hoffmeister truly, "Schiller exalts Ideal Belief over real wisdom;—everywhere this modern Apostle of Christianity advocates that Ideal, which exists in Faith and emotion, against the wisdom of worldly intellect, the barren experience of life," &c.

To me *the future* thou hast granted;
I miss *the moment* from the chain—
The happy Present-Hour enchanted!
Take back thy gift again!

"Never for me the nuptial wreath
The odour-breathing hair shall twine;
My heavy heart is bow'd beneath
The service of thy dreary shrine.
My youth was but by tears corroded,—
My sole familiar is my pain,
Each coming ill my heart foreboded,
And felt it first—in vain!

"How cheerly sports the careless mirth,—
The life that loves, around I see;
Fair youth to pleasant thoughts gives birth—
The heart is only sad to me.
Not for mine eyes the young spring gloweth,
When earth her happy feast-day keeps;
The charm of life who ever knoweth
That looks into the deeps?

"Wrapt in thy bliss, my sister, thine
The heart's inebriate rapture-springs;—
Longing with bridal arms to twine
The bravest of the Grecian kings.
High swells the joyous bosom, seeming
Too narrow for its world of love,
Nor envies, in its heaven of dreaming,
The heaven of gods above!

"I too might know the soft controul
Of one the longing heart could choose,
With look which love illumes with soul—
The look that supplicates and woos.
And sweet with him, where love presiding
Prepares our hearth, to go—but, dim,
A Stygian shadow, nightly gliding,
Stalks between me and him!

"Forth from the grim funereal shore,
The Hell-Queen sends her ghastly bands;
Where'er I turn—behind—before—
Dumb in my path—a Spectre stands!
Wherever gayliest, youth assembles—
I see the shades in horror clad,
Amidst Hell's ghastly People trembles
One soul for ever sad!

"I see the steel of Murder gleam—
I see the Murderer's glowing eyes—
To right—to left, one gory stream—
One circling fate—my flight defies!
I may not turn my gaze—all seeing,
Forcknowing all, I dumbly stand—
To close in blood my ghastly being
In the far strangers' land!"

Hark! while the sad sounds murmur round,
Hark, from the Temple-porch, the cries!—
A wild, confused, tumultuous sound!—
Dead the divine Pelides lies!

Grim Discord rears her snakes devouring—
The last departing god hath gone!
And, womb'd in cloud, the thunder, lowering,
Hangs black on Ilion.

NOTE.—Upon this poem, Madame de Staël makes the following just and striking criticism.—*L'Allemagne*, Part II. c. 13. "One sees in this ode, the curse inflicted on a mortal by the prescience of a god. Is not the grief of the Prophetess that of all who possess a superior intellect with an impassioned heart? Under a shape wholly poetic, Schiller has embodied an idea grandly moral—viz., that the true genius (that of the sentiment) is a victim to itself, even when spared by others. There are no nuptials for Cassandra: not that she is insensible—not that she is disdained, but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in Heaven."

THE VICTORY FEAST.

[In this Lyric, Schiller had a notion of raising the popular social song from the prosaic vulgarity common to it—into a higher and more epic dignity.]

THE stately walls of Troy had sunken,
Her towers and temples strew'd the soil;
The sons of Hellas, victory-drunken,
Richly laden with the spoil,
Are on their lofty barks reclin'd
Along the Hellespontine strand;
A gleesome freight the favouring wind
Shall bear to Greece's glorious land;
And gleesome chaunt the choral strain,
As towards the household altars, now,
Each bark inclines the painted prow—
For Home shall smile again!

And there the Trojan women, weeping,
Sit ranged in many a length'ning row;
Their heedless locks, dishevell'd, sweeping
Adown the wan cheeks worn with woe.
No festive sounds that peal along,
Their mournful dirge can overwhelm;
Through hymns of joy one sorrowing song
Commingled, wails the ruin'd realm.

"Farewell, beloved shores!" it said,
"From home afar behold us torn,
By foreign lords as captives borne—
Ah, happy are the Dead!"

And Calchas, while the altars blaze,
Invokes the high gods to their feast!
On Pallas, mighty or to raise
Or shatter cities, call'd the Priest—
And Him, who wreathes around the land
The girdle of his watery world,
And Zeus, from whose almighty hand
The terror and the bolt are hurl'd.
Success at last awards the crown—
The long and weary war is past;
Time's destined circle ends at last—
And fall'n the Mighty Town!

The Son of Atreus, king of men,
The muster of the hosts survey'd,
How dwindled from the thousands, when
Along Scamander first array'd!
With sorrow and the cloudy thought,
The Great King's stately look grew dim—
Of all the hosts to Ilion brought,
How few to Greece return with him!
Still let the song to gladness call,
For those who yet their home shall greet!—
For them the blooming life is sweet:
Return is not for all!

Nor all who reach their native land
May long the joy of welcome feel—
Beside the household gods may stand
Grim Murther with awaiting steel;
And they who 'scape the foe, may die
Beneath the foul familiar glaive.
Thus He* to whose prophetic eye
Her light the wise Minerva gave:—
"Ah! blest whose hearth, to memory true,
The goddess keeps unstain'd and pure—
For woman's guile is deep and sure,
And Falsehood loves the New!"

The Spartan eyes his Helen's charms,
By the best blood of Greece recaptured;
Round that fair form his glowing arms—
(A second bridal)—wreathe enraptured.
"Woe waits the work of evil birth—
Revenge to deeds unblest is given!
For watchful o'er the things of earth,
The eternal Council-Halls of Heaven.
Yes, ill shall ever ill repay—
Jove to the impious hands that stain
The Altar of Man's Hearth, again
The doomer's doom shall weigh!"

"Well they, reserved for joy to-day,"
Cried out Oïleus' valiant son,
"May laud the favouring gods who sway
Our earth, their easy thrones upon;

* Ulysses.

With careless hands they mete our doom,
Our woe or welfare Hazard gives—
Patroclus slumbers in the tomb,
And all unharm'd Thersites lives.
If Fate, then, showers without a choice
The lots of luck and life on all,
Let him on whom the prize may fall,—
Let him who lives—rejoice!

"Yes, war will still devour the best!—
Brother, remember'd in this hour!
His shade should be in feasts a guest,
Whose form was in the strife a tower!
What time our ships the Trojan fired,
Thine arm to Greece the safety gave—
The prize to which thy soul aspired,
The crafty wrested from the brave.*
Peace to thine ever-holy rest—
Not thine to fall before the foe!
Ajax alone laid Ajax low!
Ah—wrath destroys the best!"

To his dead sire—(the Dorian king)—
The bright-hair'd Pyrrhus † pours the wine:—
"O'er every lot that life can bring,
My soul, great Father, prizes thine.

* Need we say to the general reader, that allusion is here made to the strife between Ajax and Ulysses, which has furnished a subject to the Greek tragic poet, who has depicted, more strikingly than any historian, that intense emulation for glory, and that mortal agony in defeat, which constituted the main secret of the prodigious energy of the Greek character? The Tragic poet, in taking his hero from the Homeric age, endowed him with the feelings of the Athenian republicans he addressed.

† Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles.

Whate'er the goods of earth, of all,
The highest and the holiest—FAME!
For when the Form in dust shall fall,
O'er dust triumphant lives the Name!
Brave Man, thy light of glory never
Shall fade, while song to man shall last;
The Living soon from earth are pass'd,
'THE DEAD—ENDURE FOR EVER!'"

"Since all are mute to mourn and praise
In Victory's hour, the vanquish'd Man—
Be mine at least one voice to raise
For HECTOR," Tydeus' son began:
"A Tower before his native town;
He stood—and fell as fall the brave.
The conqueror wins the brighter crown,
The conquer'd has the nobler grave!
He who brave life shall bravely close,
For Home and Hearth, and Altar slain,
If mourn'd by Friends, shall glory gain
Out of the lips of Foes!"

Lo, Nestor now, whose stately age
Through threefold lives of mortals lives!—
The laurel'd bowl, the kingly sage
To Hector's tearful mother gives.
"Drink—in the draught new strength is glowing,
The grief it bathes forgets the smart!
O Bacchus! wond'rous boons bestowing,
Oh how thy balsam heals the heart!

Drink—in the draught new vigour gloweth,
The grief it bathes forgets the smart—
And balsam to the breaking heart,
The healing god bestoweth.

"As Niobe, when weeping mute,
To angry gods the scorn and prey,
But tasted of the charmèd fruit,
And cast despair itself away;
So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
This stream of life enchanted flows,
Remember'd grief, that stung before,
Sinks down to Lethè's calm repose.
So, while unto thy lips, its shore,
The stream of life enchanted flows—
Drown'd deep in Lethè's calm repose,
The grief that stung before!"

Seized by the god, behold the dark
And dreaming prophetess arise,
She gazes from the lofty Bark
Where Home's dim vapours wrap the skies—
"A vapour all of human birth
Like mists ascending, seen and gone,
So fade Earth's great ones from the Earth
And leave the changeless gods alone.
Behind the steed that skirs away;
And on the galley's deck—sits Care,
To-morrow comes, and we are where?
At least we'll live to-day!"

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

From Rhegium to the Isthmus, long
Hallow'd to steeds and glorious song,
Where, link'd awhile in holy peace,
Meet all the sons of martial Greece—
Wends Ibycus—whose lips the sweet
And ever-young Apollo fires;
The staff supports the wanderer's feet—
The God the Poet's soul inspires!

Soon from the mountain-ridges high,
The tower-crown'd Corinth greets his eye;
In Neptune's groves of darksome pine,
He treads with shuddering awe divine;
Nought lives around him, save a swarm
Of Cranes, that still pursued his way—
Lured by the South, they wheel and form
In ominous groups their wild array.

And "Hail! beloved Birds!" he cried;
"My comrades on the ocean tide,
Sure signs of good ye bode to me;
Our lots alike would seem to be;
From far, together borne, we greet
A shelter now from toil and danger;
And may the friendly hearts we meet
Preserve from every ill—the Stranger!"

His step more light, his heart more gay,
Along the mid-wood winds his way,
When, where the path the thickets close,
Burst sudden forth two ruffian foes;
Now strife to strife, and foot to foot!
Ah! weary sinks the gentle hand;
The gentle hand that wakes the lute
Has learn'd no lore that guides the brand.

He calls on men and Gods—in vain!
His cries no blest deliverer gain;
Feebler and fainter grows the sound,
And still the deaf life slumbers round—
"In the far land I fall forsaken,
Unwept and unregarded, here;
By death from caitiff hands o'ertaken,
Nor ev'n one late avenger near!"

Down to the earth the death-stroke bore him—
Hark, where the Cranes wheel dismal o'er him!
He hears, as darkness veils his eyes,
Near, in hoarse croak, their dirgelike cries.
"Ye whose wild wings above me hover,
(Since never voice, save yours alone,
The deed can tell)—the hand discover—
Avenge!"——He spoke, and life was gone.

Naked and maim'd the corpse was found—
And, still through many a mangling wound,
The sad Corinthian Host could trace
The loved—too well-remember'd face.

"And must I meet thee thus once more?
Who hoped with wreaths of holy pine,
Bright with new fame—the victory o'er—
The Singer's temples to entwine!"

And loud lamented every guest
Who held the Sea-God's solemn feast—
As in a single heart prevailing,
Throughout all Hellas went the wailing.
Wild to the Council Hall they ran—
In thunder rush'd the threat'ning Flood—
"Revenge shall right the murder'd man,
The last atonement—blood for blood!"

Yet 'mid the throng the Isthmus claims,
Lured by the Sea-God's glorious games—
The mighty many-nation'd throng—
How track the hand that wrought the wrong?—
How guess if that dread deed were done,
By ruffian hands, or secret foes?
He who sees all on earth—the SUN—
Alone the gloomy secret knows.

Perchance he treads in careless peace,
Amidst your Sons, assembled Greece—
Hears with a smile revenge decreed—
Gloats with fell joy upon the deed—
His steps the avenging gods may mock
Within the very Temple's wall,
Or mingle with the crowds that flock
To yonder solemn scenic* hall.

* The theatre.

Wedg'd close, and serried, swarms the crowd—
Beneath the weight the walls are bow'd—
Thitherwards streaming far, and wide,
Broad Hellas flows in mingled tide—
A tide like that which heaves the deep
When hollow-sounding, shoreward driven;
On, wave on wave, the thousands sweep
Till arching, row on row, to heaven!

The tribes, the nations, who shall name,
That guest-like, there assembled came?
From Theseus' town, from Aulis' strand—
From Phocis, from the Spartans' land—
From Asia's wave-divided clime,
The Isles that gem the Ægæan Sea,
To hearken on that Stage Sublime,
The Dark Choir's mournful melody!

True to the awful rites of old,
In long and measured strides, behold
The Chorus from the hinder ground,
Pace the vast circle's solemn round.
So this World's women never strode,
Their race from Mortals ne'er began,
Gigantic, from their grim abode,
They tower above the Sons of Man!

Across their loins the dark robe clinging,
In fleshless hands the torches swinging,
Now to and fro, with dark red glow—
No blood that lives the dead cheeks know!

Where flow the locks that woo to love
On *human* temples—ghastly dwell
The serpents, coil'd the brow above,
And the green asps with poison swell.

Thus circling, horrible, within
That space—doth their dark hymn begin,
And round the sinner as they go,
Cleave to the heart their words of woe.
Dismally wails, the senses chilling,
The hymn—the FURIES' solemn song;
And froze the very marrow thrilling
As roll'd the gloomy sounds along.

"And weal to him—from crime secure—
Who keeps his soul as *childhood's pure;*
Life's path he roves, a wanderer free—
We near him not—THE AVENGERS, WE!
But woe to him for whom we weave
The doom for deeds that shun the light;
Fast to the murderer's feet we cleave,
The fearful Daughters of the Night.

"And deems he flight from us can hide him?
Still on dark wings We sail beside him!
The murderer's feet the snare enthralls—
Or soon or late, to earth he falls!
Untiring, hounding on, we go;
For blood can no remorse atone!
On, ever—to the Shades below,
And there—we grasp him, still our own!"

So singing, their slow dance they wreathe,
And stillness, like a silent death,
Heavily there lay cold and drear,
As if the Godhead's self were near.
Then, true to those strange rites of old,
Pacing the circle's solemn round,
In long and measured strides—behold,
They vanish in the hinder ground!

Confused and doubtful—half between
The solemn truth and phantom scene,
The crowd revere the Power, presiding
O'er secret deeds, to justice guiding—
The Unfathom'd and Inscrutable
By whom the web of doom is spun;
Whose shadows in the deep heart dwell,
Whose form is seen not in the sun!

Just then, amidst the highest tier,
Breaks forth a voice that starts the ear;
"See there—see there, Timotheus;
Behold the Cranes of Ibycus!"
A sudden darkness wraps the sky;
Above the roofless building hover
Dusk, swarming wings; and heavily
Sweep the slow Cranes—hoarse-murmuring, over!

"Of Ibycus?"—that name so dear
Thrills through the hearts of those who hear!
Like wave on wave in eager seas,
From mouth to mouth the murmur flees—

"Of Ibycus, whom we bewail?
The murder'd one! What mean those words?
Who is the man—knows *he* the tale?
Why link that name with those wild birds?"

Questions on questions louder press—
Like lightning flies the inspiring guess—
Leaps every heart—"The truth we seize;
Your might is here, EUMENIDES!
The murderer yields himself confest—
Vengeance is near—that voice the token—
Ho!—him who yonder spoke, arrest!—
And him to whom the words were spoken!"

Scarce had the wretch the words let fall,
Than fain their sense he would recall.
In vain; those whitening lips, behold!
The secret have already told.
Into their Judgment Court sublime
The Scene is changed;—their doom is seal'd!
Behold the dark unwitness'd Crime,
Struck by the light'ning that reveal'd!

The principal sources whence Schiller has taken the story of Ibycus (which was well known to the ancients, and indeed gave rise to a proverb) are Suidas and Plutarch. Ibycus is said by some to have been the Inventor of the Sambuca or triangular Cithera. We must observe, however—(though erudite investigation on such a subject were misplaced here,) that Athenæus and Strabo consider the Sambuca to have originated with the Syrians, and this supposition is rendered the more probable by the similarity of the Greek word with the Hebrew,

which in our received translation of the Bible is rendered by the word "Sackbut." The tale, in its leading incidents, is told very faithfully by Schiller: it is the moral, or interior meaning, which he has heightened and idealized. Plutarch is contented to draw from the story a moral against loquacity. "It was not," says he, "the Cranes that betrayed the Murderers, but their own garrulity." With Schiller the garrulity is produced by the surprise of the Conscience, which has been awakened by the Apparition and Song of the Furies. His own conceptions as to the effect he desired to create are admirable. "It is not precisely that the Hymn of the Furies" (remarks the poet) "has roused the remorse of the murderer, whose exclamation betrays himself and his accomplice; that was not my meaning—but it has reminded him of his deed: his sense is struck with it. In this moment the appearance of the Cranes must take him by surprise; he is a rude, dull churl, over whom the impulse of the moment has all power. His loud exclamation is natural in such circumstances." "That he feels no great remorse, in this thoughtless exclamation, is evident by the quick, snappish nature of it:—'See there, see there!' &c."—"In any other state of mind," observes Hoffmeister, "perhaps the Audience might not have attended to this ejaculation—but at that moment of deep inward emotion, produced by the representation of the fearful Goddesses, and an excited belief in their might, the name of the newly-murdered man must have struck them as the very voice of Fate, in which the speaker betrayed himself."—In fact the poem is an illustration of Schiller's own lines in "The Artists," written eight years before:—

> "Here secret Murder, pale and shuddering, sees
> Sweep o'er the stage the stern Eumenides;
> Owns, where law fails, what powers to art belong,
> And, screened from justice, finds its doom in song!"

In the foregoing ballad POETRY (that is, the Dirge and dramatic representation of the Furies) acts doubly—first on the Murderer, next on the Audience; it surprises the one into self-betrayal, it prepares in the other that state of mind in which, as by a divine instinct, the quick perception seizes upon the truth. In this double effect is nobly typified

the power of Poetry on the individual and on the multitude. Rightly did Schiller resolve to discard from his design whatever might seem to partake of marvellous or supernatural interposition. The appearance of the Cranes is purely accidental. . . . Whatever is of diviner agency in the punishment of crime is found not in the outer circumstances, but in the heart within—the true realm in which the gods work their miracles. As it has been finely said—"The bad conscience (in the Criminal) is its own Nemesis, the good conscience in the Many—the audience—drags at once the bad before its forum and adjudges it." The history of the composition of this Poem affords an instance of the exquisite art of Goethe, to which it is largely indebted. In the first sketch of the ballad, it was only one Crane that flew over Ibycus at the time he was murdered, and moreover this was only mentioned at the end of the piece. But Goethe suggested the enlargement of this leading incident—into "the long and broad phenomenon" of the swarm of Cranes, corresponding in some degree with the long and ample pageant of the Furies. Schiller at once perceived how not only the truthfulness, but the grandeur, of his picture was heightened by this simple alteration. . . . According to Goethe's suggestions, the swarm of Cranes were now introduced as the companions of Ibycus in his voyage. . . . The fine analogy between the human wanderer and his winged companions, each seeking a foreign land, was dimly outlined. . . . And the generous criticism of the one Poet finally gave its present fullness and beauty of the masterpiece of the other.—See GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH SCHILLER. HOFFMEISTER. HINRICHS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016